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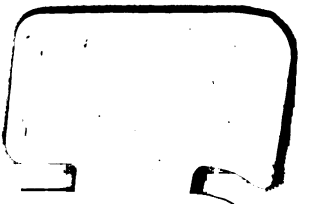
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CANADIAN MAGAZINE

OF

Politics, Science, Art and Literature

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STORIES BY W. A. FRASER, CHARLES LEWIS S
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THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. XI. MAY, 1898. No. 1.

SOME ASPECTS OF THE SOCIAL LIFE OF CANADA.

BY ADAM SHORTT, M.A., PROFESSOR OF POLITICAL SCIENCE IN QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY, KINGSTON.

AS there is no single type of social life which is characteristic of Canada as a whole, it is not possible to discuss under one set of terms the social life of the Dominion. In this paper I attempt to deal with some of the underlying features of our common life in the representative parts of Ontario.

In order properly to understand our society we require to know whence came the chief elements of our population, and what were the influences which bore upon them in this Province. The first comers would naturally have a greater influence upon the future social life of the country than any after streams of immigration. There would be a tendency among the later arrivals to adopt the customs, methods and manners of those whom they found in the country. This would be all the greater if the newcomers found their surroundings very different from those to which they had been accustomed in the lands whence they came. So great is the influence of surroundings that an alteration there greatly affects the whole current of one's life, inner and outer.

The first settlers in Upper Canada were Americans, made up partly of United Empire Loyalists, themselves a very mixed element, and partly of miscellaneous immigrants from the neighbouring States; some of them actuated by restless enterprise, others driven by a stern necessity, not always of happy memory. To most of these people the change brought little or no difference in surroundings, or general method of life, though it meant for some a change of occupation. Naturally, therefore, the American immigrants brought with them, almost intact, the system of economic, political and social life to which they had grown accustomed in the neighbouring British colonies, or young Republic.

Little European immigration was received in Canada before Waterloo closed the Napoleonic wars. Then followed in Britain the distress, alike of those who were discharged from the Government service and of those who had found employment in feeding and clothing them. The resulting misery and discontent revived the emigration to America which had been checked by the Revolutionary War, by the great development of England's industry through machinery, and by that long demand for men to shoot and be shot, which, with but one short interval, never flagged from 1789 till 1815.

Following the direction already set, much the greater part of the British emigration went to the United States. Canada, however, received a share, some by special contract, others of their own motion. These formed the second important element in the peopling of this Province.

Succeeding waves of emigration to

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this country have usually coincided with special periods of distress in Britain. Recently a habit of emigrating seems to be established.

Many phases of American life appeared particularly attractive to the imagination of the migrating classes. They came with a long-cherished and expectant belief that here there were no invidious social distinctions. There was a latent faith that this was the result of a general levelling up, not of a general levelling down. In America Jack was understood to be as good as his Master, which meant, in practice, that every one had free scope for his natural and untutored conviction that he was somewhat better than his neighbours. The spontaneous outgrowth of such a conviction, like the natural tendency to laziness, is one of the most valuable foundation qualities of human nature. It is the basis of individuality, the ground principle of ambition, self-respect, individual responsibility, and almost every species of progressive enterprise. But this undisciplined self-assertion stands related to all these beautiful and desirable things as fertile soil does to bountiful crops and beautiful gardens. It requires an immense amount of cultivation, trimming and tending—education in a word—to produce the desired result. Otherwise this great natural fertility simply serves to produce a rank growth of social nettles, thistles and briars, in the midst of which it is extremely unpleasant to dwell.

America, then, afforded free scope for the raw self-assertion and rugged barbarism which represents the great natural fertility of that immensely successful racial mixture which bears the British brand. It is necessary to observe that Canada, unlike the ancient Greek colonies, did not receive a cross-section of the British nation, containing all elements and grades of society as found in the mother country. It was rather a lateral section, drawn almost entirely from one or two grades. They were mainly of the working classes from farm and factory, discharged soldiers—useful often in the second generation—some small traders, a respectable sprinkling of journeymen craftsmen—the salt of the immigration—not a few ne'er-do-wells and a miscellaneous fringe containing odds and ends of all grades. Among the latter were some gems of rare worth; men who here and there kept the lamp of knowledge burning in the wilderness, men of broad ideas and high aspirations, which they communicated to a few disciples who were found worthy.

Though coming directly or indirectly of British stock for the most part, and, on the whole, representing fairly well the capacities of the British race, yet the founders of Canada, and their successors for several decades, did not bring with them, or acquire afterwards, the standard features of British civilization. Thanks to the fertility of the land, and the stimulus to industry which results from direct contact with nature, the country escaped most of the lower grades of misery with their attendant evils in the mother country. On the other hand, they enjoyed almost none of its higher life. True, they had little of that leisure which at once permits and renders necessary a choice between self-improvement and self-abasement. Their lot allowed them few outlets:

> "Nor circumscribed alone
> Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined."

Their life was laborious and narrow, or worse, monotonous and narrow, their amusements simple and rude, too often tending to coarseness and barbarity. The necessity to make life possible saved them from themselves to a large degree, though not wholly, for what leisure they had for social intercourse often resulted in little mutual improvement.

Thus, without any special fault of their own, the early settlers of Ontario had few standards to which they might make conscious appeal, or which they might bequeath to their children. The lack was not felt while the country was new, and the economic foundations were being laid; but it soon became evident in the case of those who

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had accumulated means beyond the needs of the day. For them two alternatives presented themselves; either they must simply keep on accumulating wealth, or they must spend it without wisdom. Force of habit, and such standards as there were, told in favour of the former and operated with the older or more conservative element. Impatience of restraint and a longing for something that was not, yet could not be defined, told in favour of the latter and influenced many of the younger men. Undisciplined and random experiments in search of the fullness of life will account for many of those whole or partial wrecks of the second generation which have been so frequent in this country. In milder form we have those grotesque results which come from the apeing of the outward aspects of a higher civilization whose inner character is not understood. Both results alike proclaim the lack of ideals or standards which express the accumulated and tested experience of a cultured society.

Such standards are, of course, largely inherited, and the society which possesses them at any given time cannot be credited with their formation. Each generation grows up continually surrounded and influenced by them. They are the social atmosphere to which in childhood we become acclimatized.

They undergo change, it is true, as time goes on, but the changes are not made at random. They are the results of the necessity and convenience of altering conditions, of growing knowledge and broadening culture.

Now this statement is not intended to carry with it any general condemnation of the capacities or motives of our predecessors in Ontario. The conditions which I have been sketching, when we understand all the circumstances, were perfectly natural and inevitable. The first settlers did not sin against the light; they fell short or went astray for lack of light. Neither can we condemn those who followed them, on account of their failing to improve to the full their greater opportunities. If, as some pessimists tell us, civilization is a disease, it is at least contagious, not endemic. Moreover, as Aristotle pointed out, it is eminently social, and is not the product or possession of one generation. Canadians have amply proven that in their capacity for knowledge and their interest in it, when once awakened, they are not inferior to any other branch of the British race. But it cannot be denied that, whereas other sections of the race have inherited not only capacity, but a cultured social atmosphere fraught with many civilizing influences, we have inherited but little of the latter. Not quite appreciating what it is that we have missed, it is but natural that some of us should resent the imputation, especially from without, that we are not in all respects abreast of the best. But our indignant resentment of criticism, and our scornful conceit in our own perfection, may simply betray the lack of that little knowledge which reveals ignorance. A survey of many recorded impressions of America indicates that this bumptious conceit in the perfection of the country is particularly noticeable in both Canada and the United States.

In suggesting that in these matters we are far behind the mother country, I do not mean to say that all classes of the British people are above our level. There is a far wider range between the higher and lower grades of British society than there is to be found in Ontario. We have little or nothing corresponding to either of Britain's social extremes, and it is not at all necessary to our complete social life in this country that we should have either. But while, as Englishmen commonly admit, we can offer a better lot for the poor man than he is likely to enjoy in Britain, for the man of culture, as Arnold reminds us, we cannot offer, outside the economic line, any attractions which will at all compare with those of Britain.

What is it, then, that cultured Englishmen find most defective or lacking in us? Partly, we find, certain things upon which we most pride ourselves,

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partly surroundings and interests which we are apt to regard as trivial or superfluous, matters of personal whim or accidental taste. Among the former is that obtrusive self-assertion which passes with many for patriotism, and among the latter the narrowness and bareness of our social interests and the general disregard of our physical surroundings. It is just because the refinement of our social life and attention to the fairness of our physical setting are still looked upon by so many as non-essentials, as the mere frills and gee-gaws of life, instead of its very soul and meaning, that we take so little care to promote them, and are even half ashamed should we find ourselves getting seriously interested in such trifles. This attitude may be fairly compared to that of a man who should spend many years with pride and satisfaction to himself and commendation from his neighbours in collecting the materials to build a fine mansion; but should regard it as frivolity and waste of time, and a ground of ridicule by his friends, should he be found seriously devoting himself to the actual building of the mansion. In America we have spent no end of time and talent in learning, better perhaps than in any other part of the world, how most effectively to acquire wealth, but we have not considered it worth our while to make any serious study as to how most perfectly to spend it. Yet after all its only meaning is in its spending. American wealth does get spent, of course, lavishly enough, but because little care or thought are wasted on its spending much of it goes for raw and vulgar objects.

But, speaking of Ontario in particular, some one may ask, what ground can there be for dwelling on our rawness and lack of culture in a Province where we have the most absolutely perfect and symmetrical system of education in the world, presenting a perfectly articulated chain of instruction from the kindergarten to the university? Well, it is not in my programme at present to quarrel with our system of education. As a system it will doubtless pass muster. Being a government institution it is perhaps inevitable that its system should be the main feature in it. But a system of education is something very different from the general civilization or social culture of a country. A system of education stands related to a national life that is rich and full of interest, as a builder's tools to a piece of architecture. They are indispensable as instruments to the end, but they are not the end itself. Moreover, the great body of the teachers in the schools are themselves part of the social structure of the country, and as a fountain cannot rise higher than its source, we cannot expect them to produce effects which they have not known in their own experience. It is precisely because most people rest satisfied in the conviction that our educational system introduces the youth of the country to the whole range of necessary culture that it is so highly needful to remind them that there are whole regions of the field of complete life which are not touched upon in the schools, and which, indeed, it is not possible to treat adequately there. Education is in truth an indispensable preparation of the individual for a well-rounded life. It furnishes him with the instruments of knowledge; and the higher kinds of education, which stimulate reflection, promote self-criticism and lead the individual to seek the full meaning of life, fittingly prepare him for an intelligent entry upon his practical position in society. Yet the actual living of his life, and the success or failure which he makes of it, will still greatly depend upon the influences which surrounded him in his youth, and the social and physical setting in which he has to build up his concrete citizenship.

But now some one is getting impatient and would ask me: "What, then, precisely is lacking in our Canadian civilization? Have you any scheme to offer for the bringing of our society into an ideal condition?" Well, if thus forced into the open, I have to confess that I have no general scheme. Indeed, I have further to confess that I do not

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believe that any general scheme is possible.

To tell what is actually necessary to the complete life of this country would be to prescribe for each individual that particular form of realization which his talents and opportunities permit. The social life of a country is the result of the separate concrete realization of its citizens, and each citizen again is a joint not an individual product. There must be division of labour in the achievement of a full life for each. I may be able to appreciate the accomplishments of my neighbour, and I may be greatly influenced and benefited by them, yet neither my time nor my faculties might permit me to attain them for myself. Because I am thus dependent upon my fellows, there is no full life for me in the midst of those who cannot assist me by the steady pressure of their influence to round out my life.

He is but a crippled specimen in the end, however great his talents or however remarkable his isolated achievements, who is spiritually a self-made man.

But while the improvement of our social life calls for infinitely varied resource and the encouragement, not repression, of individuality, and therefore offers no place for any general millennial nostrum, it is still possible to suggest certain broad lines of improvement which are recommended by the experience of other peoples, yet may have been largely neglected by our own.

But the first and most pressing service required is an intelligent criticism of the actual condition of the country. The conservative tendency of human nature, most admirable in its place, exerts a constant influence towards settlement in ruts, and the avoidance of all but indispensable exertion. Nature, while man's only tutor, took care to keep him going by operating on him through his physical wants and distresses. Thus he was constantly stimulated to fresh exertions and forced on to independent manhood. On arriving at that stage, he began to take his own management in hand. He began to learn where the cupboard was and whence it was stored. Though still living on his mother's bounty, yet, fancying that he was supporting himself, he began to forget both Nature and her parental rule. Assured of a living, his future progress must depend upon his own divine unrest, an impetus of vast range but of very uncertain action. The experience of the world shows us that man in this condition does not usually keep up the pace which Nature set him. Stagnation is the rule, progress the exception. Even civilized nations have required constant reminding that they have still other worlds to conquer.

I have been attempting to show why it is that the people of Canada, as of the neighbouring States, without having incurred the charge of having spurned the light, are yet, with reference to their general civilization, much too thoroughly at ease in Zion. This is the conservative tendency operating in our case. We are in danger of prematurely ripening into the finest people on earth. This condition has been attained by several promising races in the past, and is at present most conspicuously enjoyed by the Chinese and the Turks, where self-flattery and self-complacency are identical with patriotism, and where self-criticism is at once blasphemy, heresy and treason. What is first wanted, then, it seems to me, is an intelligent self-criticism. It is much better to discover one's own defects than to be beholden to strangers for the service of pointing them out. Moreover, just as it is, by report, useless to preach salvation to a man who has no conviction of sin, so it is not likely to be more than a passing entertainment to preach the beauties of a higher civilization to a people who are not aware that they are lacking in anything.

Coming now to those broad lines in which more immediate improvement may be made, we shall find that they may be gathered under three aspects of our social life. First there is needed

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an improvement in the nature of the work done, and the interest taken in the daily occupations by which the people earn their livelihood. This is a large and difficult subject, and one whose treatment immediately breaks up into great detail, hence cannot be more than referred to here. It concerns chiefly those occupations in which it is possible for individuals to obtain more or less opportunity for an adequate realization of their powers.

Secondly, there is great need for improvement in the means and methods used to employ our leisure from mere business cares. To enlarge that leisure should be one of the chief objects of a successful business life. In other words, a perfectly rational object of business may be its own curtailment, except where it is itself a channel for admissible self-realization. The proper employment of one's leisure really means the adequate living of life. All the rest of life, its drudgery and its accumulations, obtain meaning and value only as contributing to the most adequate expression of ourselves. Morality itself gets its meaning from aiding to make this self-realization possible for us. Too much attention, therefore, cannot be given to the worthy employment of our leisure. Yet, too commonly in this country, leisure is regarded simply as an opportunity for amusement and relaxation almost meaningless otherwise. Getting ready to live is the serious business of life; living is a trivial pastime. People who spend little thought on the proper employment of their leisure commonly attempt to fill it with mere extravagant display, calculated to take admiration by violence. Providing for such display prevents leisure, and thus leisure, not business, is made to secure its own curtailment. Our people must be roused to a condition of dissatisfaction with such a life and encouraged to look higher for their ideal.

Thirdly and lastly, there is need of improvement in the whole physical setting of our social life, involving the relations of man and nature. In the progress of civilization, man's relation to nature, though the most fundamental of all, is commonly the last to be seriously regarded; and only the rarest minds are fully alive to its importance. The poetic and artistic temperaments among the cultured minds of the chief civilizations are those who have led the way in the return of man to communion with his earliest friend, tutor and parent. While, however, only the minority have adequately realized what is the range of nature's influence over the human spirit, yet that influence has been steadily, though unconsciously, felt by humanity. At the same time, man has interposed many artificialities between himself and nature, and has also greatly disfigured her over wide areas. He has thus, to a large extent, shut himself off from her influence. Consequently for many human beings several of those higher faculties and capacities, which were bred in man as he lay in the lap of nature, and which had before them a great potential range, have been so atrophied by disuse that he is not only quite unaware of their possession, but it is only in the dimmest and most inarticulate fashion that they will respond at all to their natural stimulus.

What the full range of the influence of nature on man may be we are only now beginning to know. These influences and their consequences are not to be traced in set lines. The studies of Darwin and his successors have made known to us how infinite is the variety of the influences which operate between nature and her offspring in physical structure. But few have sought to unravel the far more interesting and difficult question of the range of the mutual give and take between nature and man as a spiritual being. The Indian who sits through motionless hours steeped in luxurious solitude, in the midst of those immense, low, liquid sweeps, ever flowing to the mind, yet ever fixed to the eye, that mark the outlines of the western plains, knows not that his dazed spirit, like the lazy sweep of the hawk above him, is but a reflex of the moods of nature in that

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part of the world. Yet that very eternity of stillness which seems to be so soothing to his soul, may so work upon the mind of one accustomed to the variety and bustle of existence elsewhere as to drive him melancholy mad. Again, many who speak of patriotism as something to be taught in the schools have surely not stopped to reflect that the great national patriotisms of the past have had much less to do with dynasties, constitutions and statesmen than with the character of the country in which each people dwelt, and whether or not it could take hold upon their deeper natures. In listening to some who have come to this country speak of the places whence they came, I have often been struck with the very different attitude of those who had come from dismal and forbidding surroundings, whether of town or country, as compared with that of those from some locality where the blended work of nature and man was genial and charming. The first seemed to look back with painful memories of dreary, cheerless days which they were glad to have escaped; the others with a wistful longing for a sight of the old land again, where, even if life was severe, the face of nature was sweet. By what chains is the heart of a Scotchman, for instance, bound to his native land? Is it by the population returns of the country, by the number of square miles which it contains, by its undeveloped natural resources, the mileage of its railways or the nature of its constitution? I think not. But picture to him faithfully some familiar country side, the home of his youth, whether it be in the valley of some fruitful lowland river, by a Perthshire loch, or in a highland glen, and he will respond in a manner to leave no possible doubt as to the overwhelming influence which the fairness of nature has upon the spirit of man. Yet much of the most fascinating charm of that country, even among its mountains, is due to the influence of man upon nature, in the two branches of architecture, the rearing of structures and the planting of gardens and fields. Now the making of Britain the fair country that it is in so many places was not the work of the common people, but rather expresses the guiding influence of the most cultured classes, the ancient monk, the later gentry or the modern retired citizen. These in turn influenced others until the effect reached to many who could follow but could not lead the way. This may help to explain why it was that the classes which migrated to America, though containing many who long remembered the beauty of their former surroundings, yet had apparently little idea of the possibility of reproducing a corresponding fairness in this country. Yet that this country is capable of being made as fair a land, in its own way, and as capable of exercising a great social influence upon the people, as many another country, is quite evident both from its physical structure and from what has been accomplished by individuals and corporations here and there, especially in and around our towns and cities. No one can deny, however, that the country in general is sadly neglected, and no longer for want of time or means, but for want of attention and the conviction of its importance. Carlyle has well said, "Not our logical mensurative faculty, but our imaginative one is king over us." If we wish to have a country that will foster in the hearts of the people true patriotism, it must be able to capture their imaginations. It must be able to inspire poets to sing its praises, artists to paint its loveliness, men of leisure to make their homes in it, and pilgrims to visit its shrines. To dwell in such a country is an education in itself. Its patriotism will not be of that spurious, baneful kind, which lives by fostering hatred and detraction of neighbouring nations.

If I have singled out for special reference the improvement of our physical surroundings, it is because architecture, in its various branches of building and planting, is at once the most eminently social of all the arts, and because it is in many respects the most fundamental. It is at once the earliest and the latest, acting both uncon-

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sciously and consciously, and touching most closely the every-day life of the people. It is therefore specially suited to a country in our position and is particularly adapted to redeem the barrenness and cheerlessness of so much of our social life, especially in country places. Its important practical bearing on the problem of the future of the agricultural classes in this country I cannot dwell upon here. But once some interest in a broader and fuller life is awakened it will not likely end before it has extended to the rounding out of our social life into a much happier and worthier civilization.

Adam Shortt.

REFLECTIONS IN A WOOD.

HERE, in a venerable wood, I rest ;
My thoughts subdued to meet the deeper calm
Of constant Nature, by Time undistressed ;
The solitude is grateful as a balm.

An older, beauteous faith fills up mine eyes
With gentle love for the tall solemn trees ;
And with the clouds that drift across the skies,
I hold communion sweet ; and from the breeze

I gather comfort of familiar voice ;—
Alone, yet company seems gracious near ;
With the returning life I can rejoice,
With mantled dales, and all the budding year.

And not the faith alone ; but beauty gave
Her warmer touch, that woke deep joys in me ;
Building, above the universal grave,
An aureole of noble dignity.

Earth is our mother, and our final dream ;
Some in the sun shall lift their radiant form ;
And some shall hardly from the shadowy stream
Emerge ; yet what is summer bloom, or storm,

To peasant, prince, or warrior, where they rest ?
Obedient to the fate the days allot,
They gave themselves to death, and it was best ;
And if 'tis best to wake again, care not !

So, with the wind-blown leaf ; the fallen bough ;
The sere, dead monarch of the grove undone,
I bind my trust ; nor e'er shall question how
The Master planned the road we mortals run.

The leaf shall fall ; yet, falling, catch the light ;—
The bough was broken by a load of fruit ;
And heaven's archers, in the awful night,
Brought to a glorious end this monarch mute.

Rise, sense of mine ! to grander quietness ;
And ope the windows of thy life, until
The Maker of the Universe shall bless
Thee with His light, and love of all His will.

John Stuart Thomson.

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LOVE AND THE CAPELLO.*

A Tale of India.

THE lights from the Gymkhana club were streaming across Halpin road, and the drone of the band came lazily across the open, filtering itself through the octopus limbs of the big banyans, and over the lake of roses the professor had filled the compound with. That was the professor's hobby—roses. That and snakes—only the snakes were real business, the roses were for pleasure. But both thrived equally well in Rangoon—jacquiminat and the capello.

It was paradise, this land where the roses grew even as cabbages, and the hooded devils came up out of the jungle of their own accord to be dissected. So thought Professor Conti.

But the professor was over at the gym. now, and the drowsy music, elbowing and jostling the straggling light as they crowded through the Kush-Kush tatties, mingled with the soft patter of small talk with which Minora Conti was beguiling the minutes as they sat there, she and the major, waiting the return of the professor.

Of course, the major's pony, Nat. Thue, would win the Tharawady plate, she was saying, when she stopped suddenly, and steadied herself as one does when a 10-foot ditch suddenly opens its yawning maw under the forefeet of one's mount.

The light which streamed out from the drawing room, and offered battle to the glimmer of the Gymkhana, showed the sudden paling of her cheek. Parian marble was not more white than that set face.

"Do not move, major," she said; "do not move your lips even, if you value your life."

Herkomer looked straight into the great, strong eyes of the girl, and they told him more of the danger, more of the horror, than even her words had done.

"Keep perfectly still," she continued, "and do not interfere with me in any way."

"Is it a snake?" asked the major, disregarding her injunction to remain silent.

"Yes, a cobra!" the lips whispered. "Do not move."

From the direction of Minora's eyes Herkomer knew that the hooded demon was on the high back of his chair.

Surely it was the light of inspiration which came into the eyes of this strange girl, as she broke into a low Italian chant, weaving her slender arms back and forth, back and forth.

Herkomer could feel that the cobra was following her movements. Great beads of perspiration stood out on his forehead—not so much at his own proximity to the heated thing, but because of the grand, cool courage Minora was showing, and the risk she was running in drawing the attention of the viper to herself.

"She's going to hypnotize the beast," he thought. He knew she could do it, too; the face told him that. It seemed cowardly to sit there and allow a woman to face the snake, but her command to keep perfectly still had been as much entreaty as command, and he felt that by moving he would only increase the danger to both.

With the same sinuous movement Minora had risen from her seat, and gently swaying her body as the soft cadences of the chant rose and fell, glided toward the cobra.

"My God, keep back!" Herkomer groaned, scarcely moving his lips.

* W. A. Fraser, the author of this, has been contributing stories to English and United States magazines for some time. Two or three of these have also appeared in Canadian periodicals. Most of his tales deal with life in India or the Canadian North-West. Mr. Fraser was born in Nova Scotia but has spent nine years of his life in India, and has still more recently spent much time in the North-West. His present home is in Ontario. His stories are bright, cheerful and wholesome, and the CANADIAN MAGAZINE is pleased to announce that several of these will appear in its forthcoming numbers.

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"Stand back and wait till he goes away."

But the chant continued, and there were the interjected two English words "keep still!"

Before Herkomer could move or remonstrate further there was the flash of a white arm, a rustle of the soft folds of Minora's muslin dress, and he sprang to his feet to see the cobra being held at arm's length, firmly grasped by those slender fingers close up to its ugly wedge-shaped head.

"Wait please!" she cried, stepping back, as Herkomer advanced toward her with evident intention of taking the snake; "father's tomtom has just driven up to the door—he will take the cobra—it is one of his patients."

She was still holding the repulsive creature at arm's length as the professor ran up the cemented steps, calling for the bearer to come and take his topee.

He stopped short when he observed the gruesome tableau in front of him, stopped short until startled into activity by his daughter's voice asking to be relieved of her terrible captive.

In an instant the professor had the cobra by the tail, and calling to Minora to let go quickly, he swung him clear, and holding him thus, carried him back to the box from which he had escaped.

Overcome by the reaction, the brave girl sank into the chair she had risen from, and gave way to a flood of nervous, hysterical tears.

Of course, there could only be one reward for such gallantry, if the term may be applied to woman's brave deeds. A "V. C." was out of the question; besides, the great Italian eyes had worked sad havoc with Herkomer long before the advent of the cobra.

"Love made her brave," mused the major, as his Burma pony rattled him over the metalled road of the cantonment late that night; "but she's a well-bred one any way, and blood will tell. God! how she stood there and never flinched, with that devil in her hand!" And then he thought of the soft maidenly blushes that had swept over the sweet face as he talked to her of love, of the love that had been in his mind for days and weeks before the appearance of that sinister visitor.

With Jesuitical complaisance Herkomer began to feel deuced glad that the cobra had precipitated matters by poking his ugly head into their tête-à-tête. It had given him the opportunity to risk it all on a single throw of the dice, and he had won—won with the other fellow, her father's great friend, Count Rubitino, a bad second.

Count Rubitino was a dilettanti, an amateur scientist, ostensibly devoted, like Minora's father, the professor, to the discovery of an antidote to the virus of the cobra and kharite.

"All d—n rot!" said Herkomer to the little iron gray that was carrying him so gallantly along. "Minora's his game, and I have beaten him, my boy, beaten him clean out of his boots, by Jove!" and he chuckled to himself as he thought of the bally row both the count and the professor would kick up when they learned how the land lay.

As he jogged home from parade next morning, Herkomer brought his pony up alongside of Surgeon Thornycroft.

"Come over and have breakfast with me. I want to have a talk with you, old man," he said.

The preliminary of the talk was an account of what had happened the night before over the advent of the thing with the spectacles, for he and Thornycroft were even as Damon and Pythias in the olden time.

"Now for the sequel, my boy," he said, as he drew his chair closer to Thornycroft, "and then I want you to tell what is the matter with me."

Thornycroft shot a suspicious professional look over the physical map of his friend's exterior, searching for touches of "liver," "sun," "Burmah head," "pegcitis" or other unique complaints indigenous to that land.

"It's this," said Herkomer thoughtfully. "I woke up about 3 o'clock in the morning, as near as I can judge, with a peculiar tingling sensation through every nerve of my body, as though some poison were coursing through my veins. Sitting in a chair

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beside my bed was the figure of a man.

"I spoke to it, thinking that the bearer had fallen asleep there.

"The figure did not move. I got up and struck a match, lighting a candle which stood on the table; I dislodged a bottle of soda in my fumbling about for a match and it rolled off, striking the cement floor and exploding with a report like a gun.

"Still the figure did not move. It must be the bearer, I thought, only a bearer could sleep through such a jolly row.

"When I turned the light of the candle on the face of the sleeper, what do you suppose I saw, Thornycroft?" And Herkomer leaned over until his troubled, questioning eyes were brought close into the surgeon's face, and he gripped Thornycroft's wrist till his fingers seemed eating into the flesh.

"One of the fellows who had tarried long at the gym. and lost the number of his mess," answered the other carelessly, knocking the ashes off the end of his cheroot.

"I saw myself—dead!" continued the major, taking no notice of his friend's chaff; "dead, and a cobra clinging to my arm!"

"Liver and sun both," sighed Thornycroft mentally.

"Of course you'll call it a dream," added Herkomer, "but this morning the soda bottle was in fragments on the floor, the candle had been lighted, and the sole of my foot was bleeding where I had stepped on a piece of the broken glass; besides, I know I was awake. Now, what do you make of that?" he asked triumphantly.

"What do you make of it?" queried the surgeon, as he hunted about for his helmet, "make nothing of it; only don't let it occur again, and as preventative is better than cure in this country, take a run up to Darjeeling, it may save you the expense of a trip home. There is a little angel sits up above, in these days of robbery by ruinous exchange, who sends us these warnings, with a postcript added, "Look to your liver." So the next time your chum comes take him up to Darjeeling, and let the mountain winds carpet-beat the jungle fever out of his system."

"No, I'm quite well," said Herkomer; quite well, and that's the deuce of it," he added plaintively: "I can't make it out. When a man is well and sees things, it's—it's the devil."

Often after that Herkomer had company of the same sort; always the same, sitting there in the chair waiting. "What the thunder is it waiting for?" Herkomer used to ask himself. Only he did not bother his friend any more about it—it was no use.

Physically he was all right. He could put the best man in the regiment on his back; aye, and hold him there, too, for ten seconds, with both points of the shoulder touching the ground. Neither did he go to Darjeeling. He was in a happier place, had climbed into heaven, otherwise known as the haunts of Minora Conti. Not but what the hot chinook winds which blow up from hades sometimes withered and scorched his paradise.

It was Count Rubitino who always started these hot blasts. He and Minora were unnecessarily too much together, it seemed to Herkomer, but then he was jealous, and consequently no judge of such matters.

As often as Minora assured him that she cared nothing for the count he believed her, and as often as he stumbled upon them in close communion over some secret matter did he feel the hot winds blow, and vow that he would break away from his bondage and leave her to the count. But it always ended the same way. It wasn't what Minora said that put things right. It was the eyes—the great, soft Italian eyes looking straight and truthfully at and through him, bowling over his jealous resolves like tenpins and bringing him back into leash, like a whipped beagle.

And still it sat there, almost nightly now, beside his bed. He had grown accustomed to seeing it. What was it waiting for?

Sometimes it annoyed him; he felt like getting out of bed and kicking it; but the idea was so incongruous, this kicking of himself, this spiritual self, as

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it were, so he gave it up and sighed resignedly.

"Of course it means something," he mused; "something going to happen, but I'm not going to make an ass of myself by talking about it at the mess." So he sat tight and waited for the thing to happen as he would have waited for a Ghazi rush.

It was gruesome, but much in India is gruesome, so he had learned to take things of that order much as he took fighting—with his coffee.

A far greater puzzle to him was Minora herself. Sometimes he found her listless, indifferent, and then again for a time she would be her old brilliant self.

Thinking perhaps that these fits of dejection were due to oppression from her father, or undue influence brought to bear by the count, he made bold to question her, but she shrank from him with horror, and seemed more agitated than she had been when holding the cobra.

It's nerves, he thought. Life with the musty old professor and his cobra associates is depressing enough to wreck the nerves of a bronze Buddha. I'll have to get her out of this.

So he rushed matters a little, and it was all settled for Christmas week. The professor gave his consent reluctantly enough, Herkomer thought, and the count congratulated him with an ironical sneer that made Herkomer long to give him a toss in the air from which he would alight on the top of his curly black head.

When he and common sense sat face to face, common sense told him that Minora loved him with all the strength of her high-strung nature. What else is there in it for her, common sense argued, for the major's inheritance was limited to what his sword might cut down from the pagoda tree, with the exception of a trifling allowance, barely large enough to settle his monthly gym. account.

That was the way common sense put it, but the other, intuition, or whatever other alias he masqueraded under, said there was something behind it all; and for once in a way they were both right.

The love was there right enough, and also something else behind it, and this something else might have all come out one evening if Herkomer had not been so Cooley-headed; honourable he called it at the time.

It lacked two weeks of Christmas time, and they were sitting on the verandah, as they had sat that other evening. Minora, putting her cool white hand on Herkomer's wrist and turning her face a little into the shadow, so that he did not notice how set and white it was, said: "I have a confession to make, Rolando!"

"Don't make it then, little woman. Confessions are silly things for which we are always sorry afterwards.

"But I shall be happier if you let me tell you about this. I can't marry you without telling you first. I wont—"

"Look here, Minora," said the major, turning her around so that he could look into her face, "my objection to your confession is purely selfish. You see, I couldn't let you confess all on your side without unloading some of my sins into your ears, and if we exchanged experiences,—well, well, I fancy the count would appear such a saint by comparison that I should lose you altogether. By the way, I'll compromise," he added, laughingly. "I'll just ask you one question, which you may answer or not, and then we'll call the whole thing off."

"I will answer," she said quietly, "only—only—"

"Well, has it anything to do with the count, what you were going to tell me?"

"No."

"Then I can't possibly listen."

And so the chance went by, the evil went on—went on for two weeks longer, and it was the eve of the wedding day.

Love does many strange things, among others causes a pony to gallop so fast that a syce cannot possibly keep pace with the winged rider. That was why Herkomer arrived at Minora's home syceless. As there was nobody

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to hold his pony, he led him around behind the bungalow to the stables.

Minora's rooms were in the north wing of the bungalow, and as he passed the great windows opening on to the verandah and reaching from ceiling to floor, and open save for the shutters, voices that he could not help but hear fell upon his ear.

For an instant he stood petrified. It was the count's voice, speaking to Minora.

"You will wreck your happiness for a fancy," sneered the voice.

Herkomer quickened his pace, so that he might hear no more, and of her answer, whatever it was, he only caught the one word "confession," as he turned the corner of the bungalow.

But all the fierce jealous passion that had slumbered in his heart for weeks arose and smothered him—smothered everything—all sense of shame, of justice, of prudence, and he rushed into Minora's boudoir a passion-mad man.

What right had she, who was to become his wife the next day, to hold secret intercourse with the count there in her own apartments?

With a startled cry Minora thrust something into the drawer of a secretaire beside which she was standing, and stood with her back to it as though she would guard the secret.

"Perhaps I am de trop," remarked the count, passing beyond the purdah with a low bow, and, as Herkomer thought, a sneer on his pale face.

"Why—why have you rushed in here, Rolando, and frightened me?" asked Minora confusedly.

"I am sorry if I have frightened you," said the major shortly, and I will answer your question by asking another, for perhaps your answer will suffice for both questions. What have you got in that drawer?"

If Minora had not gone white with guilty fear it might have been all right yet; but it was the faltering which developed the tiger in the man. He took a quick step forward and grasped her wrist cruelly—harshly, as he fairly hissed out, "You have a letter or something from him there!"

"My God!" she moaned; "back, do not touch it. If you touch that drawer I will never marry you—never." With an exclamation of rage he brushed her to one side, and snatching the drawer open, plunged his hand in.

There was the lightning swish of a dark body, like the coil of a whiplash in motion; an electric shooting of pain through his arm which brought an involuntary cry of anguish from his lips, and the twisting, writhing of the hideous cobra-body as he snatched his hand from the death trap.

A piercing scream had rung out on the still night air as he pulled the drawer open, for, powerless to stop him, Minora had foreseen that he was driving to his death.

It was the scream that brought the professor to the room.

"Quick, father, Rolando is bitten!" and before the major knew what he was about, the professor had grasped his wrist as in a vise and pulled him into his own room, which was next.

From that on it was a head and head finish, with the professor and death as the runners. There were ligatures and lancing, and the injecting of the professor's antidote, and the ceaseless marching up and down of the patient between two sturdy durwans, and the watching of a woman with a great sore heart, and eyes that were too dry and hot for tears.

And the other, the one that had sat night after night by Herkomer's bed, came and sat there just in the center of the verandah. Herkomer would not let the durwans move the chair. "Don't disturb him," he said; "let him sit there."

"Huzoor, it is but an empty chair," said one of them. "No one sits there, sahib."

But still he told them not to move the chair—they could walk around it. "He won't have long to wait now," he muttered.

"Surely the poison was making the sahib a little mad," the durwan thought.

At first Herkomer felt strangely elated. It was like new wine—he was

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drunk on it ; it was good to be bitten by cobras. If he could only get over it he would like to try it again—it was like opium.

And then came the poppy sleep. He begged them to let him lie down and rest.

"If you sleep you die!" the professor yelled in his ear.

The voice was far off, it was like a dream, it was the murmuring of the breakers far away on the coral reefs, and required too much energy to listen to it. Besides, he was so tired and sleepy. This ceaseless walking up and down was like counting sheep, it made his head heavy.

Up and down, up and down, the hard floor of the verandah re-echoing to the clap, clap of the durwans' loose slippers as they marched one on either side of him.

It was a terrible race, and life was the stake.

But as the torturing hours chased each other through the long Burmese night and the gray began to steal up behind the tapering spire of the golden pagoda in the east, and the major still lived, still walked up and down between his relays of Punjabis, the professor knew that he had won—had robbed the hooded fiend of his victim.

And the man who had come back out of the jaws of death, when he was told that he might sleep, went deep down into the rest-world, and lay for hours in a sleep that was first cousin to death.

When he awoke the figure sitting beside his couch had changed—it was Minora ; she who had sat there hour after hour watching that the light did not go quite out—that the sleep did not become of closer kin to death.

Very confusedly the questioning eyes looked at her when they opened.

When he had grown a little stronger she told him this, told him the tale that she had tried to tell that night when he had stopped her.

"Father inoculated me with the cobra virus, partly as an experiment, and partly for my own safety, as his cobras were always about.

"As it seemed to be harmless and to make it sure, he performed the operation several times. But he, learned as he is, did not foresee the result. It acted on me like morphine acts on those who have it injected into their veins. It became necessary to my life. The exhilaration you felt would be mine for days, then depression followed as a natural law.

"But why go into detail?" she added, with a faint, wan smile; "without it I was dead. At last I became so that the bite from the cobra was only equal to the dose my father used. This was the simplest plan.

"When you first came into my life I thought that I should overcome it, for love is blind.

"The night you were bitten I meant to tell you all, but to fortify myself, to summon up the moral courage to drown the love which was so great and strong, I had asked Count Rubitino to bring a cobra from my father's box.

"That is all; it is not pleasant," and she smiled again wanly. "I should not have allowed this love to conquer me, but now it has conquered, it has triumphed over all. I will not marry you because I love you."

It was the best that way : "Because I love you I will not marry you."

W. A. Fraser.

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THE MAKERS OF THE DOMINION OF CANADA.

A Series of Twelve Illustrated Papers on Famous Men and Incidents of Canadian History, from the Norse and Cabot voyages until Federal Union (986-1867.)

BY DR. J. G. BOURINOT, C.M.G., F.R.S.C., AUTHOR OF "THE STORY OF CANADA," AND OTHER WORKS ON THE HISTORY AND GOVERNMENT OF THE DOMINION.

VII.—FOUNDERS OF REPRESENTATIVE INSTITUTIONS (1758-1792).*

REPRESENTATIVE institutions were established in the Acadian or Maritime Provinces of the present Dominion for some years before they were conceded by the British Government to the communities of the St. Lawrence valley. In the order of time Nova Scotia came first, then Prince Edward Island, a little later New Brunswick, which had previously formed part of Nova Scotia, and lastly Lower Canada and Upper Canada. The island of Cape Breton had also for years a system of local government apart from Nova Scotia, but it was never given an Assembly, and in 1820 was annexed once more to the Province of which it has ever since continued to be a part.

NOVA SCOTIA.

Governor Lawrence, whose name will be always unhappily associated with the merciless expatriation of the French Acadians, had the honour of opening the first Legislative Assembly of Nova Scotia in 1758, but the records of those times also show that he had been opposed to the introduction of a popular Assembly on account of the small population of the Province (not more than three thousand souls probably), and his conviction that "heats, animosities and dissensions" would be created among the few inhabitants "at a time when the enemy is at our doors, and the whole should join together as one man for their mutual safety and defence." These words were written by the Governor during the progress of the Seven Years' War, when a great conflict was being fought between England and France for the supremacy in North America. No doubt, as a soldier, he preferred the practically supreme control he possessed in the administration of provincial affairs by means of a Council nominated by the Crown and little influenced by the merchants and the people generally. Even on the eve of the first meeting of the Assembly he wrote to the Lords of Trade, who administered colonial affairs in those times, that he hoped he would not find among the newly-elected representatives a disposition "to embarrass or obstruct His Majesty's Service" or "to dispute the Royal Prerogative," and he added that he feared "that too many of the members chosen are such as have not been the most remarkable for promoting unity or obedience to His Majesty's Government here, or indeed have the most natural attachment to the Province." In his first speech to the Legislature he reminded the members of the fleets and armies sent out from time to time for their protection from "a most merciless foe," and expressed the hope that they would "promote the real welfare and prosperity of the Crown or, in other words, the real welfare and prosperity of the people." One Robert Sanderson, of whom we know nothing, was chosen as the first Speaker, but he held his office for only one session, and was succeeded by William Nesbitt, who presided over the House for many years. The first sittings of the Legislature were held in the Court House, and subsequently in the old

*ERRATUM.—In Article 6, Vol. X., p. 485, the date of Lord Dorchester's Order-in-Council respecting the U. E. Loyalists, should be "9th of November, 1789."

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grammar school at the corner of Barrington and Sackville Streets, for very many years one of the historic memorials of the Halifax of the eighteenth century. It was removed eventually to a building on the Market Square, on the spot where the Dominion Public Building now stands, and here it remained until 1820, when the present Parliament House was completed for its reception.

The first Assembly obviously disappointed Governor Lawrence, who had looked forward to its meeting with many misgivings. In one of his letters to the Imperial authorities he admitted that the Legislature had gone to work in a business-like manner to pass a number of necessary measures with "less altercation than from the seeming disposition of the people he had been apprehensive of." The population of the Province was so insignificant at that time that it was only practicable to give a special representation of four members to Halifax and of two members to Lunenburgh, while the remaining sixteen representatives had to be elected by the Province at large. In later years, however, as I have already shown in a previous paper on the founders of Nova Scotia, a considerable body of people were induced to come from New England and settle on some of the finest agricultural lands of the Province, as well as on the banks of the River St. John. By 1783 the population, apart from the Canadian French, were not far from fifteen thousand souls, and the Province was divided into counties for electoral, judicial and other purposes. The old townships of Horton, Annapolis, Cornwallis, Falmouth, Onslow, Truro, Cumberland, Yarmouth, and others associated with the early migration of 1763-66, continued for many years to be represented in the Legislature.

During the progress of the American revolution, some of the American element, as the archives of the province clearly show, sympathized with their rebellious countrymen in New England, and the people of Truro, Onslow, and Londonderry, with the exception of five persons, refused to take the oath of allegiance, and were not allowed for some time to be represented in the legislature. The Assembly, however, were always loyal to the Crown, and refused to consider the appeals that were made to them by circular letters and otherwise to give aid and sympathy to the rebellious colonies. But at the same time they entertained strong opinions on the questions that were agitating the liberal minds of the province. In 1775 they forwarded an address to the Imperial Government in which they asked for a redress of certain grievances, which they set forth in detail. While "humbly acknowledging" the supreme authority of the Imperial Parliament, and their duty "to pay a due proportion of the expenses of this great empire," they expressed a desire for triennial parliaments, vote by ballot, the non-interference of officials in elections, new regulations for the imposition of customs duties, the severe repression of illicit trade, the appointment of legislative councillors for life, with a property qualification, annual sittings of the legislature, the tenure of judicial office during good behaviour, the limitations of legal fees in civil actions. They closed a long list of their demands with the expression of the hope that "the Father of Mercies may preserve constitutional freedom to the British race in every part of the globe." This memorial appears to have been forwarded to the Imperial Government without the knowledge of the Governor. A Nova Scotian historian reviews the document as animated by a desire to adjust difficulties that then existed in the self-governing colonies —"to stay the destroying angel, and harmonize the members of the one great English family." In many respects the Nova Scotia memorialists had reason on their side, and only anticipated many of the reforms that were to be granted in the course of the next century. In 1775 the prerogatives of the Crown were arbitrarily exercised by the Governors, who looked more to the support of the combined executive

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THE PROVINCE BUILDING, HALIFAX.
The Oldest Legislative Building in Canada.

and legislative council than to the approval of the Assembly elected by the people. Three-quarters of a century was to pass after 1775 before the Royal prerogative was limited by the principles of responsible government. Vote by ballot, annual parliaments and other reforms advocated in the address of the last century, have existed in the province for many years.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

We must now cross the Strait of Northumberland to the little island of Prince Edward, which was known in the days of the French regime as Isle de St. Jean, and the home of a large Acadian population who were driven from their fertile and prosperous settlements by the successful English troops immediately after the capture of Louisbourg. The history of representative government in this beautiful island, which lies so snugly ensconced in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, contains little of interest for the general reader from its commencement to the present time. It is chiefly a record of political conflict between the governors and assemblies, and of difficulties and controversies arising out of the extraordinary concessions of land to a few proprietors soon after it became a possession of Great Britain. After the peace of 1763, this island, as well as Cape Breton, were temporarily annexed to the Government of Nova Scotia; and in the following year a survey was commenced of the lands of all the imperial dominions on the Atlantic.

Various schemes were proposed as soon as the surveys were in progress for the cultivation and settlement of the island. The most notable suggestion was made by the Earl of Egmont when First Lord of the Admiralty; he proposed the division of the island into baronies, each with a castle or stronghold under a feudal lord, subject to himself as lord paramount, under the customs of the feudal system of Europe. This was the last example in colonial history of the desire that so long animated pioneers of American settlement, like Alexander and others, to reproduce the antiquated and un-



GREAT SEAL OF NEW BRUNSWICK, 1794.

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suitable usages of feudal times in the wilderness of a new country. While the imperial authorities rejected this scheme, at the same time they adopted one which was equally as unwise as that of the noble earl. The whole island, with the exception of certain small reservations and royalties, was given away by lottery in a single day to officers of the army and navy who had served in the preceding war, and to other persons who were ambitious to be great land-owners, on the easy condition of paying certain quit-rents—a condition constantly broken. This ill-advised measure led to many troublesome complications for a hundred years, until at last they were removed by the terms of the arrangement which brought the island into the federal union of British North America in 1873.

In 1769 the island was separated from Nova Scotia and granted a distinct government, although its total population at the time did not exceed one hundred and fifty families. An assembly of eighteen representatives was called as early as 1773, when the first Governor, Captain Walter Paterson, still administered public affairs. The assembly was not allowed to meet with regularity during many years of the early history of the island. During one administration it was practically without parliamentary government for ten years, and it took nearly three-quarters of a century after the concession of a representative system before the people obtained complete control of the public revenues. For very many years the government was largely influenced by the landed proprietors, who retarded settlement.

NEW BRUNSWICK.

A small number of people, chiefly from New England, settled on the banks of the St. John River in 1763 and later years, and formed the electorate of the county of Sunbury, which was represented for a short time in the legislature of Nova Scotia. The coming of the Loyalists effected a most important change in the conditions of the country. Between ten and twelve thousand people, devoted to the British Crown, settled on the banks of the St. John and elsewhere, and founded a number of towns and villages, notably the commercial capital known as the city of St. John, for more than a hundred years, though it was first called Parrtown, in honour of the Governor of Nova Scotia, during whose administration the Loyalists landed in the Acadian country. On the 16th of August, 1784, the county of Sunbury was formally constituted a province, whose first governor was Colonel Thomas Carleton,* a brother of the distinguished Governor-General, whose name is so intimately associated with the fortunes of Canada during a most critical period of its history. The first Executive Council, which was also the Legislative Council, comprised some of the most eminent men of the Loyalist migration. For instance, George Duncan Ludlow, who had been a judge of the Supreme Court of New York; Jonathan Odell, the famous satirist and divine; William Hazen, a merchant of high reputation, who had large interests on the St. John River from 1763, and had proved his fidelity to the Crown at a time when his countrymen at Maugerville were disposed to join the revolutionary party; Gabriel G. Ludlow, previously a colonel in a royal regiment; Edward Winslow, Daniel Bliss and Isaac Allen, all of whom had borne arms in the royal service and had suffered the loss of valuable property, confiscated by the rebels. These are the names of men, who, as well as their descendants, have been distinguished in the public records of the province.

The Constitution of 1784 provided for an assembly of twenty-six members who were elected in 1785, and met for the first time on the 3rd of January, 1786, at the Mallard House, a plain two-storey building on the north side of King Street, where the Royal Hotel now stands. The city of St. John

*I have not been able to obtain portraits of the first governors of the Maritime provinces, and must consequently give only those of Dorchester and Simcoe in this article.

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ceased to be the seat of government in 1787, when the present capital, Fredericton, first known as St. Ann's, was chosen. Elections in those early days were often remarkable for the virulence of political faction. In the first contest for the city of St. John, it was necessary to call out the troops to protect a number of gentlemen who were attacked by a mob with brickbats and stones. Those were "the good old times," when the polls continued open for a number of days — often for two or three weeks—and political parties had abundant opportunity of using intimidation and every possible means of preventing their opponents recording their votes. Liquor was poured out like water, and the scenes that were witnessed as long as the polls were open would be considered most unseemly and illegal in these times, when the law wisely requires all polling to take place on the one day, and every possible precaution is taken to give fair play to all parties and prohibit anything like corruption and undue interference in the conduct of an election. However, despite the unscrupulous methods too often followed to elect a candidate, the assemblies of those primitive days were composed of men of excellent business habits and honesty of purpose. One historian tells us that "If we may judge of the character of the first representatives from their numerous useful and highly respected laws then enacted, and still in force, we must conclude that there never was a more efficient or respectable assembly convened in New Brunswick." It is interesting to note that of the twenty-six members first elected to this assembly, twenty-three were necessarily Loyalists, and the same class continued for many years to predominate in the legislature. The first Speaker was Amos Botsford, the pioneer of the Loyalist migration to New Brunswick, whose grandson occupied the same position for a short time in the Senate of the Dominion of Canada.



FIRST GOVERNMENT HOUSE IN FREDERICTON.
Built 1787—Burned 1825.

CANADA.

We must now proceed to the country watered by the St. Lawrence and the Great Lakes, and follow the early stages in the evolution of parliamentary government in those provinces which now form such important parts of the present federation. The men who exercised the most decided influence in the formative period of the constitution of old Canada were General Murray, who was the first Governor-General in effect—Amherst's appointment having been merely nominal—Sir Guy Carleton (Lord Dorchester), William Pitt, the great son of Chatham; General Alured Clark, and General Simcoe. Several political facts require a brief mention in this connection. For nearly four years after the capitulation of Vaudreuil in 1760, there was a military government as a necessary consequence of the unsettled condition of things. During this transition period as well as during the few years he acted as Governor-General—from 1764 to 1766—General Murray was animated by a spirit of justice and conciliation in all his relations with the French Canadians. Civil matters in the parishes were practically administered in accordance with the old usages and laws, so far as the circumstances of each case permitted. When the people began to understand that they would be

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HON. WM. PITT.
Author of the Constitutional Act of 1791.

treated with kindness and justice under the new British dominion, they went about their ordinary vocations with confidence, and gradually became content with a state of things which left them their church and insured them rest and peace instead of misery and war. The tinkle of the cow-bells, the whirr of the mill, or the stroke of the hammer on the anvil, was more pleasant music than the beat of the drum or the call of the bugle which had so often in the past hurried them from the field, the mill, and the forge.

In 1763 George III. issued his famous proclamation which established a system of government for Canada. The people were to have the right to elect representatives to an assembly, but the time was not yet ripe for so large a measure of political liberty, if, indeed, it had been possible for them to do so under the instructions to the Governor-General, which required all persons holding office or elected to an assembly to take oaths against transubstantiation and the supremacy of the Pope. This proclamation, which was very clumsily framed, in the opinion of lawyers, created a great deal of dissatisfaction, not only for the reason just given, but on account of its loose reference to the system of laws that should prevail in the conquered country. As a matter of fact, the ordinances issued by the Governor and Executive Council, that now governed Canada, practically went to establish both the common and the criminal law of England to the decided inconvenience and dissatisfaction of the French Canadians accustomed to the civil law of France. But events were shaping themselves in favour of the French Canadians, or "new subjects" as they were called in those days. The differences that had arisen between England and the old thirteen colonies led her statesmen to pay more attention to the state of Canada and to study the best methods of strengthening their government in the French colony, where the English element was still relatively insignificant,



GUY CARLETON (LORD DORCHESTER).

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though holding practically the reins of power by means of the Executive Council and the public offices.



CHATEAU ST. LOUIS, 1834.

In 1774 the Parliament of Great Britain was for the first time called upon to intervene in the affairs of Canada, and passed the act giving the first constitution to Canada, generally known in our history as the Quebec Act. This measure was in the direction of conciliating the French Canadians, who naturally received it with much satisfaction. The English, on the other hand, regarded it with great disfavour, and the same may be said of the people of the old Thirteen Colonies, who subsequently, through their Congress, stated their objections in an appeal to the people of Great Britain, and declared it to be "unjust, unconstitutional, and most dangerous and destructive of American rights." The act established a legislative council nominated by the Crown, and the project of an assembly was indefinitely postponed. The French Canadians were not yet prepared for representative institutions, of whose working they had no practical knowledge, and were quite content for the time being with a system which brought some of their leading men into the new legislative body. All their experiences and traditions were in favour of a governing body nominated by the King, and it required time to show them the advantage of the English system of popular assemblies. But what made the act so popular among the influential men in Lower Canada was the fact that it removed the disabilities under which the French Canadians, as Roman Catholics, were heretofore placed, guaranteed them full freedom of worship, and placed the Church, with the exception of the religious orders, the Jesuits and Sulpitians,* in complete possession of their valuable property. The old French law was restored in all matters of controversy relating to property and civil rights. The criminal law of England, which was, in the opinion of the French Canadians, after an experience of some years, preferable to their own system on account of its greater mildness and humanity, was to prevail throughout the country. The hostile sentiment that existed in Canada and the old Thirteen Colonies arose in a great measure



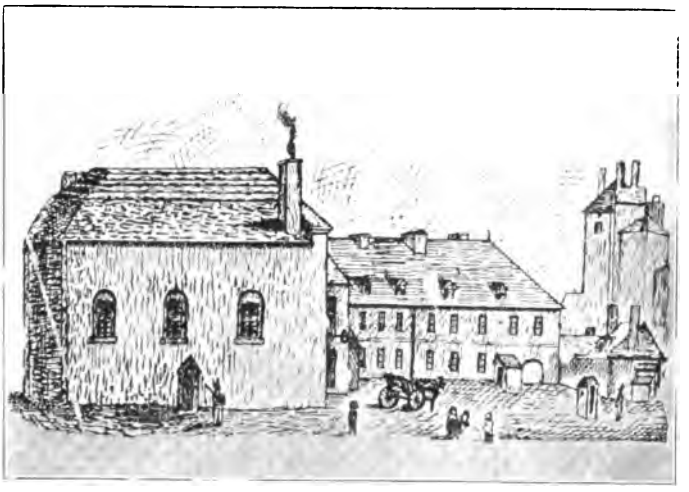
THE CHATEAU HALDIMAND.
Occupied by the Quebec Government in 1792.

*The Sulpitians, however, were allowed to remain in possession of their property, and eventually received legal recognition.

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from the fact that the civil law of France was applied to the English residents not only in the French section, but to the large area of country extending to the Mississippi on the west and the Ohio on the south, so as to include the territory now embraced by the five states north-west of the Ohio.

It is well established that Sir Guy Carleton, who succeeded General Murray as Governor-General of Canada, and had thoroughly studied the conditions of the French province, largely influenced the imperial authorities to pass the Quebec Act. From the outset Governor Carleton, as wise a statesman as he was a brave soldier, showed his desire to carry on his government with a due regard to the feelings and interests of a population who were deeply attached to their civil law, religion and language. In the course of a few years, however, the Quebec Act itself was shown to be unequal to the new conditions that arose after the American revolution and the coming of the Loyalists into the unsettled country now known as Ontario. In view of the rapidly increasing English population of Canada and of the difficulties that were constantly arising between the two races —difficulties increased by the fact that the two systems of law were constantly clashing, and the whole system of justice was consequently very unsatisfactorily administered—the British Government considered it the wisest policy to interfere again and form two separate provinces, in which the two races could work out their own future, as far as practicable, apart from each other. This was a very important change in its far-reaching consequences. It was not merely another remarkable step in the political development of Canada, but it was to have the effect not only of educating the French Canadians more thoroughly in the advantages of self-government, but of continuing the work which the Quebec Act practically commenced, and strengthening them as a distinct nationality desirous of perpetuating their religion and institutions.



FIRST LEGISLATIVE BUILDING OF LOWER CANADA, 1792.

The passage of the Constitutional Act of 1791 is the beginning of an epoch in the political history of Canada which lasted for half a century, until it was found necessary to make another important change in the constitution of the provinces. This act extended the political liberties of the people in the two provinces of Upper Canada and Lower Canada—now Quebec and Ontario—organized under the act, since it gave them a complete legislature, composed of a governor, a legislative council nominated by the Crown, and an assembly elected by the people on a limited franchise, principally the old forty-shilling freehold system so long in vogue in English-speaking colonies. The object was, as stated at the time, to separate

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the two races as much as possible, and to give both a constitution resembling that of England, "as far as the circumstances of the country would permit."

William Pitt, whose fame as a statesman is not inferior to that of his great father, carried through the Imperial Parliament a measure which formed two provinces in the valley of the St. Lawrence, and conceded to their peoples what was then a liberal system of government.

Let us now go back to the last decade of the eighteenth century and recall the meetings of the first legislature of Lower Canada, where the French Canadians constituted then as now the great majority, and also that of Upper Canada, where the Loyalists dominated from River Beaudette to Niagara. The circumstances under which the two legislatures met were necessarily very different. Lower Canada was now an old community, and contained a French population of one hundred and twenty-five thousand souls, comprising many men of ability and culture. Quebec and Montreal were then large towns with a little aristocracy of French Canadian seigniors and British officials and military men. Upper Canada was still a wilderness, except where the Loyalists and other settlers were struggling with the difficulties of a new country, and the only villages or towns of importance were Johnstown (Cornwall), Adolphustown, Kingston and Newark (Niagara). The city where the first Assembly of Lower Canada met was surrounded by associations of deep historic and political interest.

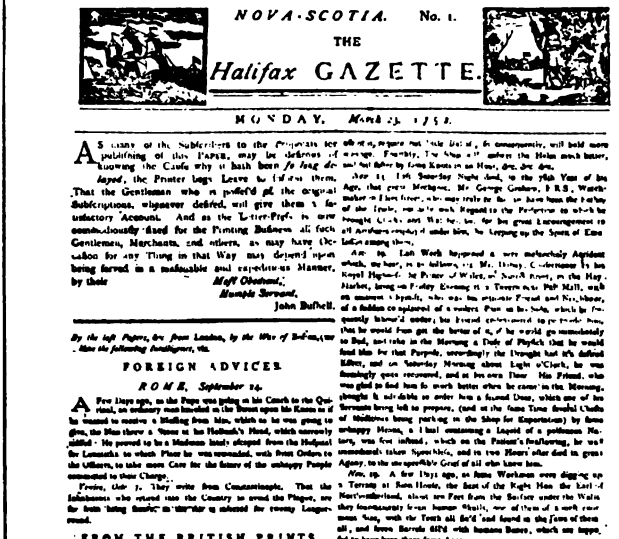


LIEUT.-GENL. JOHN GRAVES SIMCOE.

Only a few years had passed since the lilies of France had waved above Fort St. Louis, where had assembled for a century and a half many noble and ambitious Frenchmen, who had often dreamt of a French empire on the continent of America. The massive fortifications that defended the rugged heights, the stone churches, convents and residences that stood within the walls, with their quaint gates, seemed more suited to some fastness of mediæval times than to a city amid the forests of the New World. The very buildings in which the British Government transacted its business had echoed to the footsteps of statesmen, soldiers and priests of the old régime. The civil and military branches of the State then occupied rooms in the old chateau St. Louis, elevated on the brink of an inaccessible precipice rising from the noble river which carries to the ocean the waters of many lakes and tributary streams. The Governor General at that time was living in the chateau Haldimand which had been built a few years before by the Governor of that name within the walls of the old fort, and was used for the same purpose until the ancient castle of St. Louis was repaired and enlarged by the addition of another story from 1808 to 1811. On a rocky eminence in the vicinity of a battery (and close to Prescott gate, erected in 1797) was an old stone building known as the Bishop's palace. The first Assembly met in the chapel, and the Legislative Council in an upper room of this historic edifice, which for many years was the scene of stirring political conflict. On the 17th of December the two Houses assem-

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Fac-simile of the first Canadian Newspaper



NOVA-SCOTIA. No. 1.

THE

Halifax GAZETTE.

MONDAY, March 23, 1752.

AS many of the Subscribers to the Proposals for publishing of this PAPER, may be desirous of knowing the Cause why it hath been so long delayed, the Printer begs Leave to inform them, That the Gentleman who is poss'd of the original Subscriptions, whenever desired, will give them a satisfactory Account. And as the Letter-Press is now commodiously fixed for the Printing Business; all such Gentlemen, Merchants, and others, as may have Occasion for any Thing in that Way may depend upon being served in a reasonable and expeditious Manner, by their Most Obedient, Humble Servant, John Bushell.

By the last Papers, &c. from London, by the Way of Boston, we have the following Intelligence, viz.

FOREIGN ADVICES.

ROME, September 24.

A Few Days ago, as the Pope was going in his Coach to the Quirinal, an ordinary man knocked at the Door upon his Holiness as if he wanted to receive a Handbill from him, which as he was going to give, the Man threw a Stone at his Holiness's Head, which narrowly missed: He proved to be a Madman lately escaped from the Hospital for Lunaticks to which Place he was forwarded, with Strict Orders to the Officers, to take more Care for the future of the unhappy People committed to their Charge.

Venice, Oct. 3. They write from Constantinople, That the Inhabitants who retired into the Country to avoid the Plague, are for from being thereby in the Way to subsist for twenty Leagues round.

FROM THE BRITISH PRINTS

LONDON, *September 18.*

The Day came on the Election for Lord Mayor of this City, when Thomas Winterbottom, Esq; Alderman of Billingsgate-Ward was elected for the Year ensuing. At the same Time, Slingsby Bethel and Sheath Dickenson, Esqrs; were chosen into the Office of Sheriffs for the Year ensuing.

On the 13th of May last, an Act passed for regulating the Commencement of the Year, and the correcting the Kalendar now in Use; to extend throughout all his Majesty's Dominions. (The Particulars of which will be published in our next.)

On the 22d of June, two Bills passed the Hon. House of Commons, which have since obtained the Royal Assent, viz. One for continuing the Bounty on the Importation of Masts, Yar, &c. The other for encouraging the making of Pitch and Tar-kiln in America. And on the 25th of the same Month, his Majesty closed his sixth successive Speech to both Houses of Parliament, as follows, viz.

"My Lords and Gentlemen,

"I have nothing to add to you, but affectionately to exhort you "to avoid Heats and Animosities in the ensuing Elections, for the good Of "your own Interest and Happiness. Let it be your Care "to recommend to your several Countries, the publick Peace and good Or- "der, to encourage and promote a right Observance for Government and "Laws, and not to suffer those good Laws, which are enacted here, to "be of those Effects for want of a due Execution."

His Majesty has been pleased to appoint and commissioned, that all Vessels coming from the Levant should perform Quarantine.

Alexandria. We have that a Report has been first up by his Majesty's Officers at Portsmouth, to the Hon. the Commissioners of the Navy, and by them to the Lords of the Admiralty, of the Bounds of the Experiment made by Mr. George Bridges, on several Pieces of Planks, to prevent Worms eating Holes in Ships Bottoms; The Advantages that will accrue to his Majesty's Dominions, are many. First, it will save the Expence of Sheathing, and make the Ship to last twice as long. Secondly, Will save Numbers of Seamen, as well as preserve the Cargoes. Thirdly, All such Ships, that make ... us that the "opening" was in strict accordance with the constituted usages of the British parliamentary system. No doubt the cannon thundered from the citadel as the representative of the Crown drove up in state and passed through the lines of a guard of honour into the chamber of the Legislative Council. Here was assembled that brilliant array of beauty and fashion which has always attended such ceremonies wherever an English or Colonial Parliament has met. On so memorable an occasion no doubt the assemblage was large and comprised all the notabilities of English and French society. Great as were the jealousies and rivalries that already commenced to divide the two distinct elements of the population — jealousies largely fostered by the arrogance of British officials—no doubt bled in their respective chambers, in obedience to the proclamation of Major-General Alured Clarke, who acted as Governor-General in the absence of Lord Dorchester. Those were not days of newspaper enterprise in Canada —the interviewer and reporter were unknown—and consequently we have no adequate description of the proceedings and ceremonies that distinguished so interesting an event in Canadian history. But the official records show a better feeling prevailed for the moment. The French Canadian Assembly saw in the concession of a thoroughly representative Assembly an acknowledgment of their just claims to a due share in the legislation of their country, and felt more disposed to meet on friendly terms the English-speaking classes. The two Houses comprised not a few men whose families had long been associated with the fortunes of the colony. Chausse-

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gros de Léry, St Ours, Delanaudière, de Boucherville, Longueuil, Salaberry, Duchesnay, Rouville, La Valtrie, Lorimier, Lotbinière, Rocheblave, Papineau, De Bonne, were among the names that told of the *ancien régime* and gave a guarantee to the French Canadians that their race and institutions would be fully represented in the new system of government. The Chief Justice, Honourable William Smith, a Loyalist who had held the same judicial position in New York, was Speaker of the Legislative Council, and Mr. J. A. Panet, an eminent advocate of the Quebec Bar, was Speaker of the Assembly.

Now let us leave the Bishop's palace on the heights of Quebec and visit the small town of Newark, on the verge of the western wilderness. The natural surroundings of the first capital of Upper Canada were, in their way, as picturesque as those of the ancient capital. Below the town rushed the deep stream which carried the waters of the great western lakes into Ontario, which sparkled in the sunshine close by; across the river could be seen the old fort of Niagara, so long associated with the history of the French régime, and still in possession of the English, though it was given up some years later, like other western posts, to the United States. This town was chosen as the capital by Colonel (afterwards General) Simcoe, who was the first Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada. He had served with much distinction

NUMBER 1. G. R. VOLUME 1.

UPPER CANADA GAZETTE

OR

AMERICAN ORACLE.

THURSDAY, APRIL 18, 1793.

JOHN GRAVES SIMCOE.

PROCLAMATION

For the suppression of Vice, Profaneness & Immorality

BY HIS EXCELLENCY

JOHN GRAVES SIMCOE, Esquire,

Lieutenant Governor & Colonel Commanding His Majesty's Forces, in the Province of Upper Canada.

WHEREAS it is the indispensible duty of all People, and more especially of all Christian Nations, to preserve and advance the Honour and Service of Almighty God; and to discourage and suppress all Vice, Profaneness and Immorality, which if not timely prevented may justly draw down the Divine Vengeance upon Us and our Country: And His Majesty having for the promotion of Virtue, and in order to lead to the best Interests of His Subjects, given command for causing all Laws made against Blasphemy, Profaneness, Adultery, Fornication, Polygamy, Incest, Profanation of the Lords Day, Swearing and Drunkenness, to be strictly put in Execution in every part of the Province, I do therefore direct, require and command the Several Officers and Constables of the several Towns and Townships, to make presentment upon Oath, of any of the Vices before mentioned, to the Justices of the Peace in their Session, or to any of the other temporal Courts: And for the more effectual proceeding herein, all Judges, Justices and Magistrates and all other officers concerned for putting the Laws against Crimes and Offences into execution, are directed and commanded to exert themselves, for the due profecution and punishment of all persons, who shall presume to offend in any of the kinds aforesaid; and also of all persons that, contrary to their duty, shall be remiss or negligent in putting the said Laws in execution. And I do further charge and command, that this Proclamation be publickly read in all Courts of Justice, on the first day of every Session to be held in the course of the present year, and more especially in such of His Majesty's Courts, as have the Cognizance of Crimes and Offences; recommending the same, to all Christian Ministers of every denomination, to cause the same Proclamation to be read four times in the said year, immediately after Divine Service, in all places of Public Worship, and that they do their utmost Endeavour, to incite their respective Auditors to the practice of Piety and Virtue, and the avoiding of every course, contrary to the pure Morality of the Religion of the Holy Gospel of Jesus Christ.

Given under my Hand and Seal at Arms at the Government House, Navy Hall, the Eleventh day of April, in the Year of our Lord One thousand seven Hundred and Ninety-three, and in the Thirty-third Year of His Majesty's Reign.

J. G. S.

By His Excellency's Command,
WM. JARVIS, *Secretary.*

THE KING'S SPEECH

TO BOTH HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT

December 15, 1792.

My Lords and Gentlemen,

HAVING judged it necessary to embody a part of the militia of this Kingdom, I have in pursuance of the provisions of the law, called you together within the time limited for that purpose, it is on every account, a great satisfaction to me to meet you in Parliament at this conjuncture. I should have been happy if I could have announced to you the secure and undisturbed continuance of all the blessings which my subjects have derived from a state of tranquility; but events have recently occurred which require our united vigilance and exertion in order to preserve the advantages which we have hitherto enjoyed.

The seditious practices which have been in a great measure checked by your firm and explicit declaration in the last session, and by the general concurrence of my people in the same sentiments, have of late been more openly renewed, and with increased activity. A spirit of tumult and disorder (the natural consequence of such practices) has shewn itself in acts of riot and insurrection, which required the interposition of a military force in support of the Civil Magistrate. The industry employed to excite discontent on various pretexts and in different parts of the kingdom has appeared to proceed from a design to attempt the destruction of our happy constitution, and the subversion of all order and government; and this design has evidently been pursued in connection, and concert with persons in foreign countries.

I have carefully observed a strict neutrality in the present war on the continent, and have uniformly abstained from any interference with respect to the internal affairs of France; but it is impossible for me to see, without the most serious uneasiness, the strong and increasing indications which have appeared there of an intention to excite disturbances in other countries, to disregard the rights of neutral nations, and to pursue views of conquest and aggrandizement, as well as to adopt towards my allies the States General (who have observed the said neutrality with myself) measures which are neither conformable to the law of nations, nor to the positive stipulations of existing treaties. Under all these circumstances I have felt it my indispensible duty to have recourse to those means of prevention and internal defence with which I am entrusted by law, and I have also thought it right to take steps for making some augmentation of my naval and military force, being persuaded that these exertions are necessary in the present state of affairs, and are best calculated both to maintain internal tranquility, and to render a firm and temperate conduct effectual for preserving the blessings of peace.

Nothing will be neglected on my part that can contribute to that important object, consistently with the security of my kingdoms, and with the faithful performance of engagements which we are bound equally by interest and honour to fulfil.

FAC SIMILE OF FIRST PAGE OF FIRST UPPER CANADA GAZETTE.

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during the Revolution as the commander of the Queen's Rangers, some of whom had settled in the Niagara district. He was remarkable for his decision of character and for his ardent desire to establish the principles of British government in the new province. He was a sincere friend of the Loyalists, whose attachment to the Crown he had had many opportunities of appreciating during his career in the rebellious colonies, and, consequently, was an uncompromising opponent of the new republic and of the people who were labouring to make it a success on the other side of the border. The new parliament met, not in Navy Hall, as has been supposed by some writers, but in a wooden building nearly completed on the sloping bank of the river, at a spot subsequently covered by a rampart of Fort George, which was constructed by Governor Simcoe on the surrender of Fort Niagara. A large boulder has been placed on the top of the rampart to mark the site of the humble parliament house of Upper Canada, which had to be eventually demolished to make place for the new fortifications. The same authority (*) from whom I take these interesting details tells us that the sittings of the first legislature were not unfrequently held under a large tent set up in front of the house, and having an interesting history of own, since it had been carried around the world by the famous navigator, Captain Cook.

The legislature met under these humble circumstances at Newark on the 17th of September, 1792. Chief Justice Osgoode was the Speaker of the Council, and Colonel John Macdonell, of Aberchalder, who had gallantly served in the royal forces during the Revolution, was chosen presiding officer of the Assembly. Besides him, there were eleven Loyalists among the sixteen members of the lower house. At this first session there were only three members present in the Council, and five in the Assembly. Governor Simcoe opened every session of his legislature with as much ceremony as was possible, as we can gather from a book of the Duke de Liancourt, who visited Newark in 1775. "The whole retinue of the Governor," wrote the duke, "consisted of a guard of fifty men taken from the garrison of the fort (Niagara). Dressed in silk, he entered the hall with his hat on his head, attended by his adjutant and two secretaries. Two members of the Legislative Council gave notice of the arrival of the Governor to the Assembly. Five members of the body then appeared at the Bar of the Council, and the Governor delivered a speech modelled after that of the King." If the attendance was small on this occasion, it must be remembered that there were many difficulties to overcome before the two Houses could assemble in obedience to the Governor's proclamation. The seven legislative councillors and sixteen members, who represented a population of only 20,000 souls, were scattered at very remote points, and could only find their way at times in canoes and slow sailing craft. Nor must it be forgotten that in those early days of colonization men had the stern necessities of existence to consider before all things else. However urgent the call to public duty, the harvest must be gathered in before laws could be made. In the latter part of the eighteenth century it was not considered below the dignity of a speech to refer to the great event of the Canadian year in those terms: "I call you together at an early period in the hope that you may be able to finish the business of the session before the commencement of your approaching harvest."

Such were the circumstances under which the legislature was opened in the two provinces, representing two distinct races of the population. Humble as were the beginnings in the little Parliament House of Newark, yet we can see from their proceedings that the men then called to do the public business were of practical habits and fully

* Mr. William Kirby, F.R.S.C., author of "Le Chien D'Or," in his "Annals of Niagara." He is of Loyalist descent, and has lived in Niagara for nearly fifty years. The town was burnt in 1813 by troops of the United States under General McLure, and none of the buildings of last century remain.

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GREAT SEAL OF UPPER CANADA FROM 1792 TO 1840.

alive to the value of time in a new country; for they only sat for five weeks and passed the same number of bills that it took seven months at Quebec to pass. As respects adherence to correct parliamentary forms, the larger legislature must take the precedence from the commencement to the close of its existence. The ceremony at the commencement of the legislature of 1792 in Quebec is almost identical with that which we witness at the opening of every new parliament in the legislative halls at Ottawa. But now the buildings are palatial compared with the parliament houses of old times, and nearly three hundred senators and representatives gather at the capital of a vast country only bounded by two oceans.

It is very noteworthy that the representatives of Lower Canada, who were mainly French, should, at the very outset, have adopted a code of procedure based on that which the experience of the Imperial Parliament had proved, in the course of centuries, to be best adapted to the orderly conduct of debate and to the efficient dispatch of public business. One of the first resolutions passed by the Legislative Assembly was the following:— "That as the Assembly of Lower Canada is constituted after the model and image of the Parliament of Great Britain, it is wise and decent and necessary to the rights of the people that this House observe and follow, as near as circumstances will permit, the rules, orders, usages of the Commons House of Parliament of Great Britain." From that day to this the same principle has guided all the legislative assemblies of Canada to conform as nearly as practicable to the parliamentary regulations of the parent state.

The system of government established in 1791 continued in force until the suspension of the constitution of Lower Canada as a consequence of the rebellion of 1837-38, under the leadership of Papineau and other men whose names are familiar to all students of Canadian political history. During these years the country was practically governed by the Governor-General and the Executive and Legislative Councils, both nominated by the former. The popular house, however, had little influence or power as long as the Government was not responsible to the people's representatives, and was indifferent to their approbation or support. The result was an irrepressible conflict between the Assembly and the Legislative and Executive Councils, supported by the Governor-General. The fact was, the whole system of government was based on unsound principles. The representative system granted to the people did not go far enough, since it should have given the

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people full control over the public revenues and the administration of public affairs, in accordance with the principles of ministerial responsibility to parliament as understood in the parent state. More than that, it failed because it had not been established at the outset on a basis of local self-government, as was the case in the United States, where the institutions of New England and other colonies had gradually prepared the people for a free system of government. Turning to the remarkable report on the affairs of Canada which bears the name of Lord Durham, who was Governor-General and High Commissioner in 1838, we find the following clear appreciation of the weakness of the system in operation for so many years in the old provinces of Canada: "If the wise example of those countries in which a free and representative government has alone worked well had been in all respects followed in Lower Canada, care would have been taken that at the same time that a parliamentary system, based on a very extended suffrage, was introduced into the country, the people should have been entrusted with a complete control over their own local affairs, and been trained in taking their part in the concerns of the province by their experience in the management of that local business which was most interesting and most intelligible to them. But the inhabitants of Lower Canada were unhappily initiated into self-governing at the wrong end, and those who were not trusted with the management of a parish were enabled by their votes to influence the destinies of a State."



PHOTOGRAPHED FOR THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

NIAGARA, FROM THE COURT HOUSE, (1898).

A View of the First Capital of Upper Canada.

(To be continued.)

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JULIA ARTHUR.

THOUGH the actor's art is the most evanescent of all arts which endeavour to please and instruct man, and though necessarily it has this pathetic aspect, that it can leave no permanent memorial of itself as music or painting can, nevertheless it brings artist and public into the closest of relations.

Since her metropolitan début at Wallack's in November last the name of Julia Arthur has been upon every lip, and her photographs have blazed forth in countless magazines and shop windows. She has been feted by society and haunted by interviewers. Indeed, it would appear the whole country has been set agog by her rare beauty and exquisite talent. And the playgoing public—that cold, discriminating critic—has quietly surrendered to the sweet graciousness and gentle manner of the young star. Her passage so far through the stellar realms has been one long path of roses—for youth, beauty and ability are a strong trinity—and it will continue to be so if hard work and serious thought will achieve its continuity—alas! successfully maintained by few.

Prosperity, sometimes, has an ill effect upon new stars. It goes to their brain, and, lo! all is changed. Miss Arthur, however, gives the impression of being a young woman of sound common-sense, who will keep her head though her success reaches a triumph. In fact, she appears to be really unmindful of her own importance. Her magnetic personality and retiring nature brought themselves to the notice of her fellow-players at the Lyceum, where she was a favourite with them all, not excepting Sir Henry himself, who evinced a marked liking for the clever Canadian; for Miss Arthur is a Canadian, being born at Hamilton, of Scotch and Irish parents. She says she is the only member of her family who is not "stage-struck." A younger sister is also an actress, and uses "Florence Fairchild" as a *nom de theatre.*

Julia Arthur made her first appearance on the stage in an amateur way at the age of eleven, playing in "The Honeymoon" and "The Merchant of Venice." Her initial professional performance was given as a member of Bandmann's company, where she remained three years, playing in "Hamlet," "Romeo and Juliet," "Richard III.," "Macbeth" and "The Merchant of Venice"; also "The Lady of Lyons," "Don Cæsar de Bazan," "The Two Orphans," "The Black Flag," "Arrah-na-Pogue," "Jim the Penman," "The Galley Slave," "Called Back," "Woman Against Woman," "Divorce," "After Dark," "Captain Swift," "Peril," "The Private Secretary," "The Still Alarm" and "The Colleen Bawn"; she took the leading female rôles. In the early days she also appeared in New York with Teddy Henley; but her first hit was made there in a weird and morbid concoction called "The Black Masque." Then, as leading woman with A. M. Palmer she played Lady Windermere in "Lady Windermere's Fan," Letty Fletcher in "Saints and Sinners," "A Broken Seal," and Thomas Bailey Aldrich's "Mercedes," in which she achieved her greatest success, and which, in all probability, will be included in her repertoire next season. Among other rôles she has pourtrayed Druscilla Ives in "The Dancing Girl," "The Prodigal Daughter," and Vere Herbert in "Moths," when in 1890 she was a member of the late Eugene A. McDowell's Comedy Company. Then came "Sister Mary," written by Clement Scott and Wilson Barrett. It was a failure, and afterwards Miss Arthur crossed the sea to try her fortune in London, where she shortly received an offer from Sir Henry Irving. That was four years ago, and during her

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connection with the Lyceum Company she played in "The Corsican Brothers," Rosamond in "Becket," Queen Anne in "Richard III." Her Imogen in "Cymbeline" and Elaine in "King Arthur" were admirably conceived and beautifully delineated; strength and picturesqueness were combined in the presentation.

For her first starring season, just closed, the play chosen, Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's "A Lady of Quality," proved a most unworthy vehicle for the display of Miss Arthur's histrionic powers, and was only saved from utter ruin by the superb capabilities of the player. People went to see Julia Arthur, not "A Lady of Quality," and considered themselves amply repaid for the outlay—nay, more, they became extraordinarily enthusiastic, and cheered and applauded the woman whose art dominated the drama; whose acting was fervid, passionate, intense; whose reserve power, though great, was held within bounds, so that it never became inartistically prominent. If Julia Arthur can do so much for a weak play, what will she not do in a strong one?

If "A Lady of Quality" was unpopular, it was Mrs. Burnett's fault, not the player's. The piece was talky to a wearisome degree, and even the skill of the actress and charm of the woman could not make it a successful drama.

Miss Arthur prefers emotional rôles to any others, probably because they are best suited to her style. Next season she will produce "As You Like It," "Ingomar," possibly "Twelfth Night," "Camille" and "Mercedes."

She is sensitive to criticism, inasmuch as she hates being slated without reason. In past years she used to cry her heart out when a criticism proved unjust or unkind. However, experience has made her philosophical, and she has learned to extract all the good and forget the bad. Of Clorinda she is not inordinately fond, and frankly admits a dislike of many of the speeches the part calls for. Again, she is very decided in her opinion on the subject of forgetting the existence of an audience, and declares it beyond the power of human nature to become utterly oblivious of those in front. The young artist allows that such a thing is possible for a short space of time; for instance, in her own case when she has become so absorbed in the rôle she is playing that for a moment she is lost to everything outside that particular character. But the slightest movement in the audience, the rustle of a programme, a whisper, a waving fan, brings her back instantly to the world of reality. This is interesting in view of the contention of numberless players that the audience is to them merely a fourth wall. Miss Arthur's statement flatly contradicts the fourth-wall theory.

Like her brothers and sisters, Miss Arthur is musical; and her favourite flower—if she has a favourite, for she loves them all—is the fleur de lis, the lily flower of France, and she uses that design almost entirely. Her favourite authors after Shakespeare are: Carlyle, Emerson, Plato, Homer and Pope. She is also extremely fond of Longfellow and the principal American poets.

Personally she is one of the most charming creatures imaginable, devoid of affectation and opposed to display of any kind. Her dainty refinement and delightful femininity have already endeared her to the public. She is devoted to her art and is very happy. Her beauty is as apparent off the stage as on, and her manner quite irresistible. In the deep, dark Spanish eyes lies the reflection of a noble soul. Her mouth, nose and ears are small, and her hair black as a crow's wing and more lustrous than the wigs she wears on the other side of the footlights. Miss Arthur is about the average height, or under it, and possesses a form of poetical slenderness. No photograph can do her justice, for no photograph can picture the varying expression of that mobile face. She is modest, and "modesty seldom resides in a breast that is not enriched with nobler virtues." While her voice, perhaps, lacks the much-quoted *qualité d'or*, yet enunciation and intonation are perfectly distinct and pure. It has frequently

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PHOTOGRAPHED BY LYONDE FOR THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

JULIA ARTHUR

In this costume, Miss Arthur is representing no particular character; she is simply in her favourite pose.

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been remarked that the temperament of this talented artiste is of the sad, yearning variety; while there is certainly an under-current of deep feeling in her nature, and sometimes a profoundly pensive look in the great, starry eyes glowing in the pale face, yet her disposition is rarely bright, her mirth infectious and her laugh spontaneity itself. And this is the *personnel* of a brilliant woman.

As for her acting—Julia Arthur's acting is not artifice. It is nature. She has certainly achieved fame, if fame means to make a noise in the world. All her life she has worked hard; she is working hard still. Not content to sit in idleness because the stellar heights have been accomplished, her ambition carries her still further. Miss Arthur's motto might well read "*Labore et constantia*," as it is evident she believes labour conquers everything. Some day—if not hampered by the limitations of the flesh, for she is rather frail—when maturity has broadened and ripened her art, when Duse and Bernhardt have silently slipped away, Julia Arthur will assume her rightful position; and she will be greater than them all. She is the actress of the future, and to her we must look for all that is pure and good and true in the drama. The laurel wreath of triumph will yet rest upon a head where already genius sits enthroned.

This article would be incomplete without a passing reference to Mr. Arthur Lewis, Miss Arthur's brother and manager, to whom not a little of his sister's success is due. It is said he is known on the "Rialto" in New York as "the white manager," and though that may signify much on the "Rialto," it is, nevertheless, a rather meagre encomium to such a sincere, cordial, business-like and genuinely courteous gentleman.

Margaret O'Grady.

THROUGH THE CLOUD.

THE snow-cloud parts—and, parting, shows above
The opalescent sky. Out dart the light
Glad rays, illuminate with warmth and love
The dull grey face of earth, and with delight,
Change her sad look to joy—pure, gleaming bright.

And so in life; when weighted down with care;
Oppressed by anxious thought; when colourless
Deem the long years, to end but in despair—
Love pulls aside the veil; with a caress
Warms our dead hearts to glowing happiness.

A. Isabel Wonham.

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THE ANGLICAN CHURCH IN CANADA.

CHAPTER V.

CHURCH AND STATE IN CANADA. THE CLERGY RESERVES AND THE RECTORIES.

AMONG the members of the Anglican Church in Canada as it now exists, probably only a very small percentage in number know that for nearly sixty years after the creation by the Imperial Parliament of the two Provinces of Upper and Lower Canada, the Church in Canada, as in England, was the State Church and that the whole of her bishops, besides some of the clergy, were appointed to their charges not by the Church's spiritual rulers, but by the Crown. For instance, Dr. Inglis was in 1787 appointed to the bishopric of Nova Scotia by the English Government, as were his successors in the see down to the time of Bishop Binney in 1851. So it was with the whole of the bishops, twelve in number, appointed prior to the consecration of the last named prelate; Bishop Binney being the thirteenth and last of the State bishops.

As it was with the bishoprics so it was with the rectories of York, Kingston, London and many other places. These were filled in the first place by nominees of the political party in power at the time the vacancies occurred, while the most surprising thing in connection with the early system of patronage in the Anglo-Canadian Church is that on the whole such faithful and zealous men were appointed. To Charles Inglis, John Stuart, George O'Kill Stuart, the last two father and son, John Strachan and Jacob Mountain, the first bishops of Toronto and Quebec respectively, Alexander N. Bethune, Benjamin Cronyn, Henry James Grasett, besides others who can not now be named, all pioneer clergymen and appointed under State patronage, Canadians generally and Canadian Churchmen especially owe a debt of gratitude that can never be repaid.

Though, except upon the assumption that the Church is the creature or servant of the State, it is impossible to defend State patronage in spiritual matters, it must nevertheless be confessed that had it not been for that patronage and consequent material support the Anglo-Canadian Church could not in its early days have made the progress that it did in extending the parochial system throughout the various provinces. That in later years this connection with the State did the Canadian Church great harm in many ways is unhappily too well known to require to be commented on. The system came to an end in 1856. No one now regrets its termination less than the great majority of thoughtful Churchmen.

It is ancient history now when one comes to speak of the Clergy Reserves in connection with the Anglo-Canadian Church, but the question was one that sixty years ago divided political parties in Upper Canada far more rigidly than even the Manitoban School question or any other subject has done since. By an Act of Parliament passed in the 31st year of the reign of George III., one-seventh of all lands in Canada were to be devoted to the support and maintenance of "a Protestant clergy," though it was not specified that this meant the clergy of the Church of England only, as there is little, if any, doubt was the intention of the framers of the Act.

In the first quarter of the century the possession of these lands solely by the Anglican Church was allowed to pass unchallenged, but about 1826 the Presbyterian body asserted, and with a show of justice that is apparent to everyone, that their ministers were "a Protestant clergy" and that consequently they, too, were entitled to a share in the "Clergy Reserves," as these lands were called. Soon other denominations, on similar grounds, claimed

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their share, and a heated and bitter controversy arose.

Dr. Strachan, both as Archdeacon of York and as Bishop of Toronto, strongly supported in the press and on the platform the claims of his church to the lands, and brought down upon himself much unmerited abuse and obloquy in consequence. From his point of view, the Church of England was meant to be the sole beneficiary from these lands, the term "a Protestant Clergy" meant the clergy of the Church of England who did not owe allegiance to Rome, and was not intended to include the ministers of all the various dissenting denominations. Dr. Strachan was willing to make concessions to the Presbyterians, but beyond that he was not prepared to go.

Now, it is perfectly clear that when an Act of Parliament comes to be interpreted the plain words of the Act must be taken, despite the supposed intention of its framers. If the "Clergy Reserves" were to remain at all, they would have to be the property of all Protestant denominations, and this was, of course, almost as absurd a conclusion as an impossible one. The end came after more than thirty years bitter controversy, and untold injury to the Anglican Church, by the Reserves being with drawn altogether and a sum of money, nearly $1,000,000, being given to the Anglicans by Government in settlement of all prospective claims.

During the period that Sir John Colborne was Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada there were founded by him the Upper Canadian Rectories, each with an ample endowment in land. This act on the part of Sir John caused, when it was proposed, great heartburning and discontent, though it was eventually carried into law. Taken on the whole, the policy has proved a beneficial one, as, had it not been for these rectories, there are many parts of Canada where there would have been no religious teaching whatever. It was an act of expediency, if not one of strictly logical justice as regards religious equality.

The rectories created by Sir John Colborne were as follows: Adelaide, Amherstburg, Adolphustown, Ancaster, Barrie, Bath, Belleville, Beckwith (now Carleton Place), Cobourg, Cavan, Chippawa, Cornwall, Darlington, Elizabethtown, Erie (Fort Erie), Fredericksburg, Grimsby, Guelph, Kempville, Kingston, Louth, London (Township), London (St. Paul's), Malden, Mimico, Markham, Newcastle, Napanee, Perth, Peterborough, Port Hope, Picton, Prescott, Richmond, St. Catharines, Stamford, Thornhill, Thorold, Woodhouse, Woodstock, Warwick, Williamsburg, York, York Mills.

These, as will be seen at a glance, extend from the extreme east to the extreme west of the Province of Ontario, and the rectors have retained their glebe lands up to the present, leaving to them an indefeasible title.

In a necessarily very much condensed paper it has only been practicable to give the more salient points as to Church and State in Canada, much having to be omitted which in a fuller history could be inserted.

CHAPTER VI.

THE GENERAL WORK OF THE CHURCH. THE OXFORD MOVEMENT AND OTHER MATTERS.

"Tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis" ("The times change and we change with them"). So runs the old Latin proverb, and in nothing is the truth of the proverb so apparent as in the state of the Church, her mode of work and the conduct of her services as it is now, and as it was fifty years ago.

For the first forty years of the Church's history in Canada her bishops and clergy for the most part belonged to the school of thought now known as "Evangelical," and they would have looked with horror on any one of their number who had ventured to assert that he disclaimed the title of Protestant. They were generally faithful preachers, and where it was at all possible visited their widely-scattered parishioners with more or less frequency. In very few of the churches was there

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more than one service on the Sunday, and that in the morning or in the afternoon, the reason being that the parishes were of such very great extent that the clergyman had often to hold his service in the morning in the parish church, near which he generally resided, and then ride, drive, or even walk several miles to hold a second service, perhaps, in the open air in summer, or, at best, in the parlour of a more than usually commodious farmhouse, or in the farmer's barn. This is no fancy picture; there are many Anglicans still living in and near Toronto, Kingston and London who can remember when their only place of worship was the open air, or a private room, or barn, in the first and last cases the seats consisting of newly-sawn boards resting on rough trestles. The person officiating was generally a clergyman, but not always, as laymen were, not infrequently, licensed to read prayers and a sermon to the scattered congregations where the services of a clergyman could not be obtained. The Holy Communion, where there was a church erected, was administered generally on the first Sunday in the month, and baptisms, when they took place in the church, after the reading of the second lesson at morning or afternoon prayer. Marriages were often solemnized in the church, but just as often in the house of the father or guardian of the bride, or in the clergyman's own house. These latter customs have even yet by no means fallen into desuetude.

In the days spoken of evening services even in the towns were unheard of; it was not until the "forties" were well advanced that they were introduced in Toronto, though they are now all but universal in towns and country alike. Choral services, surpliced choirs, harvest festivals, Easter decorations, were undreamt of, and by the vast majority of Church people, both lay and clerical, would have been looked on with suspicion as being in a direct tendency towards Rome.

But gradually a change came in the feelings of Anglicans towards more frequent services and more elaborate ritual. In 1835 commenced in England what has been variously described as the "Oxford movement," the "Tractarian movement" and "Puseyism." This latter ill-timed appellation has now happily wholly died out. The leaders of this religious revival were Hurrell Froude, John Keble, the saintly author of *The Christian Year*, John Henry Newman (afterwards Cardinal Newman), Robert Wilberforce, and some others of lesser note. Their object was, as Newman himself has stated: "The vital question was, how were we to keep the Church from being liberalized?" Just prior to the appearance of the *Tracts for the Times*, the Home Government of the day had suppressed ten of the bishoprics in the Irish Church, in defiance of the expressed wishes of both the prelates and clergy of the English and Irish Churches. This thoroughgoing display of Erastianism alarmed the more thoughtful among English churchmen and was one of the causes which led to the Oxford movement and the publication of the *Tracts for the Times*. It is a mistake to suppose that the doctrines Dr. Pusey and Mr. Keble taught in the famous *Tracts for the Times* were unknown to the Anglican Church up to that date. They were the teaching of the Fathers, of pre-Reformation teachers, who were not Romish, of Laud, of Ken and of others. Pusey and his fellow-labourers did but resuscitate, in a time of religious indolence, apathy and indifference teaching that is as old as Christianity itself. True, some of the Tractarians in seeking to set before the people what they regarded, and what the great majority of Anglicans now regard, as Catholic truth, lost themselves, and forgetting or renouncing their own teaching, embraced a system of theology which is as distinctly Romanism as it is opposed to Catholicism. But with Pusey and Keble it was not so; they taught the Divine inspiration of the Scriptures, the absolute truth of the Incarnation and Atonement by the Saviour, a Church founded by Him with a Divinely appointed threefold ministry, the supreme importance of the Sacraments

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of Baptism and the Lord's Supper, and contended that the Anglican Church was the Catholic Church, the only one which fulfilled, or sought to fulfil, the commands of its Divine Founder. In addition to this, the Tractarians insisted on more frequent services, on more elaborate ritual, and on a close adherence to the instructions contained in the Book of Common Prayer.

Clear dogmatic teaching of this sort at a time when latitudinarianism was prominent in the teaching of many of the leading Doctors at Oxford University, and when the Evangelical party—whom the Tractarians taught had only set forth a part of the Truth, though doing so most earnestly—were beginning to lose touch with their people, caused, as was to be expected, a great stir in Church circles. Counter tracts were published, sermons were preached, some of the Bishops' "charged" against the Tractarians, but all to no avail, the mind of the people had been awakened and the ultimate result was as is seen in the Church of England to-day throughout the world, an enormously extended episcopate, a multiplied clergy and a vastly greater number of church members.

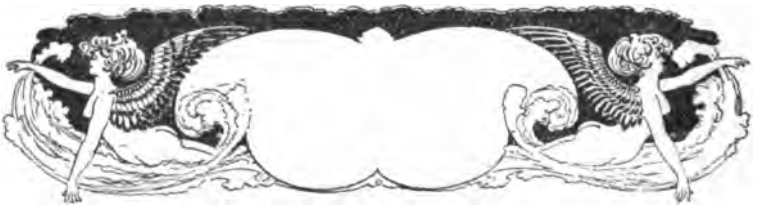
The Oxford movement was at first received but coldly in Canada, but Dr. Strachan, the Bishop of Toronto, gave it not a little sympathy, though he was no friend to some of the extravagances in ritual by which, in some few isolated cases, it was afterwards accompanied. Among the earliest advocates and earnest teachers among the High Church party in Canada was the Rev. W. Stewart Darling, of Toronto, and the Rev. A. Townley, D.D., of Paris, Ont. Later, Bishop Binney was a pronounced adherent of this school, as was also Bishop Bethune, Provost Whittaker of Trinity College and James Bovell, M.D., afterwards a clergyman in the West Indies.

Less than forty years ago in Canada, as has already been stated, the church services were confined almost wholly to the Sunday, and the ritual and mode of conducting public service was calculated to repel rather than attract worshippers. Now there are bright, hearty services in every church, early celebrations of the Holy Communion, as well as a mid-day celebration, are the rule, and not the exception, and the congregations are well visited, not only by the clergy, but by scores of willing workers. As regards their numbers, it is hard to obtain reliable statistics, but in the twenty dioceses into which the Dominion is divided there are twenty bishops, more than 1,300 clergy, with about 1,500 churches and mission stations. By the last census the numbers of adherents of the Anglican body was given as 646,059, a little more than one in seven of the population. The probability is that the same proportion has been maintained since 1891, the date of the census, possibly been slightly increased.

These papers must now come to an end. In them it has been sought to give a concise history of the Anglo-Canadian Church; it is for the readers of the Magazine to say how the writer has succeeded.

Thomas E. Champion.

THE END.



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HAGAR OF THE PAWNSHOP.

BY FERGUS HUME,

Author of "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab," "Monsieur Judas," "The Clock Struck One," etc.

DIGEST OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS: Jacob Dix was a pawnbroker in the west end of London, whose gypsy wife had died leaving him a son, Jimmy. As the pawnbroker drew near the end of his life he was absolutely alone in the world, this lad having run away. A runaway gypsy niece of his dead wife came to him one day and asked to be allowed to live with him. The pawnbroker took a fancy to her, trained her in the business, and, when he died, left this Hagar Stanley all his wealth. Hagar advertised for the absent heir, administered the estate, and carried on the business of the pawnshop. Her adventures are being related, each chapter being a complete story in itself.

X.—THE NINTH CUSTOMER AND THE CASKET.

HAGAR had almost a genius for reading people's characters in their faces. The curve of the mouth, the glance of the eyes—she could interpret these truly; for to her feminine instinct she added a logical judgment masculine in its discretion. She was rarely wrong when she exercised this faculty; and in the many customers who entered the Lambeth pawnshop she had ample opportunities to use her talent. To the sleek, white-faced creature who brought for pawning the Renaissance casket of silver she took an instant and violent dislike. Subsequent events proved that she was right in doing so. The ninth customer—as she called him—was an oily scoundrel. In appearance he was a respectable servant—a valet or a butler—and wore an immaculate suit of black broadcloth. His face was as white as that of a corpse, and almost as expressionless. Two tufts of whisker adorned his lean cheeks, but his thin mouth and receding chin were uncovered with hair. On his badly-shaped head and off his low narrow forehead the scanty hair of iron-grey was brushed smoothly. He dropped his shifty grey eyes when he addressed Hagar, and talked softly in a most deferential manner. Hagar guessed him to be a West-end servant; and by his physiognomy she knew him to be a scoundrel.

This "gentleman's gentleman"—as Hagar guessed him rightly to be—gave the name of Julian Peters, and the address 42, Mount Street, Mayfair. As certainly as though she had been in the creature's confidence, Hagar knew that name and address were false. Also, she was not quite sure whether he had come honestly by the casket which he wished to pawn, although the story he told was a very fair, and, apparently, candid one.

"My late master, miss, left me this box as a legacy," he said deferentially, "and I have kept it by me for some time. Unfortunately, I am now out of a situation, and to keep myself going until I obtain a new one I need money. You will understand, miss, that it is only necessity which makes me pawn this box. I want fifteen pounds on it."

"You can have thirteen," said Hagar, pricing the box at a glance.

"Oh, indeed, miss, I am sure it is worth fifteen," said Mr. Peters (so-called); "if you look at the workmanship——"

"I have looked at everything," replied Hagar promptly—"at the silver, the workmanship, the date, and all the rest of it."

"The date, miss?" asked the man in a puzzled tone.

"Yes; the casket is Cinque Cento, Florentine work. I dare say if you took it to a West-end jeweller you could get more on it than I am pre-

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pared to lend. Thirteen pounds is my limit."

"I'll take it," said Peters promptly. "I don't care about pawning it in the West-end, where I am known."

"As a scoundrel, no doubt," thought Hagar cynically. However, it was not her place to spoil a good bargain—and getting the Renaissance casket for thirteen pounds was a very good one—so she made out the ticket in the false name of Julian Peters, and handed it to him, together with a ten-pound note and three sovereigns. The man counted the money, with a greedy look in his eyes, and turned to depart with a cringing bow. At the door of the shop he paused, however, to address a last word to Hagar.

"I can redeem that casket whenever I like, miss?" he asked anxiously.

"To-morrow, if it pleases you," replied Hagar coldly, "so long as you pay me a month's interest for the loan of the money."

"Thank you, miss; I shall take back the box in a month's time. In the meantime I leave it in your charge, miss, and wish you a very good day."

Hagar gave a shudder of disgust as he left the shop; for the man to her was a noxious thing, like a snake or a toad. If instinct were worth anything, she felt that this valet was a thief and a scoundrel, who was abusing the trust his employer placed in him. The casket was far more likely to have been thieved than to have come to Mr. Peters by will. It is not usual for gentlemen to leave their servants legacies of Cinque Cento caskets.

The box, as Peters called it, was very beautiful; an exquisite example of goldsmith's art, worthy of Benvenuto Cellini himself. Probably it was by one of his pupils. Renaissance work certainly, for in its ornamentation there was visible that mingling of Christianity and paganism which is so striking a characteristic of the re-birth of the Arts in the Italy of Dante and the Medici. On the sides of the casket in relief there were figures of dancing nymph and piping satyr; flower-wreathed altar and vine-crowned priest. On the lid a full-length figure of the Virgin with upraised hands; below clouds and the turrets of a castle; overhead the glory of the Holy Ghost in the form of a wide-winged dove, and fluttering cherubs and grave saints. Within the casket was lined with dead gold, smooth and lustreless; but this receptacle contained nothing.

Without doubt this tiny gem of goldsmith's art had been the jewel-case of some Florentine lady in that dead and gone century. Perhaps for her some lover had ordered it to be made, with its odd mingling of cross and thyrsus; its hints of asceticism and joyous life. But the Florentine beauty was now dust; her days of love and vanity and sin were over; and the casket in which she had stored her jewels lay in a dingy London pawnshop. There was something ironic in the fate meted out by Time and Chance to this dainty trifle of luxury.

While examining the box, Hagar noticed that the gold plate of the case within was raised some little distance above the outside portion. There appeared to her shrewd eyes to be a space between the base of the casket and the inner box of gold. Ever on the alert to discover mysteries, Hagar believed that in this toy there was a secret drawer, which no doubt opened by a concealed spring. At once she set to work searching for this spring.

"It is very cleverly hidden," she murmured, having been baffled for a long time; "but a secret recess there is, and I intend to find it. Who knows but that I may stumble on the evidence of some old Florentine tragedy, like that of the Crucifix of Fiesole?"

Her fingers were slender and nimble, and had a wonderfully delicate sense of feeling in them. She ran them lightly over the raised work of beaten silver, pressing the laughing heads of the fauns and nymphs. For some time she was unsuccessful, until by chance she touched a delicately-modelled rose, which was carven on the central altar of one side. At once there was a slight click, and the silver slab with its sculptured figures fell downward on a hinge.

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As she had surmised, the box was divided within into two unequal portions; the upper one, visible when the ordinary lid was lifted, was empty, as has been said; but in the narrowness of the lower receptacle, between the false and the real bottoms of the box, there was a slim packet. Pleased with her discovery—which certainly did credit to her acute intelligence—Hagar drew out the papers. "Here is my Florentine tragedy!" said she with glee, and proceeded to examine her treasure-trove.

It did not take her long to discover that the letters—for they were letters, five or six, tied up with rose-hued ribbon—were not fifteenth century, but very late nineteenth; that they were not written in Italian, but in English. Penned in graceful female handwaiting upon scented paper—a perfume of violets clung to them still—these letters were full of passionate and undisciplined love. Hagar only read one, but it was sufficient to see that she had stumbled upon an intrigue between a married woman and a man. No address was given, as each letter began unexpectedly with words of fire and adoration, continuing in such style from beginning to end, where the signature appended was "Beatrice." In the first one, which Hagar read—and which was a sample of the rest—the writer lamented her marriage, raged that she was bound to a dull husband, and called upon her dearest Paul—evidently the inamorato's name—to deliver her. The passion, the fierce sensual love which burnt in every line of this married woman's epistles, disgusted Hagar not a little. Her pure and virginal soul shrank back from the abyss revealed by this lustful adoration; trembled at the glimpse it obtained of a hidden life. There was, indeed, no tragedy in these letters as yet, but it might be—with such a woman as she who had penned them—that they would become the prelude to one. In every line there was divorce.

"What a liar that valet is!" thought Hagar as she tied the letters up again. "This casket was left to him in a legacy, was it? As if a man would entrust such compromising letters to the discretion of a scoundrel like Peters! No, no; I am sure he doesn't know of this secret place, or of the existence of these letters. He stole this casket from his master, and did not know that it was used to hide these epistles from a married woman. I'll keep the casket safely, and see what comes of it when Mr. Peters returns."

But she did not put the letters back in their secret recess. It might be that the valet would return before the conclusion of the month, and if she were out of the shop at the time, her assistant would give back the casket. Hagar felt that it would be wrong to let the letters get into the hands of so unscrupulous a scoundrel as she believed Peters to be. Did he find out the secret of the hiding place, and the letters were within, he was quite capable of making capital out of them at the expense of the unhappy woman or his own master. He had the face of a blackmailer; so Hagar re-closed the casket and put away the letters in the big parlour safe.

"She is a light woman—a bad woman," she thought, thinking of that Beatrice who had written those glowing letters, "and deserves punishment for having deceived her husband, but I won't give her into the power of that reptile; he would only fatten on her agony. If he comes back for the casket, he shall have it, but without those letters."

Hagar did not think for a moment that Peters knew of the existence of these epistles, else in place of pawning the box he would have levied blackmail on the wretched Beatrice or her lover. But when in two weeks—long before the conclusion of the month—the valet again appeared, he showed Hagar very plainly that he had learnt the secret in the meantime. How and from whom he had learnt it Hagar forced him to explain. She was able to do this as he wanted back the casket, yet had not the money to redeem it. This circumstance gave her a power over the man which she exercised mer-

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cilessly; and for some time—playing with him in cat and mouse fashion—she pretended to misunderstand his errand. But at first sight she saw from his greedy eyes and the triumphant look on his face that he was bent upon some knavery.

"I wish to look at my box, if you please, miss," said he on first entering the shop. "I cannot redeem it as yet, but if you will permit me to examine it I——"

"Certainly," said Hagar, cutting him short; she had no patience with his flowery periods. "Here is the box. Look at it as long as you please."

Peters seized the casket eagerly, opened it, and looked into the empty space within; then he shook it, and turned it upside down, as though he expected the inner box to fall out. In a moment Hagar had guessed that he had become aware, since pawning the casket, that it contained a secret receptacle, and was searching for the same. With an ironic smile she watched him fingering the delicate carvings with his clumsy hands, and saw that with such coarse handling the casket would never yield up its secret. She therefore revealed it to him, not for his satisfaction, but because she wanted to know the history of the love-letters. For these, without doubt, the creature was looking, and Hagar congratulated herself that she had obeyed her instinct, and had placed the letters beyond his reach.

"You can't find it, I see," she observed, as Peters put down the casket in disgust.

"Find what?" he asked, with a certain challenge in his regard.

"The secret drawer for which you are looking."

"How do you know that I look for a secret drawer, miss?"

"I can guess as much from the persistent way in which you press the sides of that box. Your late master, who left you the casket as a legacy, evidently did not explain its secrets. But if you wish to know, look here!" Hagar picked up the box deftly, touched the altar rose with a light finger, and revealed to Mr. Peters the secret recess. His face fell, as she knew it would, at the sight of the vacant space.

"Why, it's empty!" he said aloud, in a chagrined tone. "I thought—I thought——"

"That you would find some letters within," interrupted Hagar smartly. "No doubt; but you see, Mr. Peters—if that is your name—I happen to have anticipated you."

"What! You have found the letters?"

"Yes; a neat little bundle of them which lies in my safe."

"Please give them to me," said the man with tremulous eagerness.

"Give them to you," repeated Hagar, contemptuously. "Not I; it is not my business to encourage blackmailing!"

"But they are my letters!" cried Peters, getting red, but not denying the imputation of blackmailing. "You cannot keep my letters!"

"Yes, I can," retorted Hagar, putting the box on the shelf behind her; "in the same way that I can keep this casket if I so choose."

"How dare you!" said the man, losing all his suavity. "The box is mine!"

"It is your master's you mean, and the letters also. You stole the casket to get money, and now you would steal the letters, if you could, to extort money out of a woman. Do you know what you are, Mr. Peters? You are a scoundrel!"

Peters could hardly speak for rage; but when he did find his voice, it was to threaten Hagar with the police. At this she laughed contemptuously.

"The police!" she echoed. "Are you out of your mind? Call a policeman if you dare, and I give you in charge for thieving that box."

"You cannot; you do not know my master's name."

"Do I not?" retorted Hagar, playing a game of bluff. "You forget that the name and address of your master are in those letters."

Seeing that he was baffled in this

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direction, the man changed his high tone for one of diplomacy. He became cringing and wheedling, and infinitely more obnoxious than before. Hagar could hardly listen to his vile propositions with calmness, but she did so advisedly, as she wished to know the story of the letters, the name of the woman who had written them, and that of the man—Peters' master—to whom they had been sent. But the task was disagreeable, and required a great deal of self-restraint.

"Why not share the money with me?" said Peters in silky tones; "those letters are worth a great deal. If you let me have them, I can sell them at a high price either to my master or to the lady who wrote them."

"No doubt," replied Hagar with apparent acquiescence; "but before I agree to your proposal I must know the story."

"Certainly, miss, I shall tell it to you. I——"

"One moment," interrupted Hagar. "Is Peters your real name?"

"Yes, miss; but the address I gave was false; also the Christian name I gave you. I am John Peters, of Duke Street, St. James', in the employment of Lord Averley."

"You are his valet?"

"Yes. I have been with him for a long time; but I lost some money at cards a week or two ago, so I—I——"

"So you stole this casket," finished Hagar sharply.

"No, miss, I didn't," replied Peters with great dignity. "I borrowed it from my lord's room for a few weeks to get money on it. I intended to redeem and replace it within the month. I shall certainly do so if our scheme with these letters turns out successful."

Hagar could scarcely restrain herself from an outbreak when she heard this wretch so coolly discuss the use he intended to make of the profits to be derived from his villainy. However, she kept her temper and proceeded to ask further questions with a view to gaining his entire confidence.

"Well, Mr. Peters, we will say you borrowed it," she remarked, ironically; "but don't you think that was rather a dangerous proceeding?"

"I didn't at the time," said Peters ruefully, "as I didn't know my lord kept letters in it. I did not fancy he would ask after it. However, he did ask two days ago, and found that it was lost."

"Did he think you had taken it?"

"Lor' bless you, no!" grinned the valet. "I ain't quite such a fool as to be caught like that. My lord's rooms have been done up lately, so he thought as perhaps the paperhangers or some of that low lot stole the box."

"In that case you are safe enough," said Hagar, enraged at the circumspect villainy of the creature. "But how did you come to learn that there were letters hidden in this box? You didn't know of them when you pawned it."

"No, miss, I didn't," confessed Peters regretfully; "but yesterday I heard my lord say to a friend of his that there were letters to him from a married lady in the secret place of the box, so I thought——"

"That you would find the secret place, and use the letters to get money out of the married lady."

"Yes, I did. That's what we are going to do, ain't it?"

"Is the married lady rich?" asked Hagar, answering the question by asking another.

"Lor', miss, her husband, Mr. Delamere has no end of money! She'd give anything to get those letters back. Why, if her husband saw them he would divorce her for sure! He's a proud man, is Delamere."

"Has he any suspicion of an intrigue between his wife and Lord Averley?"

"Not he, miss; he'd stop it if he had. Oh, you may be sure she'll give a long price for those letters."

"No doubt," assented Hagar. "Well, Mr. Peters, as I am your partner in this very admirable scheme, you had better let me see Mrs. Delamere. I'll get more out of her than you would."

"I dare say, miss. You're a sharp one, you are! But you'll go shares fair?"

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"Oh, yes; if I get a good sum, you shall have half," replied Hagar ambiguously. "But where does Mrs. Delamere live?"

"In Curzon Street, miss; the house painted a light red. You'll always find her in now about seven. Squeeze her for all she's worth, miss. We've got a good thing on in this business."

"It would seem so," replied Hagar coolly. "But if I were you, Mr. Peters, I would redeem this casket as soon as I could. You may get into trouble else."

"I'll take the money out of my share of the cash," said the scoundrel.

"Don't you take less than five hundred, miss; those letters are worth it."

"Be content; I'll see to all that. To-morrow I shall interview Mrs. Delamere; so if you come and see me the day after, I will tell you the result of my visit."

"Oh, there can only be one result with a sharp one like you," grinned Peters. "You squeeze Mrs. Delamere like an orange. Say you'll tell her husband, and she'll pay anything. Good day, miss. My stars, you're a sharp girl! Good day."

Mr. Peters departed with this compliment, just in time to stop Hagar from an unholy desire to throw the casket at his head. The man was a greater scoundrel even than she had thought; and she trembled to think of how he would have extorted money from Mrs. Delamere had he obtained the letters. Luckily for that lady her foolish epistles were in the hands of a woman far more honourable than herself.

Although untitled, Mrs. Delamere was a very great lady. Certainly, she was a beautiful one, and many years younger than her lord and master. Mr. Delamere was a wealthy commoner with a long pedigree and an overweening pride. Immersed in politics and Blue-books, he permitted his frivolous and youthful wife to do as she pleased, provided she did not drag his name in the mud. He would have forgiven her anything but that. She could he as extravagant as she desired; gratify all her costly whims; and flirt—if she so chose, and she did choose—with fifty men; but if once the name of Delamere was whispered about in connection with a scandal, she knew well that her husband would seek either a separation or a divorce. Yet, with all this knowledge, pretty, silly Mrs. Delamere was foolish enough to intrigue with Lord Averley, and to write him compromising letters.

She never thought of danger. Averley was a gentleman, a man of honour, and he had told her a dozen times that he always burnt the letters she wrote him. It was therefore a matter of amazement to Mrs. Delamere when a gipsy-like girl called to see her with a sealed envelope, and mentioned that such envelope contained her letters to Averley.

"Letters! letters!" said Mrs Delamere, brushing her fluffy yellow curls off her forehead. "What do you mean?"

"I mean that your letters to Lord Averley are in this envelope," replied Hagar, looking coldly at the dainty doll before her. "I mean also that did your husband see them he would divorce you!"

Mrs. Delamere turned pale under her rouge.

"Who are you?" she gasped, her blue eyes dilating with terror.

"My name is Hagar Stanley. I am a gipsy girl, and I keep a pawnshop in Lambeth."

"A pawnshop! How—how did you get my—my letters?"

"The valet of Lord Averley pawned a silver box in which they were concealed," explained Hagar. "He intended to use them as a means to extort money from you. However, I obtained the letters before he did, and I came instead of him."

"To extort money also, I suppose?"

For the life of her, Mrs. Delamere could not have helped making the remark. She knew that she was speaking falsely; that this girl with the grave, dark poetic face was not the kind of woman to blackmail an erring sister. Still, the guilty little woman saw that

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Hagar—this girl from a pawnshop of the slums—was sitting in judgment upon her, and already, in her own mind, condemned her frivolous conduct. Proud and haughty Mrs. Delamere writhed at the look on the face of her visitor, and, terrified as she was at the abyss which she saw opening at her feet, she could not help making a slighting remark to gall the woman who came to save her. She said it on the impulse of the moment; and impulse had cost her dearly many a time. But that Hagar was a noble woman it would have cost the frivolous beauty dearly now.

"No, Mrs. Delamere," replied Hagar, keeping her temper—for really this weak little creature was not worth anger—"I do not wish for money. I came to return you these letters, and I should advise you to destroy them."

"I shall certainly do that!" said the fashionable lady, seizing the envelope held out to her; "but you must let me reward you."

"As you would reward anyone who returned you a lost jewel!" retorted the gipsy, with curling lip. "No, thank you; what I have done for you, Mrs. Delamere, is above any reward."

"Above any reward!" stammered the other, wondering if she heard aright.

"I think so," responded Hagar gravely. "I have saved your honour."

"Saved my honour!" cried Mrs. Delamere furiously. "How dare you! How dare you!"

"I dare, because I happen to have read one of those letters; I read one only, but I have no doubt that it is a sample of the others. If Mr. Delamere read what I did, I am afraid you would have to go through the Divorce Court, with Lord Averley as co-respondent."

"You—you are mistaken," stammered Mrs. Delamere, drawn into defending herself. "There is nothing wrong between us, I—I swear."

"It is no use to lie to me," said Hagar curtly. "I have seen what you said to the man; that is enough. However, I have no call to judge you. I came to give you the letters; you hold them in your hand; so I go."

"Wait! Wait! You have been very good. Surely a little money——"

"I am no blackmailer!" cried Hagar wrathfully; "but I have saved you from one. Had Lord Averley's valet become possessed of those letters you would have had to pay thousands of pounds for them."

"I know, I know," whimpered the foolish little woman. "You have been good and kind; you have saved me. Take this ring as——"

"No; I want no gifts from you," said Hagar, going to the door.

"Why not—why not?"

Hagar looked back with a glance of immeasurable contempt. "I take nothing from a woman who betrays her husband," she said tranquilly. "Good-night, Mrs. Delamere—and be careful how you write letters to your next lover. He may have a valet also," and Hagar left the magnificent room, with Mrs. Delamere standing in it white with rage and terror and humiliation. In those few contemptuous words of the poor gipsy girl her sin came home to her.

Hagar had come to the West-end to see the woman who had written the letters; now she walked back to her Lambeth pawnshop to interview the man to whom they had been sent. She was not a girl who did things by halves; and, bent upon thwarting in every way the scoundrelism of John Peters, she had sent a message to his master. In reply, Lord Averley had informed her that he would call on her at the time and place mentioned in her letter. The time was nine o'clock; the place, the dingy parlour of the pawnshop; and here Hagar intended to inform Lord Averley of the way in which she had saved Mrs. Delamere from the greed of the valet. Also, she intended to make him take back the casket and repay the money lent on it. In all her dabblings in romance Hagar never forgot that she was a woman of business, and was bound to get as much money as possible for the heir of the old miser who had fed and sheltered her when

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she had come a fugitive to London. Hagar's ethics would have been quite incomprehensible to the majority of mankind.

True to the hour, Lord Averley made his appearance in Carby's Crescent, and was admitted by Hagar to the back parlour. He was a tall, slender, fair man, no longer in his first youth, with a colourless face, which was marked by a somewhat tired expression. He looked a trifle surprised at the sight of Hagar's rich beauty, having expected to find an old hag in charge of a pawnshop. However, he made no comment, but bowed gravely to the girl, and took the seat she offered to him. In the light of the lamp Hagar looked long and earnestly at his handsome face. There was a look of intellect on it which made her wonder how he could have found satisfaction in the love of a frivolous doll like Mrs. Delamere. But Hagar quite forgot for the moment that the fullest delight of life lies in contrast.

"I have no doubt you wondered at receiving a letter from a pawnshop," she said abruptly.

"I confess I did," he replied quietly; "but because you mentioned that you had my casket I came. It is here, you say."

Hagar took the silver box off a near shelf and placed it on the table before him. "It was pawned here two weeks ago," she said quietly. "I lent thirteen pounds; so, if you give me that sum and the month's interest, you can have it."

Without a word Lord Averley counted out the thirteen pounds, but he had to ask her what the interest was. Hagar told him, and in a few moments the transaction was concluded. Then Averley spoke.

"How did you know it was my casket?"

"The man who pawned it told me so."

"That was strange."

"Not at all, my lord. I made him tell me."

"H'm! you look clever," said Averley, looking at her with interest. "May I ask the name of the man who pawned this?"

"Certainly. He was your valet, John Peters."

"Peters!" echoed her visitor. "Oh, you must be mistaken! Peters is an honest man!"

"He is a scoundrel and a thief, Lord Averley; and but for me he would have been a blackmailer."

"A blackmailer?"

"Yes, there were letters in that casket."

"Were letters!" said Averley hurriedly, and drew the box towards him. "Do you know the secret?"

"Yes; I found the secret recess and the letters. It was lucky for you that I did so. Your indiscreet speech to a friend informed Peters that compromising letters were hidden in the casket. He came here to find them, but I had already removed them."

"And where are they now?"

"I returned them to the married woman who wrote them."

"How did you know who wrote them?" asked Lord Averley, raising his eyebrows.

"I read one of the letters, and then Peters told me the name of the lady. He proposed to blackmail her. I ostensibly agreed, and went to see the lady, to whom I gave back the letters. I asked you here to-night to return the casket; also to put you on your guard against John Peters. He is coming to see me to-morrow, to get—as he thinks—the money obtained by means of the letters. That is the whole story."

"It's a queer one," replied Averley, smiling. "I shall certainly discharge Peters, but I won't prosecute him for thieving. He knows about the letters, and they are far too dangerous to be brought into court."

"They are not dangerous now, my lord. I have given them back to the woman who wrote them."

"That was very good of you," said Averley, satirically. "May I ask the name of the lady?"

"Surely you know! Mrs. Delamere."

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Averley looked aghast for a moment, and then began to laugh quietly. "My dear young lady," he said, as soon as he could bring his mirth within bounds, "would it not have been better to have consulted me before returning those letters?"

"No," said Hagar boldly, "for you might not have handed them over."

"Certainly I should not have handed them to Mrs. Delamere!" said Averley, with a fresh outburst of laughter.

"Why not?"

"Because she never wrote them. My dear lady, I burnt all the letters I got from Mrs. Delamere, and I told her I had done so. The letters in this casket signed 'Beatrice' were from a different lady altogether. I shall have to see Mrs. Delamere. She'll never forgive me. Oh, what a comedy!" and he began laughing again.

Hagar was annoyed. She had acted for the best, no doubt; but she had given the letters to the wrong woman. Shortly the humour of the mistake struck her also, and she laughed in concert with Lord Averley.

"I'm sorry I made a mistake," she said at length.

"You couldn't help it," replied Averley, rising. "It was that scoundrel Peters who put you wrong. But I'll discharge him to-morrow, and get those letters of Beatrice back from Mrs. Delamere."

"And you'll leave that poor little woman alone," said Hagar, as she escorted him to the door.

"My dear lady, now that Mrs. Delamere has read those letters she'll leave me alone—severely. She'll never forgive me. Good-night. Oh, me, what a comedy!"

Lord Averley went off, casket and all. Peters never came back to get his share of the blackmail; so Hagar supposed he had learnt the truth from his master as to what she had done. As to Mrs. Delamere, Hagar often wondered what she said when she read those letters signed "Beatrice." But only Lord Averley could have told her that; and Hagar never saw him again; nor did she ever see Peters the blackmailer. Finally, she never set eyes again on the Cinque Cento Florentine casket which had contained the love-letters of —the wrong woman.

(To be Continued.)

THE IDEAL.

OFTEN, when Spring was abroad in the land,
And her harp-strings thrilled to her magic hand,
I fled from the city's walls of stone
And wandered among the hills, alone.
There I heard the flower-crowned goddess play
Such matchless strains at the break of day;
It seemed, as I watched day's golden birth,
That Heaven had come upon the earth.
But once, by a stream, as I wandered there,
I met with a maiden passing fair;
She held in her hand a golden lute,
She touched the strings and the Spring was mute.
I still return, in the Spring's sweet prime,
To the hills, but there haunts me all the time
Stray chords from that maiden's wondrous theme,
More sweet than the music of a dream.

Bradford K. Daniels.

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TRIFLE AND TRAGEDY.

LIFE may be largely made up of what we call trifles, but once in a while we run up against one of its tragedies. We then know how trifling some of our lives are. The best friend I ever had in life, Muckleson of New York, was saved to me because an Indian woman was a human pagan and sinned. Muckleson and I would be passing each other with cold, haughty stares to-day if it were not that her husband invoked the law of the Sarcee nation in such cases made and provided and shot her.

With a half-breed guide we, that is, Muckleson and I, were sheep-shooting a few years ago at the head waters of the North Fork of the Saskatchewan River in that part of the Rockies known as the Big Horn Hills. And we were in hard luck. The guileless Rocky Mountain sheep requires a considerable amount of toil, energetic climbing ability and an aptitude to hit a mark at several hundred yards on the part of any one who desires to carry it, dead and hollowed out, in triumph into camp. Muckleson and I had hunted for two weeks steadily and conscientiously. We had an occasional glimpse of a picturesque-looking ram standing sentinel on a distant jutting cliff, but the heads that were to ornament prominent positions over our respective fire-places were yet attached to their natural owners. Two weeks of that sort of thing is not conducive to the higher spiritual nature of man, and Muckleson and I were not agreeable companions before the end of the first week. Ten days of fruitless endeavour made us drop "old fellow" and "old man," and confine ourselves to surnames and laconic sentences abusive of the grub, the weather and things in general.

One afternoon after a long day's wearisome work, climbing over boulders and scaling heights, Muckleson and I met at the base of a snow-capped mountain that we had encircled, each taking a side. Away up at the top of a precipice so perpendicular that it seemed as if built by human hands, as the wall of some enormous castle, we saw a flock of sheep. They were almost at the snow-line and fully five hundred yards away. The patriarch of the flock stood as a sentinel on what looked like one of the ramparts, and we looked with longing in our hearts at his magnificent horns outlined against the sky. They had been paying their periodical visit to the salt-lick, a bed of alkali lying at the foot of the precipitous cliff. Stalking was impossible under the keen eyes of the sentinel, and there was no cover on the lick below us. The range was long, for we both had Winchesters of the same calibre, a heavy rifle being too cumbersome on such hunting ground; but there was an off chance, and sighting at five hundred, we fired together. The sheep on the heights disappeared as if by magic. We had missed. But in the midst of the myriad echoes of our rifle shots from the surrounding mountains I heard Muckleson yell out, "Quick! Look to the right," and I saw bounding up one side of the lick over the scattered boulders fifty yards away, a fine young ram. I fired almost at the same instant as Muckleson. The game was hard hit we could see, but still gallantly sprang from rock to rock, on and upwards. Again both rifles belched forth, and the plucky mountaineer fell short in its last leap and after a few convulsive kicks lay dead.

"I flatter myself," said Muckleson, with a smile of self-congratulation that overspread a considerable portion of his face, "that I made pretty good shooting, considering that it was on the run." I was surprised at Muckleson, for I knew I had a dead sight on the sheep at my second shot anyway, and had wounded him at the first, and I told him so as politely as I could in order not to hurt his feelings. For

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Muckleson prided himself on his shooting. "There are my two shots," he calmly said as he turned the animal over with an air of proprietorship that I naturally resented, knowing that I had shot it.

Now Muckleson was as decent a fellow as one wants to meet, but he shouldn't be met out hunting, especially when the question of shooting comes up. But I couldn't help feeling indignant at the manner in which he admired the curling horns, which he said would just set off his smoking-room; and I reiterated the statement that I had a dead sight on that sheep when I fired. Muckleson then drew himself up and with eyebrows uplifted asked in a tone that made me feel like hitting him, "Do you mean to say, Mr. Lewis, that you consider that you killed this sheep?" And I said, "Most assuredly, Mr. Muckleson." And there on the mountain side we talked coldly and quietly for fully half-an-hour over the prostrate body of the ram.

It would have been better if either had flown into a rage and had the matter over with; but no, I knew that that sheep was mine, and Muckleson talked as if he believed it was his. And we got cooler and quieter and more polite the longer we talked. Muckleson remarked that it was strange that the restraints of civilization and public opinion were the influences that kept some men straight in town, and the moment they were released from them they showed themselves in their true colours, and he said something about scratching a Russian. And I retorted that selfish egotism was never so easily detected as on a hunting trip and that he could have *my* sheep, hang *my* horns in his drawing-room, and use *my* sheepskin to get out of bed on every morning during the rest of his natural life, if he so desired.

And Muckleson said that he would see himself hanged before he would take a sheep that another, under a hallucination or something worse, contended belonged to him. And I told Muckleson the blooming thing could rot where it was before I would have anything that a man claimed because he happened to shoot off a rifle in the neighbourhood. And then we walked in silence the three or four miles to camp, and the only trophy of our bows and spears was left lying on the mountain side with its very presentable-looking horns. And the guide is yet wondering why there was that fusillade in the afternoon and that Muckleson and I always talked to and sometimes at each other through him for ten days.

That sheep put a stop to the hunting. We broke camp and journeyed along the foot hills southwards to strike Calgary or Cochrane on the Canadian Pacific Railway. And Muckleson and I continued to make asses of ourselves by only speaking to each other when necessity made it unavoidable. But after a month's time devoted to sheep hunting, with all its attendant hardships, to find that the only one you shot is claimed by another has a tendency to embitter a man. If we hadn't struck that camp of Sarcee Indians four days out from Calgary, Muckleson and I would be abusing each other through life.

When we jogged into the temporary village of forty or fifty tepees that morning, anyone could see that something unusual was in the wind. This was no hunting party. It was evident the camp had been made for several days. Everything pointed to one of the usual migrations of the plain Indian; but what could explain the stop in the little valley of the foot hills far from the mountain hunting grounds? There was a strange quietness through out the tepees. The squaws and children were within, and even the multitude of dogs common to every Indian encampment forgot to herald our arrival with their sharp, wolf-like barking. The Indians we met looked as if some serious business was on hand. Our guide said there was a council, and after we had pitched our tent on a knoll overlooking the village, Muckleson and he went down to see what was up. In about half an hour Muckleson burst in on me: "Great heavens! Lewis, come

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down with me to those brutes of Sarcees. They are going to kill a woman!" And the sheep lying on the mountain side was forgotten. "She would have been killed off hand," Muckleson continued, "if she were not the chief's daughter and the best looking girl in the tribe. But they gave her a trial. Pierre (our guide) found it all out. We must do something, and at once. Why are they going to kill her? The old, old reason—married the wrong man, and the right one turned up at the wrong time. You know the penalty among the Blackfeet and Sarcees. And the husband has insisted on his rights. And he will kill her to-day."

A Sarcee is a devil in a red skin. Although we knew how conservative the Blackfeet and their blood allies the Sarcees were as to their tribal customs and laws, and how they repelled the advances of missionaries and Indian agents, we interceded for the unfortunate woman before the Chief. He told us the husband had demanded his right to slay and the law of the Sarcees said he might. We offered him, and offered the husband, money, rifles, ponies, blankets, everything that we possessed that wasn't essential for the completion of our journey, to forego what we looked upon as a cold-blooded murder. But the husband didn't deign to answer what he considered insults to his manhood beyond the scornful refusal seen in his dark eyes. Muckleson at last hinted something about the Mounted Police and Canadian law, and so forth. But the Chief's eyes flashed and there was an ominous murmur amongst the assembled Indians at the thought of White interference with a law the Sarcee held before the pale-face dreamt of the prairies of the west.

"Can we not rescue the poor creature?" asked Muckleson desperately. "She is only a savage, and with all the instincts of a savage. And the beast who is going to kill her bought her against her will from that avaricious old scoundrel her father." But what could three men do against two hundred, and we returned to our camp and grew half sick with horror as we thought of the young girl, for she was little more than a child, that had crouched in the middle of the council tent while she listened to the judgment of death pronounced against her by the father who had sold her.

The afternoon grew on and we sat and watched the tepee where the husband and wife, the executioner and victim were. The suspense grew horrible. Muckleson couldn't stand it, and went to the Chief and offered his gold repeater and his Winchester if he would postpone the execution for two days, in the hope that something might turn up. But the Chief said the matter was out of his hands. It was between the husband and wife.

As the sun was tipping with silver and gold the snow-crowned mountains in the west, the man stepped out from the tepee with his rifle on his shoulder and was followed immediately by the graceful-looking young squaw. He strode ahead without looking behind, for he knew his victim was meekly following. Indians, squaws and papooses were in their carefully closed tepees, and as the two walked through the silent village we seemed to be the only ones that saw the march of death. There were no tears, good byes, or priestly comfortings for the unfortunate girl who followed the long strides of him who was about to kill her. She looked neither to the right nor to the left till she came to the bluff behind which the deed was to be done, and then she turned and took her last look of home and people. A few minutes afterwards there was a shot, and the man came out of the bluff alone.

"My God!" muttered Muckleson, "I feel like taking a shot at that murderer."

"If you do, so will I," I said, "and, like the sheep, we can both claim having shot him."

Muckleson gave a sort of hysterical laugh and held out his hand meaningly, and said, "Let us get out of this; I seem to be choking when I'm near those cut-throats."

Charles Lewis Shaw.

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AN UNEXPECTED BEAR.

With Drawings by Simonski.

"EF you'll set quiet right yar by thet big hemlock, fernenst the runway, an' not git meanderin' off after specermins, ner yet shootin' at patridge, or groundhogs, or enny thrash that cums along—I'll run a deer slap over you in about ten or fifteen minutes," remarked the guide, as we stood together at the mouth of a queer place called the "Frying Pan," not far from Lake Joseph, in Central Muskoka.

The name "Frying Pan" described the place well. A high amphitheatre of rocks enclosed a dense cedar swamp, with a small beaver meadow in the centre of it, the whole swamp not containing more than eight or ten acres of ground. The only exit, unless you climbed up the high surrounding rocks, was a straight, narrow pass about twenty paces across, corresponding exactly with the handle of a frying-pan.

"Now you kin shoot straight enuff, when you're put to it," continued the guide, who was the well-known Blackburn, a celebrity in Muskoka at that somewhat distant day. "What I objec' to, is thet permiskyus habit of gunnin' at patridge, rabbit an' sech, on a runway; when yer whole soul orter to be sorter glued onto shootin' nothin' but buck." And as he led off the three hounds to put them in at the further end of the frying-pan, he delivered the following aphorism for my benefit, which I commend to the attention of every young sportsman: "When yer after patridge, shoot patridge; when yer after deer, shoot deer an' nothin' else."

Left alone, I seated myself on an old log close to the runway, where I was well concealed by the great trunk of the hemlock referred to, and composed myself to wait the twenty minutes or so that would elapse before he could get the hounds into the further end of the cover.

It was very quiet that calm October morning in the great wilderness that surrounded me; so quiet that a woodpecker pounding the shell of a dead pine near made a noise that was positively obtrusive. Now and then a dead leaf fluttered to the ground, or a chipmunk ran across the runway; and once, a partridge ran from among the cedars, almost to the log I was sitting on, saw me, stopped a moment with



BLACKBURN AND HIS DOGS.

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DRAWN FOR THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

I SIGHTED AT HIS CHEST AND FIRED.

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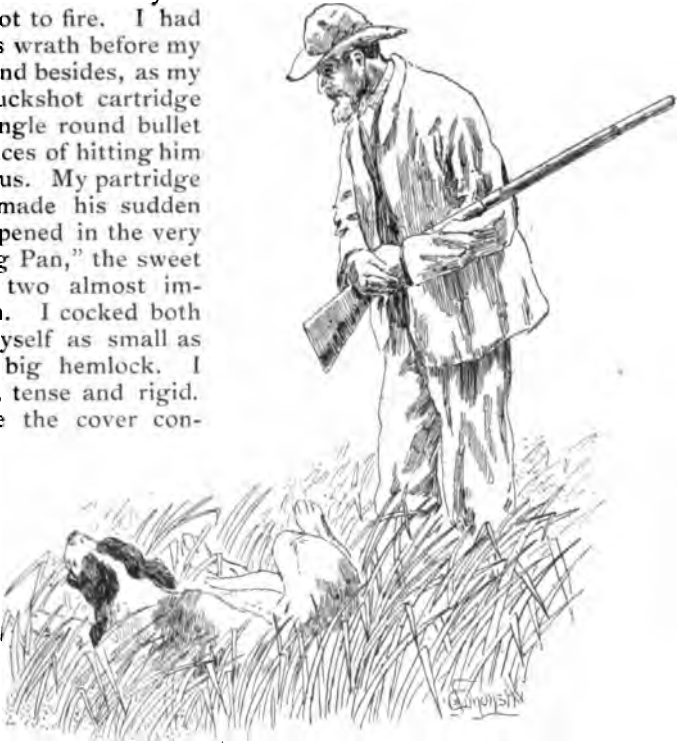
"I waited some minutes, tense and rigid."

his ruff out, and was off with a whir-r-r, that brought my gun instinctively to my shoulder. But not to fire. I had the fear of my guide's wrath before my eyes for one thing; and besides, as my twelve-bore had a buckshot cartridge in one barrel and a single round bullet in the other, the chances of hitting him were more than dubious. My partridge visitant had hardly made his sudden exit, when a hound opened in the very centre of the "Frying Pan," the sweet voices of the other two almost immediately chiming in. I cocked both barrels, and made myself as small as possible behind the big hemlock. I waited some minutes, tense and rigid. The pow-wow inside the cover continued. Now, I was at this time, as the sporting reader has probably discovered for himself, a champion greenhorn about deer shooting. Still, I had just sense enough to know that a deer, in such a small cover, with hounds after him, would have been out long before. Besides, I had become impressed with the fact that the hounds were following no trail, but were "baying" something.

I feared, too, that it might be a porcupine, that dreaded enemy of dogs. Most sportsmen know what their quills are in a dog's mouth and throat, and what fun it is, both for you and the dog, getting them out.

So I resolved to go and investigate. Next moment found me forcing my way through one of the vilest and thickest cedar swamps I ever traversed, and I've been through a good many. There was some black ash in it, too, of whose thorns I have a vivid recollection to this day.

After a few minutes of real hearty exercise in this "forest primeval" I emerged on the edge of the beaver meadow, and then I found out what the hounds were after. Raised on his hind legs, and evidently in an awfully



Did ye shoot the dog, too?

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sinful passion, for the foam was dropping from his jaws, was a fine black bear. Not of the largest size perhaps, but a good average bear for all that. The hounds were baying him at a respectful distance, and he was occupied in trying to get hold of one of them with all the energies of his being, when I appeared on the scene.

The instant I grasped the situation I fired my right (the buckshot) barrel at him; but whether from the quick movement of the brute, or whether I was experiencing a slight touch of that ignoble feeling which schoolboys denominate "funk," the shot struck far back, hitting him in the flank. He immediately dropped on all fours, and came straight at me. It was at this stirring moment that I distinctly remember the generous wish, crossing my mind, that Blackburn were with me to share the glory—and the danger.

Luckily, the hounds were animated by the shot, and ran in on him; the youngest hound, whom his master in some prophetic moment had called "Sorrow," on account probably of the mournfulness of his howl, literally jumped on the bear's neck, and seized him by the back of it. The bear rose on his hind legs, and wiped poor Sorrow off like a fly.

As he did so, I sighted at his chest and fired, and the bear fell stone dead. The heavy round 12-bore bullet made a hole you could put three fingers into, and at that short range, no rifle ball would have stopped him as effectually.

I had driven the other hounds off my game, and was standing over him, hardly able to realize my good luck, when Blackburn appeared on the scene.

"So you left yer stand agin, sir," he called, in reproachful accents. "What did you git?" he added, with fine scorn, "a nice leetle rabbit?"

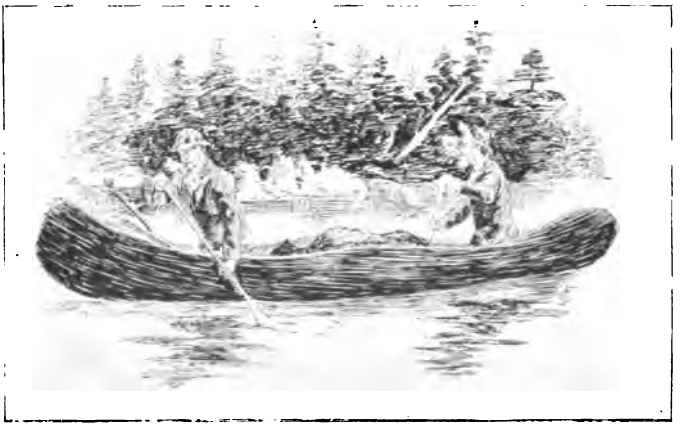
"No," I said, "I've shot a bear."

He looked at the bear, then he looked at me, then he sat down on the ground.

"Wal, wal!" he remarked, after a moment's reflection, "beginners hes luck! Did ye shoot the dog, too?" he pursued, rising and going over to the inanimate form of poor Sorrow.

We did our best to revive the poor dog, but he was gone. In fact, as the Irish gentleman remarked of his adversary after the fight, "He wasn't worth pickin' up out of the gutter." So we interred him on the field of battle. Shortly after, two dishevelled-looking hunters might have been observed paddling a dug-out down the beautiful river that flowed close to the scene of action. A short pipe was in each man's mouth, and an expression of infinite content rested on the features of each. They were Blackburn and myself, conveying to camp the remains of "The Unexpected Bear."

Reginald Gourlay.



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GOING DOWN TO SEA.

IN times of solitariness and pain,
Far spent with fevrous madness and disease,
Haply to me there comes an hour of ease,
Of brightness for the weary heart and brain.
Though but in fancy thou art once again
My own as in the vanished, peerless days,
When we went wandering down the orchard ways
Indulging hopes that were to be in vain.
Nor ever all in vain, O love of mine,
For if the dread unknown be paradise,
There shall our love be unity divine
And should oblivion catch me from the steep
Of time, thy loveliness shall fill my eyes
Before I sink into eternal sleep.

William T. Allison.



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THE ROYAL CANADIAN ACADEMY EXHIBITION, TORONTO, 1898.

(PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE CARBON STUDIO.)

1. The Modeller, by E. Dyonette. 2. After a Day's Sport, by T. Mower Martin. 3. "Jeanne," by Miss Tully. 4. Landscape, by W. E. Atkinson. 5. The Goose Girl, by Chas. E. Moss.

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MY OLD GUITAR.

"Where softly sighs the light guitar."
—*Song.*

WELL, my long day in the office is over at last! Long rows of figures and the daily grind of writing the like thing over and over become monotonous; and I am glad!

It is rather depressing, this heat, though I feel somewhat revived since tea. Those wild raspberries and cream were especially nice and refreshing—just the thing after a hot, wearing day to tempt one's truant taste. Now I shall pick up this old, constant sweetheart of my bachelorhood, and sitting here by the window in the dying light, with the cool air breathing soothingly in through the sweet pea vines, coax it into charming me into all sorts of moods and tenses. Perchance it may even betray me into showing some of those shifting canvasses of my life—old simpleton that I am—if it touches those hidden springs this evening as warmly as it sometimes does. What a power is there in the taut steel and gut and silver!

I want something to help me fling off this lingering sense of lassitude. "Sebastopol" should do it.

I see the Tower of the Malakoff and the armies of the allies and of the enemy. There has been a lull in the fighting, but now the English and the French begin another advance against the terrible Tower.

"'Ark to the fifes a-crawlin'.'" The bugles blow, the drums roll. Listen to the band! It is far off yet, and the sound comes faintly over the hollow distance. After the awful experiences through which they have passed—the cholera, the famine, the frightful battles where blood ran like water, the trenches gorged with dead—how bravely, almost jauntily, step the scarlet and the grey to the inspiriting measure! Now they move more swiftly and more soberly as the music swells, louder, deeper. There is a strain, a pretty, crescendo strain—but with a pensive catch in the clear, high notes which suggests: "Do your duty, men, though it be for the last time," and a tinge of sadness mingles with the stern, determined look on some of the faces.

Ah! there comes the cavalry. Let us stand here, off from the Malakoff, and watch them as they move up to the attack. How beautifully the horses round the plain—swords and accoutrements flashing—in swing with the full, galloping melody which floats with them!

The bugle sounds to form up for the attack, and there is a temporary cessation of the advance while all draw together to receive the commands. Now they are ready. The bands are playing again—not very loudly, but with a deadly, earnest intensity, as it seems, pouring from the brass and silver throats. It is a time for great deeds, a time to die if so be for the honour of one's country. "If I fall to-day," thinks the soldier, "they will say at home, proudly through their grief: 'He died before Sebastopol.'"

Hark to the great guns before the Malakoff and the thundering replies! They are in the thick of the fight now. There is not much music—only sound, heavy, dolorous, awful; confusion and fierce, fateful strife!

But it is over. The enemy give way, the band plays out clearly once more, and the cavalry sweep to the front with a proud glitter, charging the guns before the Malakoff. The foe falls back, the bugle sounds. A light echo comes from the far-off hills. The infantry—all that are left of them and are able—draw compactly together over the senseless, unheeding form of foe and of comrade. The band is playing again the sprightly air, which grows faint and more faint as they step triumphantly forward—over the fortifications—into the city—Sebastopol is won!

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How it stirs one's pulses!

But enough of war. Here are "The Beautiful Blue Danube Waltzes," by Strauss. Let us linger for a moment beside the glorious old stream which flows, flows and wheels and purls darkly under the peeping stars. The tiny hand of a lady is placed lightly on the casement of that latticed window yonder—

"A face looks out as from the river shore,
There steals a tender serenade....
But ah! the river flows along
Between them evermore."

—flows, flows and wheels and eddies, slowly and softly lapping the shore gently, while the chords from the strings pour soft, mellow, clinging sounds through my window and the flowers, out into the deepening twilight, in imitation of it. And yet

"The faint, sweet echo of that serenade
Floats weirdly o'er the misty tide"

after the guitar is silent. I am listening to it still.

Ah! this is a river nearer and dearer to us of this New World—the Suanee—and "The Old Folks at Home." I see them all. There is my good old mother, with her silvering hair. She is wondering, I know, where her first-born is to-night; if he is well—the one who went into the great Wild West many years ago, full of hope, to find his fortune—and has not yet found it. I see her as she stands on the threshold that summer morning that I went away—her hair was not silvered then—with her dear, anguished face, and lips too tremulous, and voice too choked to say the sad, sweet words, "Good bye!"

I see my father, too, but it is a vision of childhood and of a bedside, where he went to sleep that still September afternoon, with one hand in mine and another in that of my mother.

This is my youngest sister, the only one left now with "the old folks at home," a girl just budding into womanhood, wondering, too, of all her brothers and sisters, while she sits at the feet of mother, talking in low tones in the waning light; musing, too, doubtless, on all the possibilities the future may hold for her.

There are my two elder sisters—though they are *not* there. They have each other ties and cares and troubles and happinesses, and are solving the great problem of life, each for herself, widely separated from "the old folks at home" and from each other. Yet I see them—at home. She is sitting, the younger one, the little one, behind me on the bare floor of the "store-room" in the old house; but I am not noticing her very much just now. I am very much engaged, by the aid of a lamp, also on the floor, preparing to seek my fortune. I am packing my trunk to go forth on the morrow into that great unknown West. After a time I catch a slight suspicious sound and turn at once. Then I clasp her head to my breast, and she bursts out:

"I—I—I—don't want—you—to—go—a—a-wa-ay!"

Memories, too, there are of my other sister and of days too bright and too many to think all over now.

"When I was playin' wid my brother
How happy was I!"

I wonder where *he* is to-night, my "little" brother—bigger than I now—the only brother I have. Perhaps, with his hand on the wheel, where the great waves of some distant sea beat fiercely against the windows of the wheel-house; for he has long been a sailor. Heaven guard him! I have many memories of him, but one is forever ineffaceable. I had just passed through a great danger. I put out my hand when I met him again and said simply:

"Well, Charlie."

His eyes were upon mine and they were full, but he took no notice of my hand. Suddenly he stepped forward, pushed it aside, caught me in his arms, patting my back impulsively—and *kissed* me, while two great drops rolled slowly down his cheeks. Men looked on, but they looked on reverently; they did not laugh. I had just come with my life through an Indian massacre and two months subsequent captivity in the hostile camp.

It was during that two months, also,

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that my mother's hair turned from black to silver.

There is just one other old, sad, sweet tune ; then my sweetheart must be put lovingly aside and reverie will away in wreaths of smoke and the pages of "Treasure Island," for I am still a boy, though an old one. It is—

"Home, sweet home."

Good night, mother!

Musquash.

CANADA: AN ENCYCLOPÆDIA.

A Review.

CONSIDERABLE criticism was made upon the first volume of "Canada: An Encyclopædia."* The second volume is of such a character as to disarm any further remarks of a like character. Some of the quotations in the editor's notes are made from such books as Begg's "History of British Columbia," when it might have been better to make them from the original authorities which Mr. Begg and other Canadian historians must have consulted. This endless quotation from Christie and Garneau and Bourinot and Kingsford is not the best method in historical books which claim originality. There is some overlapping in these same notes by the editor which might have been avoided. But after all these are small points. The great question which the reviewer must ask himself is: "Is this work a valuable contribution to any branch of our literature?" The answer in this case is in the affirmative. Mr. Hopkins is doing historical work, the value of which is fully equal to the historical work done by Parkman and Kingsford. He is collecting and arranging material hitherto inaccessible to the ordinary reader or student. Moreover, he is "creating" material; because, had such a work not been undertaken, Canada would never have seen much of the information which the staff of clever Canadians contributing to the undertaking are now writing down for the benefit of the public. For example, Lord Strathcona might never have written a book on "The History of the Hudson Bay Company," yet the first article in this second volume is by this writer on this important subject. So with Sir Sandford Fleming's "Historical Sketch of the Intercolonial Railway," Dean Harris' valuable article on the "History of the Roman Catholic Church in Ontario," Father O'Leary's "History of the Roman Catholic Church in Quebec," prepared under the direction of Archbishop Bégin, or with a dozen others to be found in this volume. These men would not write books, but they possess information which, if put in permanent form, as is done here, will be of immense assistance to our future historians and to our present citizens. It is only by knowing the history of this country thoroughly from beginning to end, inside and outside, that citizens and statesmen of value can be produced. The leaders of Canadian thought are those men who know Canada best, and no one can know Canada without knowing every part of her history. Moreover, Canadian history is not merely a collection of dates and short statements of political events as our school histories would teach us. It is an account of the men who made this country, of the traders who first threaded the forest defiles and established posts along the great lakes and through the Northwest, of the explorers like LaSalle and Mackenzie, and Fraser, of the priests and preachers who moulded the early life of the pioneers, of the men who changed the pathless forests to cultivated fields, of those intellectual and brainy giants who built our railways and our canals, established our first steamship lines and laid the foundations of our internal and external trade, of the various influences which have gone to

*Linscott Publishing Co., Toronto.

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make Canada what she is and what she will be—it is an account of these men and these influences which is history, and this is the kind of history which Mr. Hopkins is endeavouring to collect in the volume which he is editing.

The introduction to this volume is written by Sir Wilfrid Laurier. Section I. deals with the Hudson Bay Company and early North-West annals, and the chief article in it is contributed by Lord Strathcona. Section II. gives the History of Canadian Railways, and among the contributors are Sir Sanford Fleming, Thomas C. Keefer, J. J. Lanning, Molyneux St. John and the Editor. Section III. is entitled History and Doctrines of Canadian Methodism, to which Dr. Carman, Rev. T. W. Smith and Professor Badgley contribute. Section IV. deals with the Church of England, and the names of some of the leading Anglican divines are found at the heads of the various articles. Section V. gives the history of the Roman Catholic Church in five articles. That on the Doctrines and Polity of the Church by Archbishop Walsh is exceedingly important, and will be read with great interest, especially by Protestants.

The editor's notes in each of these departments exhibit a great amount of careful research and a wonderful knowledge of where historical information is to be found. It must have taken years of patient work on the part of Mr. Hopkins to acquire this knowledge of official documents, records, and historical data.

One other feature should be mentioned, and that is the portraits which accompany the text. These are exceedingly valuable, and are not so numerous as to give the work a cheap appearance. The letterpress and binding of the volumes leave little to be desired.

John A. Cooper.

EN ROUTE TO ALASKA.

UP from the fence-row and the hedge,
In the burst of the sunrise glow,
From the leaf-strewn path and the water's edge,
Where the rippling breezes blow,
The sparrow is tuning his voice to sing
The old, but ever new song of spring,—
Fox-hued sparrow, the bird books say,
And the brown of his coat is tinged that way.

Far from the land of woe and strife,
To a land of forest and gold,
The sparrow, with his dainty wife,
Is skimming wood and wold.
And by-and-bye, when the journey's o'er,
From Cuba to Alaska's shore,
Nesting close by the Yukon's wave
They will sing o'er the miner's lonely grave.

Many a traveller wends his way
To that distant land of gold,
And from early morn till the close of day
He gathers wealth untold ;
But I'd rather be the sparrow brave
In his home by the swollen Yukon's wave,
Than a Klondike miner with all his hoard,
But never a note on love's sweet chord.

Henry K. Rowe.

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"GEOFF."

By the Author of "Winifred's Whim," "A Bad Quarter of an Hour," etc., etc.

CHAPTER I.

"WHOSE portrait is that, Mrs. Baxter?"

"That is Master Geoffrey's likeness, Miss Huntley," returned the old housekeeper, as she bustled to one of the farther windows and drew up the blinds.

We were standing in the great state drawing-room of Chesunt Manor. Although nearly seventeen, this was the first time that I had ever seen the place which for many years had always been spoken of to me as "home." Sir Harold Chesunt, with whom I lived, was not my grandfather, although I called him so. His only daughter had become my father's second wife when I was but an infant; and upon his death, little more than twelve months afterwards, my step-mother, who was very delicate, took me abroad, where we had lived ever since, in first one warm spot and then another.

I used to stand in great awe of grandpapa at first, he was so tall, and looked so grave and stern; but I soon grew accustomed to the stately old world courtesy of his manner, and learned to know, with the quickness of childhood, that however cold to others he might be, there was always a warm corner in his heart for me. For the last two years of my mother's life he lived with us altogether, and I do not think that either of them ever cast a thought to the fact that I was not really the child and grandchild I seemed to be. I am sure I never did!

"You will take care of my little Dolly, papa?" I heard my mother say once.

"Assuredly, my dear Beatrice," was the reply. "I love the child for her own sake, and she will be all that I have to care for when you are gone."

Then mamma sighed, and looked earnestly at him; but he shook his head, replying:

"No, my love, I can make no advance; and who knows what may have happened during the years that are past." Then she turned away and said nothing more.

It was two months after we had lost her that grandpapa said one morning:

"Dolly, how soon could you be ready to start for home?"

Any time, I told him. Was it not the one thing that I most wished for? Though I had made the best of our sojourn abroad for my mother's sake, yet I always longed to return to England, whither I had never been since I had left it as a child, and of which I was always dreaming, and I knew that grandpapa was equally anxious to do so. So homeward we came, as fast as wind and weather, boat and rail, would bring us; and one mild spring evening a week later saw us driving under the great old stone gateway of Chesunt Manor, with the well-worn coat-of-arms in the masonry above the centre arch, that looked as if it had stood the battle and the breeze since at least the times when good Queen Bess was mistress of the realm, while two large stone griffins kept guard on either side, and behind was a pretty little lodge covered with ivy. Through the park, up a drive between rhododendron bushes, and finally up to the manor, at the sight of which I could not repress my exclamations of delight; for of all the stately houses of England, this was certainly one of the most beautiful. I loved it at first sight, and have loved it ever since.

I think that grandpapa felt this home-coming very much, for though he sat looking as calm as usual, his eyes glanced restlessly from one familiar object to another as they appeared in sight, and coming through the park

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I heard him sigh deeply. I thought then that perhaps he was thinking of mamma, whom he had hoped to bring with him. I knew nothing of the skeleton in the cupboard that the sight of the undulating woodlands, the park, and the old grey pile were bringing back so vividly to my grandfather; and when I thrust my fingers into his for sympathy, and felt him gently pat them with his wrinkled, well-bred, brown hand that never, during the seventy years of his life, had been raised to do a mean or dishonourable action, how little I guessed the bitter memories that were crowding in the proud, reserved heart.

We had been home a week, and already I felt as if I had known the Manor all my life, when one morning, having nothing particularly to do, I got Mrs. Baxter to come with me on a tour of inspection all over the house. Grandpapa did not care to visit, and we lived principally in the south wing, where the rooms were warmer and more cosy; so when the housekeeper, keys in hand, and her round face beaming with pleasure and importance, proceeded to show me the departed glories of the place, I followed her from room to room with the greatest interest. There was a deserted air about the great apartments, with their carefully swathed-up and mummy-like furniture, that I remember impressed me with a vivid sense of neglect and decay, and made me realize the old histories and romances that I was so fond of poring over far better than I had ever done before, when I had read them at Cannes or elsewhere. The great drawing-room was the last apartment that we visited; and there, from the numerous long windows, we had a beautiful view right down into the valley just beneath, with the woodland on either side, the trout stream flashing in the sunlight like a silver streak of light, and the blue and purple hills beyond lifting their hoary heads to the clear sky. But I did not see all this at first, for my glance fell at once upon a large, full-length portrait, the painted eyes of which seemed to be smiling down on me, and so I asked the question with which this story opens.

It was that of a young man in full hussar uniform; his busby was on the table beside him; from his left shoulder hung the dolman—I am told they do not wear it now—while his arm was raised and his hand rested on the hilt of his sword. He appeared to be standing looking straight down on us, with his chin slightly in the air and a smile on his face. He was the handsomest man that I had ever seen, and therefore I gazed at him with proportionate admiration.

Perfect features, deep blue eyes, sunny brown hair, which, in spite of being so short, insisted on curling over his broad, low forehead; a well-cut mouth, partly hidden by a drooping fair moustache, and the most utterly easy, devil-me-care expression I had ever seen on a face before. He seemed very tall, taller even than grandpapa, and looked magnificent in all his fripperies.

"It must have been a great blow to grandpapa when he died," I remarked calmly, still with my eyes fixed upon the painted blue ones above me.

"Died, Miss Huntley!" cried Mrs. Baxter, the colour fading out of her ruddy face. "Has Sir Harold heard?"—then coming a little nearer and looking round, she proceeded in a lower tone—"Oh, Miss Huntley, my dear, you'll just tell me about it; for, wrong or right, somehow I always have thought we should see the young master come back to his own again. Oh, Master Geoffrey! Master Geoffrey! to think that you should have gone, with never a word to one of us, who loved you so well;" and much to my dismay the poor old dame burst into tears.

"I am sure I would tell you if I knew; but I don't even understand you," I exclaimed hastily, whereupon she seemed rather relieved, and, drying her eyes, inquired—

"But, dear me, Miss Huntley, your poor mamma must often have told you about her only brother, Master Geoffrey?"

"Hardly ever," I replied; "and it

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always made her so miserable that I never asked. Where did he die?"

"There are worse things than death, Miss Huntley."

"Do you mean to say that he is alive?" I demanded breathlessly, my mind rapidly galloping to a hundred conclusions, as I brought my astonished eyes down from the canvas and fixed them upon her.

My question seemed to embarrass her seriously. She hesitated, and then appeared to be suddenly struck with the idea of showing me all the beauties the room contained, uncovering with trembling fingers the inlaid tables, ornaments and works of art. But I had found a real live mystery, a splendid and fascinating one, too, and was determined to get to the bottom of it; so my eyes kept wandering back to the smiling, insouciant face of Uncle Geoffrey.

"This was my Lady Chesunt's favourite place," said Mrs. Baxter, fussing round near one of the windows, and carefully dusting the top of the little malachite and ormolu table she had unswathed. "And this was her favourite chair; many and many an hour would she come and sit here working and looking towards the hills. 'For,' she would say, 'I do think that there is no view on earth more beautiful than the one from the windows of the great drawing-room,' that being what this room is called, Miss, to distinguish it from the blue drawing-room."

"Indeed."

"And this is the grand piano," continued the housekeeper, uncovering it as she spoke, and doubtless by this time fondly hoping that my attention was diverted.

But she little knew Dorothy Huntley. I might be small, and look childish for my seventeen years, but if once I made up my mind to a thing I generally accomplished it. So I struck a few chords on the piano, which was sadly in want of tuning, and took a few cursory looks at the other things that she displayed, listening with half an ear to her descriptive remarks on the same; and then, taking her by the arm, led her back to the portrait, and said with calm firmness—

"Now, Mrs. Baxter, you will please tell me all about Uncle Geoffrey at once; because I am determined to know, and if you do not I must ask grandpapa."

This was a thing I should never really have dared to do, dearly as I loved him and much as he had indulged me. I knew too well the nature hidden behind that keen, eagle face to think of asking unwelcome questions, but it had just the effect that I desired on the old housekeeper.

"Ask Sir Harold, Miss," she gasped, evidently considering that my rashness could no further go. "Why, for all I know, he has never so much as mentioned Master Geoffrey's name these twelve or thirteen years."

"He must have behaved very badly, then," I artfully insinuated; and Mrs. Baxter, seeing that there was no help for it, rose to the occasion.

"Badly he may have behaved, and did, Miss Huntley," she began; "but I won't say there was no excuse for him, for he was one of those no one could say no to, and he had his own way from the time he was born. Even master himself, for all his great and haughty air, could not stand against him. I have seen him many a time, when he thought no one would notice, following Master Geoffrey with his eyes, and looking that proud of him, and they were so like in some of their ways, I have laughed to see them; though Sir Harold was always reserved and stately, and Master Geoffrey had a pleasant word and smile for every man, woman and child on the place; but they were both tall, you see, Miss, past the common, and—"

"I can see there is a likeness between them," I remarked.

"Then, from the time he was getting his schooling at Eton, nothing would suit him but that he must be a soldier."

"Quite right," I again interposed, approvingly, for I admired a military hero above all others, and glanced critically at my uncle's magnificent uniform.

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"So a soldier he was," she continued, "and Master and Miss Beatrice were as proud as proud could be of him, and us, too, Miss Huntley; for there was not one of us as would not have cut off our right hand to serve him. You see, my lady died when your mamma and he were but children, and whatever he wanted he would come dashing to me for in his quick, bright way, and it was, 'Baxter, do this,' or 'Baxter, you'll get me that,' half-a-dozen times a day when he was home from school. But he had not been an officer long before I began to hear, one way or other, that he was always wanting money. He never had any care of his money, throwing it about like a prince, and seeming as though he always thought there was sure to be plenty more where that came from. I heard from his man, when Master Geoffrey was at home for a bit, and some of his brother officers with him for the shooting, that Master Geoffrey's was one of the fastest light cavalry regiments as the Queen had, and that Master Geoffrey was the handsomest man in it, and run after everywhere. And, dear, dear, Miss Huntley, old stupid that I was, though I felt uneasy for the moment, remembering his ways, I was that proud to think how everyone was admiring our young gentleman that I could hardly think of anything else. For of all the handsome, easy-going, open-handed gentlemen Master Geoffrey was the topmost, and yet that forgetful and wilful he would order a thing and then forget all about it; and he would say he would do one thing and then go straightway and do another; and when he had driven everyone half wild, in he would come himself, looking that pleasant and smiling that no one would remember anything but how glad they were to see him, and how they loved him.

"Well, time passed on, and Master Geoffrey was for ever in debt, and as I afterwards heard, he would write home and own to half of them, and these Sir Harold would pay. Then he would appear to go on all right for a bit, and then, perhaps, it would all come out, and there would be awful doings, and Sir Harold that angry and bitter, until Master Geoffrey would come home instead of writing, and at the sight of him Sir Harold would forgive everything and pay all he was told of again; though I knew by this, from many a little thing, that it was getting hard to find the money.

"It was after one of these times that Sir Harold had that picture painted, and Master Geoffrey was here when it came home. It had been unpacked and placed just up against the wall there, and I was standing as I am now, looking at it, when in clanked Master Geoffrey, just as you see him in the picture, sword and all, and that extra jacket, or whatever it be, hanging from his shoulder, as graceful as you please—not that I see any call for it—and came and stood looking at himself with just that selfsame smile on his face, and the setting sun shining on his bonny curly head." Mrs. Baxter's voice failed her for a moment, and she looked up at the picture with tear-dimmed eyes, then proceeded:

"There was a grand ball at the Lord Lieutenant's that night, and the family were all going. 'Well, Baxter,' he said, in his laughing way, 'ain't I a handsome fellow? When I come home from the wars without a limb left, that will be something to look at, won't it, eh?' 'Don't you go fighting, Master Geoffrey,' I made answer, and then he laughed again, and, after talking a bit, went clattering and clinking off, the handsomest thing in the whole house; and as I looked after him I thought it little wonder that everyone should love him. Oh, Miss Huntley! that was the last time he ever came home. The next thing that I knew was that the timber was being cut in the park. I believe that it broke Sir Harold's heart to see it done. Miss Beatrice was married by this, and he was alone, and night after night he would come and walk up and down in this room, stopping every now and then to look at this picture, and after a minute he would sigh and go on. He had done all he could now, and I

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fairly trembled for what would come next.

"It came very quickly. Sir Harold got a letter one morning that took him straight up to town by the first train. He came back in a fortnight, but oh, Miss Huntley, my dear, I should hardly have known him. When he left, his hair was just as you may say turning, and when he came back it was just as white as you see it now. He ordered that Master Geoffrey's name should never be mentioned, and he went himself to the young master's room, and after staying there a long while, came out and locked the door, and he has the key to this day. I never rightly knew what it was that Master Geoffrey had done, but there were terrible things said, and it must have been bad for Sir Harold to act so by his only son, whom he just idolized."

"And has nothing been heard since, Miss Baxter?" I inquired breathlessly.

"Not a word, Miss," she returned. "They say Sir Harold gave every penny he could raise to pay Master Geoffrey's debts of honour, but said that he was no longer a son of his, and could do as he would, and he made answer, 'All right, you will never hear of me again!' Some years after Major Huntley—your father, Miss—died, a friend of his, who was very fond of Master Geoffrey, did hear something which made him think that he had been fighting with them Turks against the Russians, but he never could rightly find out, though he did all he could for your mamma, and she, poor lady, never left a stone unturned, as the saying is, to find her brother. My opinion is that he was there; for wherever there was fighting you might be sure Master Geoffrey would get into the middle of it somehow. Miss Huntley, he may be somewhere now, suffering and without his limbs, as he said, with no one to care for him; and any one of us would gladly beg round the country to help him. Oh, my darling, darling Master Geoffrey!"

"Does grandpapa ever come in here now?" I asked nervously; for I did not wish him to discover us, especially as Mrs. Baxter was again in tears.

"Never since the night he got that letter, Miss," was the reply. "I don't think he ever will come to look at him again. The handsomest of all the Chesunts was Master Geoffrey; and the family was always noted for its looks; and he was the first to cast a stain on the old name. Yet, Miss Huntley, I never hear the story of the prodigal son that I don't think of our young master—he that was more splendid than anyone else's, and has gone away to a far country, and wasten his substance in riotous living, and now, happen, would be glad of the husks that the swine did eat; and likely no one to help him; and he never knew what it was to help himself."

Long after Baxter had left me I stood leaning against the piano, looking up at the picture and pondering deeply upon what I had heard; and I think it was from this day that my Uncle Geoffrey took as complete a hold of my thoughts and imagination as he seemed to have done on the hearts of all who had known him. I tried to picture that brilliant face grown thirteen years older and worn by suffering, and I wondered if he would have cared at all for the little niece who never let a day pass now without coming to gaze up at him. I believe, as time rolled on, I could quite as easily have forgotten my daily ride with grandpapa as my visit to Uncle Geoffrey's portrait; and at last I could almost persuade myself that the smiling blue eyes saw me and looked for my coming. In one light, too, when only the blinds of the farther windows were drawn up, the smile was almost melancholy. Perhaps he was dead—had been killed in that Turko-Russian war, and would never be heard of again! And though I knew it was dreadfully childish, I could not help wondering if he were sorry that grandpapa no longer came to look at him. I made Mrs. Baxter tell me every trivial detail that she knew of my uncle's history, and I went and stood close by the door of his locked-up room, and wondered what it could

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look like after all these years. In fact, Uncle Geoffrey became my hero, as he had been to many others before me; though by what deed he had ever obtained such a position it would have puzzled anyone to define. And when grandpapa would put his kind arm round me and ask, "What is my little girl thinking about, I wonder, with those great solemn eyes?" I would redden guiltily, as if he could read my thoughts.

I once tried, in a very mild way, to draw him into speaking of the past, going so far as to ask what he thought of the war between Turkey and Russia; but I cannot say that I had any success. He contemplated me for a moment with his keen eyes, and then remarked:

"I have not decided yet, Miss Huntley."

As the months passed by we settled into a quiet, desultory way of life. I rode a great deal with grandpapa, and occasionally he would meet some of his old friends. They generally had a pleasant remark or an elaborate compliment for "your beautiful little grand-daughter;" with the latter of which, I think I was rather pleased. It happened that there were no young people near us, but for this I cared nothing. I had never had associates of my own age, and grandpapa liked me to be with him, grudging to anyone else the love of one person left to him.

CHAPTER II.

Twelve months had gone over our heads, and summer was coming. The trout stream, that ran through the valley at our feet, began to murmur quietly over the stones once more, instead of overflowing its banks and rushing onward in such mad hurry. The birds sang jubilantly from morning till night, and there was an air of fresh life and springing vegetation all round.

"A splendid morning for our ride, Dolly," said grandpapa, as he entered the breakfast-room, and bent his tall head to receive my customary salute.

Then he looked through the letter-bag, and I poured out the coffee and drew up a plan of our route until on receiving no answer, a thing to which I was unaccustomed. He sat holding a letter in his hand, and there was an expression on his face such as I had never seen there before. I cannot describe it. It was the look of one who had suddenly been brought face to face with something from the dead—who, after long years, had received a message from the past. He sat perfectly still for a moment, then, passing a brown hand rapidly over his face, rose and went to the window, and I could see his great shoulders shaking with emotion as he slowly perused the closely-written sheets of foreign paper.

To say I was alarmed is to say little, for I had never seen grandpapa so moved before — even when mother died; and when I caught sight of the foreign paper, my heart seemed to stop beating. Was it about Uncle Geoffrey? It appeared a long time ere grandpapa turned round, and I hardly dared to look at him until he said, in a voice I scarcely recognized, and placing a trembling hand on my shoulder:

"Dolly, my little girl, God has been very good to me, and is giving me back my son!"

It was a long time before we could settle to anything that morning. Grandpapa had to read his letter over again, and then he told me part of it. Uncle Geoffrey had been in the Turko-Russian war, as Baxter said, then at the Cape, and was now in Australia. He had been very ill with fever, but was better now. He had meant to write before, but somehow or other he could not make up his mind. "For pride takes a good deal of killing, Dad, especially in a Chesunt." Then he got fever, and every cloud seemed swept away; and the thought of his father and the trouble he had caused him became stronger than all else. And so, at last, like the prodigal son so many hundred years ago, he felt that he must arise and go to his father, and confess his sins. I am sure in that letter Uncle Geoffrey owned everything, for I heard grandfather mutter, as he read it for the fiftieth time:

"No, no; it was not all your fault

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there, my boy; I fear I was hard on you. But Geoff never was one to do things by halves." And I knew that deep, loving old heart was ready to forgive everything without a second thought.

Mrs. Baxter would not believe me when I ran to tell her on my way to put on my habit, but when she did, words failed to express her joy, and she wept like a mountain torrent. "Who nursed him through that fever, I should like to know!" were her parting words as I went upstairs.

The butler and the old footman were in the hall as I came down, and a glance at their smiling faces assured me that they too had heard the news. Indeed, long before the day was over everyone on the place knew that the "young master" was coming home once more.

"How did you find out that I knew anything about Uncle Geoffrey, grandpapa?" I asked as we rode through the park.

He smiled.

"Baxter is a good woman and a faithful servant," he returned, in his stately way. "When this—this trouble came, I imposed a silence on the subject, which, I think, she did her best to keep. But it was a hard thing for her to do, and I knew that she would not manage it with you, even before those great eyes told me that you knew."

This was the only allusion I ever heard grandpapa make to that miserable period. We talked incessantly of Uncle Geoffrey now, but it was always of the time before things grew so bad.

The days had flown fast for us before; but how wearily they dragged now! And oh! what a long way it seemed to Australia. Grandpapa wrote at once, yet months must elapse ere we could really behold Uncle Geoffrey in the flesh; and very slowly they appeared to go by for us. The evening of that memorable day, when I thought grandpapa safe in the library, I ran quickly through the hall and down the corridor to the great drawing-room, intending to say my usual good-night to Uncle Geoffrey's portrait while the sunlight was still lingering in the golden west; but as I approached the door I saw that it was open. Looking quietly in I recognized with a start the tall, upright form and white head of the father who after long years had returned once more to gaze on the face of the son whom he had idolized, who had nearly broken his heart, and brought disgrace and almost ruin on his proud name. The handsome old face was raised to the portrait, and the sunlight threw out his sharp, well-cut features like a cameo against the light, and shone on his silvery hair. His hands were clasped loosely behind him, and on his upturned face was a look of absolute peace and rest that had long been foreign to it.

Summer had left us, and the woodlands were turning from their leafy green to brown and orange, red and gold, before we really began to look for Uncle Geoffrey. Grandpapa had heard from him again, and we knew that he had sailed, and I, for one, lived in a fever of expectation. It was a very cold autumn that year, and we had fallen into the habit of having fires in the great old hall; and there we would mostly sit.

One evening we were sitting there, I on the rug, and grandpapa in his tall chair. We had come in from our ride earlier than usual, because a heavy, drizzling rain had come on, with a thick mist; there seemed very little air, either, and it was very dark, so I opened wide the hall door, and we sat looking out into the gloom. It was a full hour to dinner time, and I had been talking away to grandpapa; but at length a silence appeared to have fallen upon us. Suddenly grandpapa sat up and listened; so did I, but I heard nothing. He did, however, for he rose, and with bent head listened again, and then I certainly heard quick steps.

A moment later the figure of a tall man appeared through the gloom. But grandpapa had seen him long before I! "even while he was yet a great way off," and before I could scramble

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from my lowly seat upon the rug they had met. I heard a voice say, "Dad!" and then grandpapa's "Geoff, my boy, Geoff!" and then I fled upstairs, for the meeting between father and son was too sacred for other eyes to witness.

I was very curious, yet nervous, when I once more descended. With the bright young uncle in the drawing-room I was well acquainted; but of the uncle who had fought and suffered, I had no knowledge; and when grandpapa said:

"This is my little Dolly, Geoff." I hardly raised my eyes, until a voice I knew at once must have been the voice of the hussar in the picture, answered pleasantly, and my hand was taken in a firm grasp.

Presently, when he was talking to grandpapa, I took the opportunity of looking at him. Where was my toil-worn sufferer? Where the elderly uncle I had pictured? Gone, at the first glance, never to return! The man I saw before me was older, graver and quieter, without the reckless light in his eyes, but he was yet the man whose face I had grown to know so well from the picture; the sunny hair that would curl and the drooping moustache were untouched by grey; the figure was so soldierly and upright; and when he threw back his head with a smile, I could almost have imagined that he had just walked out of his frame. Time itself seemed to have treated gently that handsome face and form, and no one would have thought that Uncle Geoff was past forty.

But closer inspection showed there was a difference. There was much more in this face than the other, and in repose there were lines that showed the lessons of life had not been without effect on that reckless nature; and I liked the look in his eyes when they rested on his father.

Life was considerably altered for us after Uncle Geoff's return; somehow we all seemed to be more alive. Though he did not care much more for visiting than grandpapa, he was of a very cheerful, active disposition, and I soon found out there was a determined nature hid behind that smiling face. Mrs. Baxter quickly discovered that the young master had now no faults; and to all around he speedily became the idol he had been before, for I noticed that the people would often linger about when they saw us out riding, to have a word from Master Geoffrey.

It was Uncle Geoff who taught me to skate that winter; and during the long, dark evenings we would sit in the hall by the great fire, while he smoked and told us his adventures. That is to say, he told us of the things he had seen, and retailed the gallant deeds of his friends and comrades; but he never would mention his own, whereat I used to grumble.

"I do not care to hear so much about your friends, Uncle Geoff," I remonstrated, looking at the long blue scar on his forehead, partly hidden by his short curls. "I want to hear about you."

One spring afternoon I had gone down the park with him, and we came upon a wide space of springy turf, where every now and then the roots of some great tree were visible.

"This was where the oak avenue began," said Uncle Geoff, deep regret in his tone. "Dolly, there are some things that the bitterest remorse cannot accomplish. It cannot blot out the years of suffering I caused my father, or set back these old giants under which my ancestors doubtless walked, and perhaps made love!"

I made no answer, because it was obviously true; and we walked on in silence.

"I don't think I have ever seen anyone smoke so much as you, Uncle Geoff!" I said at length, as he proceeded to light a fresh cigar. "You are a perfect walking chimney."

Uncle Geoff laughed; then, drawing his eyebrows together with a frown, remarked:

"Dolly, we are not really related, you and I; why do you call me Uncle Geoff?"

I stopped, utterly dumbfounded at his words, and for a moment unable to speak.

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"I don't know," I muttered, when I could collect my scattered senses. "I never thought that you would mind—I am sure—that is—" Then with a sudden flash of temper that astonished even me: "But of one thing I am quite certain, and that is, I never will again!"

Uttering this with great heat, I turned and fled to the house, and as Uncle Geoff called after me and begged me to stop, I flew all the faster.

I was very angry; I thought him so unkind, for I loved him so dearly, and he would not even be my uncle! Perhaps he was tired of me, and would rather be alone with grandpapa. Somehow I seemed to have lost both my uncles at one stroke; for what was the painted to the real one now?

The following morning I was alone in the breakfast room when he came in.

"Good morning, Captain Chesunt," I hastened to say, with what I considered cutting coldness.

"Good morning, Miss Huntley," he answered.

Then grandpapa entered, and somehow we both seemed anxious that he should not see anything was wrong, so hostilities ceased for the time being. The next few weeks were wretched. I could not understand Uncle Geoff; and though I could only suppose that he did not like me, still he never seemed to wish me to take the least notice of anyone else.

Some delightful people, to whom Thurston Hall, the place nearest to us, belonged, had returned home at last, and we became friends. One day, when we were out riding, we met Miss Rycroft and her brother. I kept close by grandpapa, as had been my custom lately; and after Uncle Geoff had addressed several remarks to me, and I had answered in monosyllables, he rode on with Miss Rycroft, and I was left to follow with grandpapa and her brother Herbert. The latter was not very amusing—not a quarter as amusing as Uncle Geoff; and I began to hate my ride, though whenever Uncle Geoff turned round I took care to appear attentive and happy. How contented the pair in front looked, too! I began to hate Miss Rycroft with a good, honest hatred, for Uncle Geoff seemed to like her, and he was my uncle and not hers.

Then he sometimes went to Thurstan Hall, though he always drew his brows together with a frown when Herbert came to the Manor, and by and by he nearly quarrelled with me for everything I did, and Mrs. Baxter used to say that Master Geoffrey had the sweetest temper on earth.

I was sitting in the library one afternoon, reading, when he came in. I had thought him out, and started as his tall form appeared in the doorway.

"Dolly!" he said in a determined tone, coming toward me. "What have I done that you should try and avoid me right and left? I will not go on in this way any longer. For the last three weeks you have treated me as if I were the plague. Come, what have I done?"

"Nothing," I murmured, feeling that somehow I was in for it.

"You ran away from me in the park; was it anything I said then?"

I looked up and met his eyes.

"I was so disappointed in you," I confided to my book.

"You are not disappointed in young Bycroft, are you?" he inquired ironically.

"He is always polite," I rejoined, with spirit.

"And what am I?" he asked.

I sat up and looked at him steadily for a moment, my handsome Uncle Geoffrey, who had been my hero of romance for so long, and then, crying with sudden passion, "You are very unkind to me, very!" I buried my face in the cushions and began to sob bitterly.

All at once I found that I was not on the couch at all, but in Uncle Geoff's arms, with my head on his shoulder, and he was saying:

"Dolly, my love, my darling, my sweetheart, don't sob in that way, or you will break my heart. I would not hurt a hair of your pretty head. Look

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up a moment, Dolly, will you—will you marry your Uncle Geoff?"

But it was such a relief to find that Uncle Geoff still cared for me that I by no means obeyed his first injunction, until the last sentence reduced me to a state of utter silence, when I stood as still as a mouse in his arms, and thought I must be dreaming. We stood in this way for a minute, then he raised my head a little, and somehow I found, much to my amazement, that I was engaged to my Unc—to Geoff.

"Then you always liked me?" I murmured shyly, at length, twisting round one of the buttons of his shooting coat, to which I had glued my eyes.

"Liked you!" he echoed, with a low laugh. "Why, Dolly, I managed to get all around the world scot free, only to surrender the very night I got home to a pair of soft brown eyes peeping at me from round Dad's shoulder. I tried to tell you so before, but you would insist upon having an uncle."

Then I was made to explain my ideas, which I found very difficult. We stayed in the library talking until quite late, utterly oblivious of the flight of time in our complete contentment with all the world, and then Geoff said that he would go at once to grandpapa and ask properly for me.

"Why not wait until after dinner?" I suggested, hanging back.

But I found I was walking along the passage by Geoff's side, and when I gave a furtive glance at the staircase, he took my hand with a smile.

"Are you going to run away again?" he said, laughing. "What a nervous Dolly! Well, go, and I will get it over with Dad alone; it is a shame to tease you."

But I knew he wanted me; so I went on, for I think Geoff wished it over himself; and he told me afterwards that he would rather have faced a dozen Russians. Grandpapa was standing on the rug in the hall, looking absently into the fire; but he turned as we came towards him. Geoff went up to him, and putting his hand affectionately on his shoulder, said:

"Dad, you have always done fifty times more for me than I have deserved. Do one thing more for me, the greatest I can ask you. Give me Dolly?"

There was a dead silence. Then grandpapa's voice, trembling with that rare tenderness his reserved nature so seldom allowed to show, said: "Dolly! why Dolly?"

I looked at anything rather than grandpapa, while my cheeks grew more burning every moment, and but for the fact that I had cried so much that I really could not cry any more, should certainly have begun again. So I earnestly studied the point of my shoe, and tried how far I could bury it in the rug, until something impelled me to look up at him, and that appeared to settle the matter; for taking my hand, he drew me towards him, and then putting it into Geoff's, said very quietly:

"Geoff, in giving you my little girl, I give you the most valuable thing I possess. She has been my greatest blessing. You will take care of her?"

Then Geoff, instead of taking my hand, as he ought, took me in his arms, and I was only too thankful to hide my face on his shoulder while he answered gravely—"So help me God." And grandpapa said, in a husky voice, that sounded a long way off—"God bless you both," and walked to the far end of the hall to study a suit of armour.

By and by he came back, and as we sat by the fire Geoff tried to arrange our somewhat mixed relationships.

"You doubtless laboured under the delusion that you had not only an uncle, but a grandfather, Dolly," he remarked. "But you see that you are mistaken."

"I am not; he is my grandfather," I returned, with remarkable lucidity.

"Dorothy, my love, Dorothy!" he remonstrated.

"He was papa's father-in-law, and mamma's father," I answered. "At least she was the only mother I ever knew."

"He is my father, and will be

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yours," retorted Geoff, tapping his pipe against the bars of the grate, and looking at me with a smile.

The old face, only fifty times handsomer to me now than my gallant hussar in the great drawing-room, still smiles upon me.

And that tall and upright old gentleman, with silvery hair, may still be Geoff's father, but he is still grandpapa to baby and me.

Elton Harris.

A POT OF GOLD.

ONE eve I strolled, in sunset's gold,
When the rain had ceased to fall,
And the cloud's bright bow, with brilliant glow,
Had crowned the tree-tops tall.
Within a glade I met a maid:
"And are you lost, pray tell?"
She looked and smiled, the happy child,
"Oh! no, indeed," said Nell;
"I'm on my way to where they say
A treasure may be found;
'Tis over there, where the hills are bare,
And the rainbow touches ground.
The story of the rainbow's gold they tell me is quite true;
And Papa says, with money there is nothing you can't do.
So I'll hire a big policeman to scare the ghosts away,
I'll buy the world another sun to change the night to day,
I'll turn winter into summer, and have snow that isn't cold;
I guess I'll make folks happy when I get the Pot of Gold!"

I tried to tell this little Nell
Her errand would be vain;
She only smiled, the careless child,
Allowed me to explain;
Then shook her head at what I said,
And on her quest *would* go;
For she'd been told of a Pot of Gold,
At the foot of the bright rainbow.
Full many a day has passed away,
Yet from yon woodland wild
I seem to hear, still echoing clear,
The accents of the child:
"The story of the rainbow's gold they tell me is quite true,
And Papa says, with money there is nothing you can't do.
So I'll hire a big policeman to scare the ghosts away,
I'll buy the world another sun to change the night to day;
I'll turn winter into summer and have snow that isn't cold;
I guess I'll make folks happy when I get the Pot of Gold!"

Frank Lawson.

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CURRENT EVENTS ABROAD

BEFORE this number of "The Canadian Magazine" is in the hands of readers, Spain and the United States will be embroiled in war. We are about to see one of those curious instances where events widely separated in time are to be brought together in seeming antagonism and strange contrast. We are to see the proud power that in the closing years of the fifteenth century, not content with weeping for new worlds to conquer, went forth and found them, now brought low and deprived of the remnant by a power flourishing on the splendid memorials of her decay. Men are prone, when their sympathies are not otherwise engaged, to side with the under dog. In this case, however, the weakness of Spain's cause forbids one who gives the least thought to the matter to wish success to the arms of Spain. Canadians are peculiarly well situated to judge of the matter, for we, too, bear the colonial relationship towards a European power, and can cross-examine ourselves candidly as to how long we would endure the conditions under which Cuba groans. The aspiration for self-government was answered a few years ago by giving the Island representation in the Spanish Parliament to the extent of 16 senators and 30 deputies. As there are 360 senators and 431 deputies, the influence of these representatives in the two bodies, even if they were disposed to struggle for Cuban rights, is next to nothing. These chambers in which they have so little voice nevertheless settle the extent and method of taxation, and Spanish finance ministers have always regarded Cuba as a convenient field for increasing the revenues of the home government and for affording rewards for greedy and unfortunate place-hunters. The statement is now made that Cuba has been a source of expense rather than a help to Spanish finance, and current figures seem to bear out this statement; but it is Cuba rebellious and impoverished of which this can be said, and Spanish rule has tended to produce both of these conditions.

Will Cuba free be in any better position than it is now? is a common question which cannot be answered with any certainty in the affirmative. There is not much confidence abroad in the capacity of its people for self-government. Indeed, how could there be? They have had no training in the humdrum ways of social order and political management. A part of the population was in slavery a few years ago. The great bulk of it is akin to that of those buoyant South American republics whose national game is revolution, just as baseball is the national game of the United States, and lacrosse of Canada. We have no reason to expect anything different from the emancipated Cubans. Self-inflicted woes, however, would but little offend the sensibilities of humanity.

Why is it assumed that Spain will be the sufferer in the contest? it may be asked. Does any one doubt it? It is possible that the United States may experience some reverses, but of the ultimate outcome there can be no doubt. War is a trade that has to be learned, and the people of the United States are certainly out of practice, but if Spain was unable to suppress the insurgents, it needs no great optimism to believe that all that is needed to drive her out of the island is to reinforce the rebels somewhat, give them food, arms and ammunition, and they will do the rest. There is an enemy in the fortress, in fact; an enemy who has proved himself on several bloody fields quite the equal of his would-be masters. It was found impossible to prevent the landing of men and supplies even when both Spain and the United States were working to prevent

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it. Now that the latter has passed over to the other side, and when there will be no lack of the latest and best munitions of war, there can be little doubt that the Spaniards on the Island will soon be on the defensive. Those of the population of the Island who have anything to lose have hung off from both parties. If they sided with the insurgents their estates would have been confiscated, and if with the mother country the ruthless machete would probably have put them out of all their heritations. Now, however, there will undoubtedly be large accessions among these men to the rebel side in hopes that peace may be speedily brought about, and the industrious population be allowed to resume its occupations.

It is hard to believe, therefore, that the Spaniards can long hold the Island, and when that is gone they will have but little stomach for the fight. The powers will have a chance to intervene in the interest of peace. What the Americans will do with Cuba when they have it is an interesting question. We believe that the predominant feeling is sincerely opposed to annexing the Island. Land-hunger is, however, a prevailing vice among nations, and the United States is no more free than are the other nations of the earth, although it is tempered in their case by a sheaf of political maxims that have come down to them from the fathers. They have been in a position any time within the past two years to stretch out their hand and take Hawaii, but so far have hesitated to do so. Hawaii, however, is almost as far from their shores as Ireland, while the Pearl of the Antilles is within twenty-four hours' sail. Its area is equal to that of Ohio, and it has about half the population of that state. Not more than a tenth of it is cultivated and under the fostering influences of enterprise and security it would become the most notable isle of the sea. When Uncle Sam has this tempting morsel at his lips it will need an enormous accession of self-control to restrain him from swallowing it at a gulp. The people themselves will, of course, have a powerful voice in deciding what their destiny shall be. It would be a strange spectacle to see the liberator coercing the Island into a course repugnant to the majority of its people. If the United States would make provision for free markets in Cuba it would be establishing a principle which has suddenly sprung into importance, namely, that no nation by the mere acquirement of barbarian or semi-civilized countries can close them against the commerce of other nations. If Brother Jonathan established this principle in Cuba, he would be hailed as a deliverer indeed.

As to Canada's attitude towards the belligerents, it will, of course, be one of strict neutrality so far as acts are concerned, although our sympathies will undoubtedly be with our kinsmen. To be thoroughly candid, it cannot be denied that some resentment lingers in places over the Venezuela incident, the Dingley bill and the alien labour law, but any disaster to American arms would be profoundly regretted in all parts of Canada. The dominant civilization there is the Anglo-Saxon civilization, and the dominant races are Celtic and Saxon, and it would be impossible to see the defeat of what these stand for without a painful feeling that we had sustained a blow also. Indeed, a remarkable efflorescence of these events has been the access of what, for lack of a more precise phrase, we call the Anglo-Saxon feeling. It is the first time in history that it has received a world-wide manifestation, and it is no mere bounce to say that it is a force that may have to be reckoned with in the future, but let us hope that it will never be employed save in the best of causes. We in Canada have a distinct mission in this regard. It need not be pointed out here, or now, but the promotion of friendly feeling between the representatives of Anglo-Saxondom on this continent is the most important service that could be rendered to this great racial idea.

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Perhaps the first rapprochement of the representative Anglo-Saxon communities was on an Eastern topic. It was recognized that Britain and the United States had some identity of interests in keeping the markets of Asia open to the world. The political principles by which the United States are guided forbid them engaging in the popular pastime of appropriating territory the owners of which are not capable of defending. Britain has the reputation of being a most skilful practicer of this sport. But, at all events, she does not appear to be disposed to participate in it so far as China is concerned. Both powers, however, are interested, so that no matter who holds the territory all nations will be on a perfect equality in selling their goods there. This point seems to be gained in connection with the occupation of Chiao-Chou and Port Arthur. The *New York Tribune*, in an article headed "Saxondom in Asia," declared that there is no fear of the final result. "The Anglo-Saxon race," it says, "is dominant in China and Japan above all other aliens and is likely to remain so." The English language is spreading there, and the *Tribune* applies to the case the language of Macaulay to the siege and defence of Londonderry: "It was a contest, not between engineers, but between nations; and the victory remained with the nation which, though inferior in number, was superior in civilization, in capacity for self-government, and in stubbornness of resolution."

Two other events may be noted which have a filamentary connection with this subject and with each other. They are the defeat of the Dervishes, and the triumph of Cecil Rhodes in the Cape Colony elections. Imperialists look wistfully at the southward march in Egypt and the northward march in Rhodesia. A band of territory right down the map of Africa over which British rule prevails has a fascinating interest for a great many minds. Among others is the compelling mind of Cecil Rhodes. The South African Warren Hastings, in winning the elections in Cape Colony by the aid of a combination of Dutch and English electors, is on the right track, as he was on the wrong track when he tried to do by force what had much better be left to the natural and peaceful and permanent settlement of time. The Jamieson raid delayed many years what it was intended to promote. The peaceful election just closed has recovered much lost ground. South Africa can only be consolidated by the two races working together and by the gradual enfranchishment of the English in the Transvaal. The Boers who oppose the extinction of their little state will delay the process as long as possible, but they cannot defeat fate, and the change was inevitable from the moment that gold in paying quantities was found in the Witwatersrand.

The defeat of the Dervishes and the capture of Mahmoud and 4,000 of his men is probably the climax of that drama. It is a result on which the greater part of the world will look with complacency, if with no stronger feeling. The recreation of Egypt and the promotion of the reign of justice and humanity there is one of the best services which we owe to the British genius for administration in recent times. The sneer is sometimes heard that all recent British victories have been over ill-armed savages or semi-savages. It must in fairness be allowed, however, that if the subjugation of such peoples is an easy task, other nations have had ill-luck in performing it. Italy's attempt to gain a foothold in Africa ended in disaster; Spain has spent three years in endeavouring to subdue outbreaks in Cuba and the Phillipine Islands, and is no nearer a finish than it was at the beginning. The various French expeditions in Africa have almost all come to grief. Britain alone sticks at her tasks, with varying incidents by the way, but eventual accomplishment always.

John A. Ewan.

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EDITORIAL COMMENT

New Writers.

IT is fitting that a new volume of this publication should be opened with some special feature. That which distinguishes this, the first number of the eleventh volume of "The Canadian Magazine," is the introduction of two writers who are new to our pages. Professor Shortt is a Canadian who was born in Western Ontario; was educated at Queen's, at Glasgow and at Edinburgh; travelled for some time in Europe, and who is now professor of Political Science in Queen's University, Kingston. He has already gained considerable reputation as a writer, as a speaker and as a scholar, and it is a great pleasure to have him enrolled amongst the contributors to our national publication. W. A. Fraser is a short story writer who has also already won a reputation for himself. His stories have appeared in leading foreign magazines, and have been eulogized by competent critics. The work of these two gentlemen has one characteristic which the work of Canadians too often lacks—it is thorough. Though working in entirely different fields, both men are alike in being earnest, thoughtful and sincere.

United States and Canada.

The observant individual who listens to the current comment of the Canadians who are watching closely the progress of the struggle between Spain and the United States for the control of Cuba, will find much to amuse and interest him. The average Canadians feel that the Spaniard is a man beneath contempt, that he is a relic of mediævalism which cannot be admired, that he is unprogressive, and that he is cruel. He should not win, because the interests of humanity and liberty would suffer if he were triumphant. On the other hand, most of these same individuals are not quite anxious to see the United States supremely successful. The great Republic to the south of us has done little to win our esteem and regard. At one time it tried to bag all our territory, and it has since shown a tendency to love our fisheries rather than our prosperity. It encouraged—negatively, be it admitted—filibustering expeditions in 1837, 1866, and 1870. It has built up a barrier wall which excludes our exports from its markets. It has absorbed the best educated of our surplus young men and has excluded the others by an alien labour law. It has intimated that we had better get down on our knees and crave admission to its Union. Therefore it is but natural that some Canadians should feel that if the United States nation were to be slightly humbled, it would be some satisfaction. Nevertheless, there is no Canadian who is anxious to see the United States thoroughly beaten. Every person recognizes that the blood of the Anglo-Saxon and the Celt flows in the veins of the men who live on either side of the International Boundary Line, and that we are all of one family, although the members of it may not be in the fullest accord in all matters. While feeling that if justice were done, the United States deserves little consideration at our hands, yet we feel that Great Britain, Greater Britain and the United States are the salt of the earth, the guardians of liberty, of peace, and of righteousness. The present misunderstandings must ultimately pass away, and to-day, if the United States was in danger of being obliterated from the map of the world, the first to stretch out a helping hand would be the million Canadians that are able to bear arms. We will wear no yoke, we

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will bend no knee, we will tolerate no insult, and we will ask no favour, but if a brother be in need, our assistance is ready.

Such sentiments as these have been expressed by others on previous occasions, and have been misinterpreted. An offer of friendship and an expression of sympathy do not mean that Canada has any desire for annexation to the United States. She is satisfied with Mother Britain, and she knows her position:

> She's daughter in her mother's house,
> She's mistress in her own.

The thought of making a change is seldom harboured by any citizen, and there is no prospect that a preference for either independence or annexation will ever be created.

Finance vs. War.

The system of modern finance makes war almost impossible. War destroys much property on which labour has been expended, and the sum of the wealth of the community is thus seriously lessened. It not only delays progress, but destroys much of the progress which has already been accomplished. Hence those interested in material and social progress, in the production and the transportation of goods and merchandise, are opposed to war. This opposition is much greater than the opposition in previous centuries, because the financial and commercial interest is stronger, broader and deeper.

Not only is the product of labour destroyed by war, but much of what is commonly known as capital vanishes even with the prospect of war. For example: a man owns five million dollars' worth of railroad, telegraph, cable, insurance and other stocks. These stocks do not always represent actual, tangible wealth. They represent franchises, good-wills, possibilities, and such like. They may have cost the man who owns them only a million of dollars; but because these franchises, good-wills and possibilities have in the eyes of the public acquired greater value by changed circumstances, they are now worth five millions of dollars. This five millions is intangible capital. Its chief characteristic is not its power of being converted into cash, but the fact that interest is paid on that amount.

To take a local example of this intangible capital which vanishes even with a report of war: in a recent issue it was shown that the Street Railway of the City of Toronto cost the present company about three millions in actual cash, but that stock and bonds have been issued against it to the extent of nine millions of dollars. That is, certain persons have capital to the extent of nine millions of dollars represented by the Toronto Street Railway. But if there was a likelihood that Toronto would be attacked and burned by a United States army, as it was in 1813, the moment this became apparent the nine million dollars worth of capital (in stock and bonds) would shrink to, say, six millions. The other three millions would vanish into thin air.

A more general example of this "intangible capital" is to be seen where there is a real estate boom. There were in the recent booms in Winnipeg and in Toronto numbers of men who counted themselves millionaires when they totalled up the value of their building lots and their houses. To-day these same men are not worth a five-cent piece, yet their houses and lots are still in existence, some of them possessed of even more conveniences and advantages than before. Where did these millions go? As a matter of fact, they never really existed. The people thought they existed while they were crazed with the boom, but when the fever died out and their senses returned, they saw that they had been living in a state of hallucination.

Modern finance is the result of a similar state of belief, more or less reasonable. When wars, or rumours of wars, come, this intangible capital disappears like the evening wind, and leaves no trace to indicate the direction of its disappearance. Because this is so, the modern financier is against war, just as much as the owner of merchandize, of a factory, of grain, or of any of

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the products of labour can possibly be. Both kinds of wealth are destroyed if there be war, but there is this difference: the intangible capital disappears with the probability of war, because it exists only in the imagination; the wealth which has been produced by labour, disappears only by actual, observable destruction.

On the other hand, there are certain financial interests which are always in favour of war. Those who have material to sell to a government are inclined to try to arouse the popular feeling; and popular feeling, in a country like the United States with amateur politicians at its head, is bound to affect very much the policy adopted by the Executive. Every army contractor, every shipbuilder, every person interested in any particular contract which the Government may be called upon to make, is anxious for war. And, according to recent development, the leading newspapers of the United States are playing an important part in bringing on war. If they can furnish their readers with unusually exciting news, the profit and name of the large newspaper will increase at the expense of the smaller paper. A third-class who favour war are the speculators. A number of persons in the United States have bought up Cuban bonds. If Cuba is freed from Spain and given her independence or annexed to the United States, these bonds will double in value.

Nevertheless, there have been recent wars, and there will probably be many more. The chief cause of these seems to be the development of strong national feeling. If the United States and Spain fight it will be because the national policy of each demands war. Spain's policy is to maintain her territory intact, and this policy is based upon the national feeling which animates the Spaniards. An enemy desires to see Cuba estranged from Spain, and the Spanish national feeling forbids its surrender. In the same way, the United States is driven by a national feeling to demand that Cuba be released. Spain is a European power, Cuba is an American possession. The United States national policy is to drive all European powers out of America, hence it is attempting to drive Spain out of Cuba.

The Chief cause of War.

The Christian religion has for nearly two thousand years been teaching the brotherhood of man, but the doctrine is only partially accepted. The United States Constitution declares all men to be free and equal, but the United States people believe this to mean only that all United States subjects are equal, not that a Spaniard is the equal of a United Stateser. The people of the United States believe that Europeans have not yet learned the proper principles of liberty, equality and freedom, and hence they are not fitted to hold and govern any part of the American continent. France recognizes a certain equality among the citizens of France, but a Frenchman does not consider a German his brother or his equal. Similarly, the Russians, the Germans and the Britishers do not consider the Chinese to be their brothers or their equals. The brotherhood of man exists only within national limits.

Cosmopolitanism has not made much progress in the present century. National feeling has grown stronger than ever. In Great Britain it authorizes the yearly expenditure of over two hundred millions of dollars to keep up a navy and an army; it authorizes wars in the Soudan, in South Africa, in India and in Asia. In Russia, Germany, France, Spain, Italy, the United States and other great nations it supports similar expenditures of money and effort. In nearly all the commercial nations of the world national feeling supports the erection of hostile tariffs to keep out the goods manufactured by other nations, and to encourage the home producer. How long the civilization of the world will be burdened with this narrow national feeling it is difficult to surmise.

John A. Cooper.

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HENRY GEORGE'S POLITICAL ECONOMY.

I CONFESS to having taken up Henry George's new book with the expectation of finding some confusing theorising. "Progress and Poverty" never appealed to me, nor have I ever been able to see the reasonableness of the "single-tax" Nevertheless, as a conscientious reviewer must, I resolved to examine "The Science of Political Economy"* thoroughly before giving an opinion. I have not read it all, but I have read enough of it to convince me that the book reveals a new Henry George. The Henry George of "Progress and Poverty" has almost disappeared. He appears in isolated passages; for example: "Increase in land values does not represent increase in the common wealth, for what land-owners gain by higher prices the tenants or ultimate users, who must pay them, are deprived of."

But such sweeping, unmodified statements are very seldom seen. Everything is argued out clearly and dispassionately. His chief aim in the book seems to have been to rebut the ideas put forward by the Austrian school through such men as Professor Marshall and Bohm-Bawerk. This school deals with value and not with wealth. It has introduced as a science of economics a system of juggling with words and phrases. Speaking of Professor Marshall's failure to define wealth, Henry George says: "I can convey the impression produced on my mind by repeated struggles to discover what the Professor of Political Economy in the great English University of Cambridge holds is reckoned as wealth, only by saying that it seems to comprise all things in the heavens above, the earth beneath and the waters under the earth, that may be useful to or desired by man, individually or collectively." He cannot see the need for such terms as material-external-transferable goods; personal-external-transferable goods. He defines wealth as "natural products so secured, moved, combined, or altered by human labour as to fit them for human satisfaction." Everything which is the product of labour, and which adds to the wealth of the community, is wealth and nothing else. Bonds, notes, mortgages and franchises may be wealth to an individual, but as they are only stipulations for the transfer of wealth, they cannot be included in the general term wealth. "Wealth is the result of human exertion, but all human exertion does not result in wealth." "That part of wealth devoted to the production of other wealth is what is properly called capital." Wealth is stored labour, while capital is stored labour raised to a still higher power by being used to aid labour in the production of fresh wealth.

Henry George's book seemed to be a revised edition of Francis A. Walker's "Political Economy." It possesses much the same classification, defines value, wealth and capital in almost the same way, and is marked by the same clearness and directness. The complex, aimless, confusing mathematical problems and the senseless creation of phrases of the Austrian school are avoided, and something rational is offered to the general reader. In view of the growing importance of this new "Science of getting a living," this the most practical and human of all the sciences, it is a matter of great satisfaction that Henry George

* Toronto: George N. Morang. Cloth, 545 pp.

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has produced a text-book which may be read and understood by the average citizen.

THE CONQUERING TURK.

With rumours of wars in our ears, the book about a war is the one most likely to attract attention. G. W. Steevens' new book, "With the Conquering Turk,"* is opportune, even though he was with the Turk, defends the Turk, and despises the Greek. He throws new light on this queer character and endeavours to dispel some popular illusions. To him the Turk is long-limbed, big-featured, masterful bearing, and "beyond all mistaking a man." The only uniform thing in the in uniform of the Turkish soldier is the fez. The coat is generally blue or black, with here and there a trace of facing. He has no boots, but in active campaigning is supplied with a pair of sandals or canvas slippers. The Turkish soldier is better clothed than the Turkish peasant, hence what would seem to us poor clothing is to them a luxury. Mr. Steevens visited a hospital, and says: "But if this hospital does not prove much, it does prove that the Turk is not the incapable savage that British fancy delights to paint him." He describes his trip to Salonica, on to Karaveria, where the Turkish troops left the railroad to advance over mountain roads into Larissa (town) and Thessaly (province). He shows how frail was the Turkish power of getting troops to the front, how poor the means of sending forward supplies to keep them there, and how the Greek fleet might have cut the line of communication. He traces the Turkish advance step by step, and shows how there were only two or three sharp engagements in the whole war, and the Greeks won only one of these. The Greek fired a shot as soon as the Turk came within range; the Turk replied to the shot; the Greek ran away; the Turk in order to be courteous, immediately sat down and gave the Greek a day or two's start. Such was the campaign won by the superior artillery of the Turks, and lost by the cowardice of the Greek.

This is the most entertaining book I have read for many a long day. It is filled with little scraps of information which throw strong sidelights on the respective characters of the Turk and the Greek. Mr. Steevens tells what he saw, and tells little else; but what he does describe, is made to stand out clearly and boldly. It is a clear and courageous statement of fact and opinion, which contradicts much of our previous fact and opinion. Only a thorough, earnest and experienced journalist could have done so much and have done it so well.

A NEW EDITION OF GIBBON.

J. B. Bury, M.A., Professor of Modern History, is editing† a seven volume edition of Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." It possesses an introduction, each page has several footnotes, each volume has a lengthy appendix, and there is a general index. The learned professor has performed a monumental work, which deserves patronage. It is printed on thin strong paper, with over 500 pages to each volume. The binding is done in dark blue-gray cloth, gilt back and front; a truly handsome edition. Gibbon's work will never be out of date, and no library is complete if it be not present.

NINETEENTH CENTURY FRENCH LITERATURE

Paul Chauvet of the Paris University has just published‡ for English readers the first of his two volumes of Nineteenth Century French Literature. The

*New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. Cloth, large 12mo., 315 pp.

†London: Methuen & Co.; New York: Macmillan & Co.; Toronto: Tyrrell's Bookshop, 12 King St. W. Seven volumes, $2.00 per vol.

‡The Nineteenth Century in France, or Selections from the Best Modern French Literary Works; with English translations; by Paul Chauvet, B.A. Two volumes. London: Digby, Long & Co., 18 Bouverie St., E.C.

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text of his selections is in French, but at the bottom of each page there is an English translation of the text of that page. In this first volume he gives the best poems of Lamartine, Victor Hugo, and Alfred de Musset, twenty-seven in all. As an example of text and translation, the following may be given :

L'OCCIDENT.

Et la mer s'apaisait comme une urne écumante
Qui s'abaisse au moment où le foyer pâlit,
Et, retirant du bord sa vague encor fumante,
Comme pour s'endormir rentrait dans son grand lit ;

Et l'astre qui tombait de nuage ne nuage
Suspendait sur les flots un orbe sans rayon,
Puis plongeait la moitié de sa sanglante image,
Comme un naivre en feu qui sombre à l'horizon ;

Et la moitié du ciel pâlissait, et la brise
Défaillait dans la voile, immoble et sans voix,
Et les ombres couraient, et sous leur teinte grise
Tout sur le ciel et l'eau s'effaçait à la fois ;

Et dans mon âme, aussi pâlissant à mesure,
Tout les bruits d'ici-bas tombaient avec le jour,
Et quelque chose en moi, comme dans la nature,
Pleurait, priait, souffrait, bénissait tour à tour ;

Et, vers l'occident seul, une porte éclatante
Laissait voir la lumière à flots d'or ondoyer,
Et la nue empourprée imitait une tente
Qui voile sans l'éteindre un immense foyer ;

Et les ombres, les vents, et les flots de l'abîme,
Vers cette arche de feu tout paraissait courir,
Comme si la nature, et tout ce qui l'anime
En perdant la lumière avait craint de mourir !

La poussière du soir y volait de la terre,
L'écume à blancs flocons sur la vague y flottait ;
Et mon regard, long, triste, errant, involontaire,
Les suivait, et de pleurs sans chagrin s'humectait.

Et tout disparissait ; et mon âme oppressée
Restait vide et pareille à l'horizon couvert ;
Et puis il s'élevait une seule pensée,
Comme une pyramide au milieu du désert.

O lumière ! où vas-tu ? Globe épuisé de flamme,
Nauges, aquilons, vagues, où courez-vous ?
Poussière, écume, nuit ; vous, mes yeux, toi, mon âme.
Dites, si vous savez, où donc allons-nous tous ?

A toi, grand Tout, dont l'astre est la pâle étincelle
En qui la nuit, le jour, l'esprit, vont aboutir !
Flux et reflux divin de vie universelle,
Vaste océan de l'Être où tout va s'engloutir !

THE WEST.

And the sea was abating as a frothing urn which shrinks as the fire grows pale, and, withdrawing from the shore, its waves still reeking, it was re-entering its huge bed, as if to go to sleep ;—and the sun which was falling from cloud to cloud suspended over the billows its beamless globe, and then divided into the sea half its blood-coloured image, as a ship on fire sinking on the horizon ;—and half the sky was growing pale, and the breeze was dying away in the veil, motionless and voiceless, and shades were running about, and, under their gray tinges, everything on the sea and sky was being effaced all at once ;—and in my soul, which was growing pale in proportion, all the sounds of here below were falling down together with daylight, and there was something in myself, as in nature, which wept and prayed, and suffered and blessed by turns !—And, to the West only, a shining door showed the undulating golden waves of light, and the purple clouds looked like a tent which veils an immense fire without quenching it ;—and the shades and the winds and the waves of the deep and everything seemed to run towards that arch of fire, as if nature and all that vivifies it, because they were losing their light, had been afraid to die away !—The evening dust was flying towards it from the earth, towards it the white-flaked foam was floating on the waves ; and my long look, sad, wandering and involuntary, followed them, and was growing moist with tears without grief.—And everything disappeared, and my oppressed soul remained empty and similar to the overcast horizon ; and then a single thought arose as a pyramid in the midst of the desert.—O you light ! where are you going ? And you, exhausted globe of flame, clouds, winds, waves, where are you running to ? Dust, foam, and night ; and you, my eyes, and you, my soul, tell me, if you know it, whither we are going all ?—To you, great Whole, of which a pale spark is a star, and to which tend the night and the day, and the mind ! Divine ebb and flow of universal life, vast ocean of the Being by which everything is engulphed !

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FRANK R. STOCKTON.

There are novels which contain nothing but a story, and there are novels which contain much besides the story. Anthony Hope and Stanley J. Weyman have made us familiar with the first kind, and Frank R. Stockton is making us familiar with the second. His latest book, "The Girl at Cobhurst,"* will not satisfy those who take Weyman and Hope as their models. Why, he even dares to write his two first chapters without bringing in the hero, and a dozen before introducing the young lady! For such heresies as this, a recent Canadian novel has been condemned by some Canadian critics. But as Frank R. Stockton publishes his books in New York as well as in Toronto, and as he is not a Canadian, he will not be condemned.

This new novel of Stockton's gives a delightful picture of village and country life in—well, in some northerly southern States of the American Union. He shows the work done by match-makers where every person knows every person and every person's love affairs. He pits a match-making old maid against a French cook, and the hero is influenced by each in turn and at the same time. Both are humorous characters, handled in Stockton's peculiarly clever style. The old Doctor, the Irish-African man-of-all-work, the boarding-school girl, the gossiping servants—all are cleverly drawn, and are types of the various characters that may be met with every day. Some authors seem to choose only extraordinary characters and extraordinary incidents. Stockton does not. Neither do Octave Thanet, Mary E. Wilkins, William Dean Howells or Joanna E. Wood. All of these and many more are attempting to search out and delineate what is picturesque in what is usually considered an unpicturesque civilization. The writers are not Nathaniel Hawthorne's but they have caught some of Hawthorne's spirit.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Chas. M. Sheldon's story, "In His Steps," issued in Chicago, has made a decided hit. Already nearly 150,000 copies have been sold and the demand for it is growing rapidly.

The transactions of the Astronomical and Physical Society of Toronto for the year 1897 have been published in a neat volume by Rowsell & Hutchison, Toronto ($1.00). Many valuable papers are to be found in its hundred and sixty pages.

Mrs. Mason, of Muncey, wife of a retired clergyman, has written a little volume of racy and clever sketches entitled "Faces that Follow," and a Toronto artist, Mr. Geo. R. Semple, is illustrating it. The book will be issued early in May by William Briggs.

The latest book on the Cabots is published by the Royal Society of Canada. It is entitled "The Voyages of the Cabots: Latest Phrases of the Controversy," and is from the pen of Samuel Edward Dawson, Lit.D. The scholarly Doctor has attempted to crush out all Newfoundland's claim to Cabot's landfall, and maintains that this honour belongs to Cape Breton, and thus to Canada.

"Wolfville," by Alfred Henry Lewis (Dan Quin), is now in its third edition.† The illustrations by Frederick Remington are exceedingly clever, yet I cannot think that the book would be exceedingly agreeable to the majority of the readers of "The Canadian Magazine." It contains a series of sketches told in the Western States dialect. These are humorous, picturesque, slangy and clever; but scarcely elevating.

The Philadelphia *Citizen* has this to say of the work of one of our Canadian

*Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. Cloth and paper, 408 pp.
†Toronto: George N. Morang.

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lady writers, Miss McIlwraith, of Hamilton, daughter of the well-known ornithologist: "It is much to say of any book intended for young people, and concerned with Shakespeare, that it may have a place on the shelf beside the 'Tales' of Charles and Mary Lamb. This meed of praise is fairly due to 'A Book about Shakespeare,' by J. N. McIlwraith" ("Jean Forsyth").

For a sight of the Negro as he is, or, rather, the Negro and Negress as they are, Paul Dunbar's "Folks from Dixie," (Toronto, George N. Morang) "takes the cake"—to use a colloquialism of cognate derivation. Himself a Negro, the writer not only makes a point of always spelling the word with a capital letter, which is of course proper, but of keeping to the subjects of which he knows most. His "Lyrics of Lowly Life" has had a great success. In this book he shows himself the Ian Maclaren of the land that lies south of Mason and Dixon's line.

A good deal has been said by the reviews about "The Celebrity," and the balance of critical opinion seems to be decidedly in its favour. The public, it appears, has given a verdict that is by no means an uncertain one by buying the book in comfortable quantities. It has a good deal of comedy in it; the surprises that usually occur when a man masquerades under another's name and personality; and a couple of studies of Young Woman that are rather entertaining. It is a lively volume of to-day and shows strong natural talent for writing on the part of the author.

The history of Poland was romantic in its beginning and in its ending. The career of the two Slav States, Russia and Poland, has been very similar and very different. The similarity and intimate relation between the two is the foundation of Henry K. Sienkiewicz' famous historical novel, "With Fire and Sword."* A translation of this, by Jeremiah Curtin, has been published in Toronto and New York. "Quo Vadis" has very materially increased the popularity of Sienkiewicz in this part of the world, and "With Fire and Sword" should attract many readers. It is a very lengthy novel, but it is a magnificent tale, aside from its value as a side-light on European history.

The New York *Bookman* gives a flattering review of Mr. J. W. Tyrrell's "Across the Sub-Arctics of Canada," in which it remarks that the "decidedly well-told story of the trip of these bright young Canadians shows them capable of as high heroism as the better known explorers," and closes with the following jocular references:

"The Canadians take themselves seriously, as well they may. They have a mighty country, whose resources are but beginning to be appreciated. Yet to us of 'the States' their ultra-British tone, outrivalling that of the inhabitants of the 'tight little island,' from whence their ancestors and ours came, their reverence, not only for royalty, but for the titled dignitaries lent them chiefly for show purposes by the mother country, seems, to say the least, amusing. All this is incidentally illustrated in this narrative. After all, we have little to say. We bow down before our bosses with less reverence, but more abjectly than our northern neighbours."

Much interest is being manifested in the forthcoming book "Canada and its Capital," by Hon. J. D. Edgar, which is said to be one of the best of its class, and something very much more than a mere guide-book. There is enough in the history of Ottawa and in its present features and society to make a most attractive volume, and Mr. Speaker Edgar has, of course, had specially good opportunities of getting all necessary information. From advance sheets which we have had the opportunity of perusing we should judge that this account of Ottawa will take its place as a standard work. It appears to be very comprehensive and has good literary quality. Mr. Morang is devoting considerable attention to its get up, and it will be illustrated with many fine engravings and will possess that estimable boon a complete and careful index.

*Toronto: George N. Morang. Cloth, 780 p.p.

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Mr. G. U. Hay, editor of the *Educational Review*, has started a series of Canadian History Leaflets, to be issued quarterly at 15 cents a copy. The first contains: Physical Growth of Canada, by G. F. Matthew; The Legend of Glooscap, by J. Vroom; Cartier's First Voyage, W. F. Ganong; Winter at St. Croix Island, by G. U. Hay; The Story of Lady La Tour, by James Hannay; The Story of the Loyalists, by J. G. Bourinot. 29 pages.

"Le Courrier du Livre," edited by Raoul Renault of Quebec, seems to be succeeding. It contains a great deal of matter which must considerably interest the student of Canada's antiquity. It is printed partly in English and partly in French.

The Copp, Clark Co. have brought out three more volumes of the new edition of Gilbert Parker's works. The printing and type show a decided improvement over the second volume, and leave little, if anything, to be desired. "A Romany of the Snows" is especially interesting, containing as it does the continuation of the stories of "Pierre and His People." These are even more interesting than the first volume of tales, and are much more artistic from a literary standpoint. In fact, the best short stories Gilbert Parker has yet penned are included in this volume.

TWO LETTERS.

To the Editor of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE:

DEAR SIR,—I have read with great pleasure your Easter number. Some of the articles are charmingly written, especially "Rome During Holy Week," and the illustrations are also very good. But in the article on "The Anglican Church in Canada," I was surprised to find no mention made of "Edgehill" among the schools of the Maritime Provinces. It is a well-known School—Church School—most beautifully situated in Windsor, Nova Scotia, has over 70 pupils, from all parts of Canada and also from the United States. It has done good, thorough work for several years under Miss Machin's charge, and now under a lady from England. As your Magazine is widely read, I think this omission should be rectified.

Sincerely yours,
ONE WHO KNOWS.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—In the article on "The Makers of the Dominion of Canada" I should like to have seen some other names nemtioned. Rev. Samuel Andrews gave up a good Parish in Connecticut and came to Canada, bringing with him from his Church there the Royal Coat of Arms, which is now in "All Saints' Church," St. Andrews, New Brunswick, of which he was the first rector. Capt. Angus McDonald gave up his estate and slaves in North Carolina and raised a company at his own expense to fight for his king and country. He came to Canada and settled on a place near St. Andrews, in New Brunswick, which he called "Highland Hill;" it now belongs, I believe, to Sir Charles Tupper. Capt. McDonald died at Highland Hill. His son, Major McDonald, a clever man, occupied several important offices in St. Andrews, one being "Registrar of Deeds and Wills." Both these men were true and good Loyalists and deserve to have their names remembered. In mentioning the descendants of the Loyalists, two others are still spoken of with much respect, viz.: Robert and Neville Parker, who occupied important positions in New Brunswick, one as Chief Justice and the other as Master of The Rolls. Hoping I have not trespassed too long on your time,

I remain, sincerely yours,
LOYALIST.

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NATIONAL SPORT.

CROSS-COUNTRY CHAMPION.

GEORGE W. Orton has again won the cross-country championship of America. The race was held about a month ago at Morris Park, New York, and about seventy runners competed. Orton's time was 35 m. 41 2-5 secs. His time when he won the same honour in 1897 was 35 m. 58 secs. Orton ran under the colours of the Toronto Lacrosse and Athletic Association. The following description of the race is taken from the New York *Herald:*

"Forty-four jumps were taken during the progress of the race, which was over the regular steeplechase course, including the Liverpool, brush, bank and gripe, bank, hedge, natural brush, Liverpool, hedge and water jumps. The course was over one and three-eighth miles, making the full distance negotiated nearly seven miles. The efforts of some of the athletes to clear the water jump, which was ten feet wide and faced by a hedge three feet high, were ludicrous in the extreme, many of them being saturated by the icy water.

"Seventy-one men responded to the call of the clerk, and sixty-three finished, the tail-enders being more than a mile in the rear of the first division. Orton was the individual favourite, and that he justified the confidence was apparent, as he led pretty much throughout. At the pistol fire he assumed the lead, closely followed by Grady, one of the Knickerbockers, who jumped in front and led to the three-quarter mile mark, with Hollander second and Orton fourth. Racing across the eclipse Orton was in front, three hundred yards ahead of the last man. Going over the water jump the first time the order was Orton, Ryan, Tobin, Hall, Walsh and Grady, the time of the first lap being 6m. 51s. Immediately upon entering the second lap Tobin essayed to take the lead, but it was a mere flash in the pan, and Orton soon rushed to the front, having shed his heavy sweater. Up the back stretch he was going great guns, and it became quite evident that so far as individual honours were concerned there was but one in it, and that one Orton.

"Twenty-one minutes twenty-seven and one-fifth seconds was the mark at three-fifths of the distance. At this point a chill west wind struck the runners, accompanied by a deluge. Orton led by one hundred and fifty yards, entering the backstretch for the fourth time, Herche, Walsh, Malloy, O'Connell and O'Connor being the order which was maintained for another lap. Across the eclipse for the last time the ultimate winner was romping three hundred yards in the van. The last jump was cut out of the finishing lap, the run home being on the last two hundred yards of the T.Y.C. The finish was:—Orton, by three hundred yards; Malloy, by twenty; Herche, by fifty; Walsh, by two hundred; Hall, by twenty; Trede, by twelve, and Hollander and Lighthipe like distances apart."

UNIVERSITY ROWING CLUB.

Early in 1897, a Rowing Club was formed at the University of Toronto with the approval and co-operation of the University authorities. An undergraduate crew visited the North-Western Regatta at Detroit last summer and carried everything before them. Now the club—the first University Rowing Club in Canada—is endeavouring to raise the funds to purchase an eight-oar shell. Every graduate of Toronto and every person interested in encouraging a sport of this character is being asked to contribute, and the movement is worthy of support. Subscriptions may be sent to President Loudon, or to F. A. Young, Hon.-Secretary, 46 Hazelton Ave., Toronto.

THE C.W.A.

The fifteenth annual meeting of the Canadian Wheelman's Association was held in Toronto on the 8th of April. Nearly one hundred clubs were represented at the meeting, and the total vote was 7,016. Peterboro' won the provincial meet, and Winnipeg the national gathering. T. A. Beament, of Ottawa, was elected President, Louis Rubenstein, of Montreal, Vice-President, and A. E.

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Walton, of Toronto, Chairman of the Racing Board. No changes were made in the constitution or the fees.

Speaking of the growth of the Association, President Geo. H. Orr said:

"It has been stated in the public prints that our membership shows a falling off. This is not true. The impression that it had probably arose from the fact that a year ago your Executive placed the mark at which we should aim at 15,000. There was a reason for this hope— a year ago we were prosecuting a vigorous fight against the allied railroad interests of the Dominion. Our object was to secure what we claimed to be a just right for cyclists generally. Our thought was that the unattached would rally to our assistance, and by joining our Association and contributing their quota to our income, show their appreciation and gratitude of our efforts in their behalf. But we evidently over-estimated either our claim upon Canadian cyclists or their ability to give us credit for what we were doing. We failed in getting our 15,000 members; as a matter of fact we did not quite reach 10,000, but we did place our membership at high-water mark. Numerically, the C.W.A. was never so strong as it is to-day."

Secretary-Treasurer Hal. B. Donly, made his report, and from it the following quotations are made:

"Time was, in years past, that the report of the Secretary had to cover the entire ground of the association work. To-day, thanks to the wider interest taken in C.W.A. affairs by most members, and a more generous division of the labour of directing its progress among numerous chairmen of committees, my report may now be confined to a few dry statistics in regard to my office. Our advancement in the matter of membership since last Good Friday has nothing like kept pace with our expectations. At the close of the association year 1896-7 we had on our membership register 9,386 names—a figure which had only grown to 9,602 by March 15th. We are in a position to say we have not retrograded numerically. There has been no falling off in that respect. But, unfortunately, our Executive Committee last spring felt so certain that the association would, as a result of the baggage bill fights, enjoy a boom in membership that we entered upon some expenditures that were needful and which we considered our expectations as to income warranted us in doing. The result has been that while numerically we can still claim to have progressed, so far as finances are concerned, we are not so well off as we were twelve months ago. At that time our surplus of assets over liabilities was $555.29; now the surplus is turned into a deficit of $363.07.

"The membership register showed 9,632 members on the roll.

"A year ago we had 214 affiliated clubs, now we have 249. During the year 79 new clubs joined the association, and 44 were expelled.

"The financial report showed that the receipts from all sources amounted to $9,554, and the disbursements $10,374.18, a loss of $820.45."

THE C.L.A.

The Canadian Lacrosse Association held its annual meeting in Toronto on the same day as the Wheelman's Association. The finances showed a balance on hand of $428.43. The following officers were elected:

Hon. President, J. J. Craig, of Fergus; President, T. Herbert Lennox, of Aurora; 1st Vice-President, T. R. Glanville, of Mount Forest; 2nd Vice-President, P. McMillan, of Beaverton; Secretary-Treasurer, W. S. A. Hartley, of Toronto.

Councillors—E. F. Seagram, of Waterloo; B. R. Kean, of Orillia; Jos. Phelan, of Arthur; H. W. Thomson, of Mitchell; W. McIntyre, of Grand Valley; Lionel King, of Peterboro; W. H. Hall, of Markham; J. D. Bailey, of the Elms, Toronto; H. B. Clemes, of Port Perry; and J. Cameron, of St. Catharines.

The Council reported that the game had been supported with much interest last year and that very keen competition was developed. The junior competitions had proved of great benefit.

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CANADIAN MAGAZINE

JUNE, 1898.



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CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. XI. JUNE, 1898. No. 2.

IN CASE OF WAR.

BY CAPTAIN WILLIAM WOOD, ADJUTANT OF THE ROYAL RIFLES.

TWO phrases continually on the lips of an indifferent public are, *There's no danger of war*, and *It will be all right when the time comes.* They are both time-dishonoured phrases, known to have been used on the eve of disaster by all peoples who have carried the art of prophecy to its highest pitch of imperfection; yet they reappear again and again, as if to prove how easily the public can forget that there are two qualities of statecraft absolutely necessary in the struggle for international existence—a keen insight at home and a wide outlook abroad. It may seem a little absurd to insist upon anything so very plain as this; but we are always forgetting the lesson of experience, and we need to have it driven home hard and often. We all show much optimistic ingenuity in blinking unpleasant facts—and war is an unpleasant fact, and its nature so plain that we do not care to look it in the face. War is an essential part of the universal struggle for existence; its first knowable cause is the necessity of fighting for survival, for life, for the fulness of growth and expansion.

But, quite apart from the general philosophy of war, there remains this special fact to be reckoned with—that the world is still within that phase of evolution in which war is the main determining factor. Since the first Great International Exhibition of 1851, which was to have ushered in an era of universal peace, all the exhibitors have been at war—many of them several times over. Russia and Austria have each had two European wars, France and Germany three each, since that dawn of perpetual peace. Besides, there have been furious insurrections in Poland, in the Balkan States, in Italy, in Spain—and in at least a dozen countries outside of Europe. There has been war in every part of Asia; war in India, in Turkestan, in China, in Burmah, in Annam, in Java, in Arabia, in Persia—in every country from Siberia to Sumatra, and from The Levant to Japan. War in every part of Africa, from Egypt to the Cape of Good Hope, and from the Gold Coast to Abyssinia; war North, South, East and West, and war in the wilds of the Hinterlands. War, too, all over the New World; war in South America—in Chili, in Peru, in Bolivia, in Ecuador, in Brazil, in Uruguay; war up by the Caribbean Sea, and war down by the River Plate. War in Central America—in Guatemala, in Nicaragua, in Salvador; war among the islands—in Jamaica, in Hayti, in Cuba. War in North America—in Mexico, in the United States, in Canada itself. And remember that these wars have been as various in kind as they have been many in number. War settled the adjustment of the Austrian Empire, war gave the leadership in Germany to Prussia; the Second French Republic arose in war,

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the Second Empire was confirmed by war, fell by war and gave place to the Third Republic during war. The boundaries of the vast Russian Empire have advanced, and are advancing still, through war and the power that springs from war. China has fallen in war; Japan has arisen in war. War alone made possible the unification of Italy, the maintenance of the American Union, the formation of the German Empire. And the British Empire, seek peace as it may, is impelled by the irresistible forces of life, growth and expansion into almost perpetual war. And, as we take an outlook upon this half-century of war, and gain some insight into all those clashing interests, racial and national aims and ideals—to say nothing of those inherent forces in human nature which cannot be changed in one generation, and which have persisted through so many—as we take note of these living, growing, expanding forces all around us, how can we believe those little, blind, false prophets with their eternal cries: *There's no danger of war*, and *It will be all right when the time comes!*

If any Canadians think that an Armageddon is only foreseen by alarmists, let them read the following opinion, deliberately pronounced by Lord Dufferin, when summing up the experience of his life, in his farewell speech at Belfast, on the 28th of October, 1896. If they think his keen wisdom and vast experience have only led him astray, let them read any other great authority on international affairs; and, if they think all authorities are wrong together—well, there's nothing for it but for them to study the subject themselves. They will not get very far before they have their eyes opened, at once and forever, to the very real and perilous risks run by every state which neglects its defences:

"And now I come to the second conviction which has been borne in upon me during my long contact with the outside world, and it is this—that, in spite of Christianity, in spite of civilization, in spite of humanitarian philosophies and the triumphs of scientific knowledge, in spite of the lessons of history and bitter experiences of a more recent past, *force*, and not right, is still the dominant factor in human affairs, and no nation's independence or possessions are safe for a moment unless she can guard them with her own right hand. Above all things, it should be remembered that the possession of a sufficient force to command the respect of a nation's neighbours does a great deal more than guarantee a successful defence in the case of unprovoked attack; it also discourages and prevents a hundred irritating, provoking and impossible demands——nay, it even diminishes the risks of dangerous international newspaper polemics, calming and moderating, to a wonderful degree, the menacing attitude of a pugnacious Press, for even irresponsible and anonymous able editors think twice before insulting an enemy, however hated, that has half-a-million armed men at his disposal, though they may use considerable freedom towards a far more inoffensive friend who they know might have difficulty in putting, on a critical emergency, half an army corps in the field. Under these circumstances it would be madness on our part to be misled and deluded by that kind of amiable and benevolent optimism which always prevails among people who have no personal experience of the real, hard, cruel conditions of international existence, or not to maintain in full vigour, both by sea and by land, the preparations necessary for our own preservation."

If facts and forces have any meaning at all, how can we say *there's no danger of war*, or expect that *it will be all right when the time comes*, unless we, too, prepare to guard our own? Being in the New World will not help us out of danger, for there is only one world now—so complex, so sensitive and so well-armed, that defeat and victory will be brought home to us whether we like it or not, will be brought home to every Canadian man, woman and child. Being a small power makes no difference either, for an unarmed Denmark, or Belguim, or Holland, or Switzerland, or Montenegro could not stand for a day. And there certainly is no escape on the plea of being a member of the British Empire; for the Empire and its allies neither will nor can give effectual help, except to those who help themselves. And help ourselves we must; not by arming beyond our strength, which would leave us worse off than ever; but by arming commensurately with our development, and in the truest spirit of "defence, not defiance."

Looked at from an Imperial point of view, it will be seen how we must bring our Militia into line with our advance in nationhood. All the really effective

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forces of the whole Empire may be broadly divided into two kinds: the one Imperial and amphibious, consisting of the Imperial Army and Navy; the other local and military, consisting of every sort of local land force known. The Local Armies should be, as far as possible, self-sufficing for internal war or local attack from without; but, when insufficient, they should be supported in full measure by Imperial aid; and in the case of a great Imperial war, in the issues of which every single part of the Empire would be vitally interested, they, in their turn, should support the Imperial force to the utmost of their power. The first principles of Imperial Defence must be kept steadily in view, if this mutual aid is to be effective. The Navy must be entirely Imperial in origin, character and radius of action; the Imperial Army must be free to act with the Navy upon any base of operations; both together must form one strong, amphibious, mobile force, always ready to play its true rôle in Imperial Defence—that of amphibious attack; and both together must be set free to play this rôle, by receiving the support of Local Armies ready to co-operate from their own bases. Perhaps we shall see these principles a little more clearly by comparing the Empire to a fortified archipelago of five islands—representing the United Kingdom, Canada, India, Australasia and The Cape—all situated on the circumference of a circle, in the centre of which is a sixth island, under Imperial control, and used only as the headquarters of this amphibious Imperial Force. All five would have their own garrisons ready to stand to their guns in case of war; whilst the Imperial Force would be free to strengthen the defence of each and all by at once developing its attack; which attack could, in its turn, be strengthened by the co-operation of the garrisons as circumstances and opportunity allowed.

Now let us see how we have hitherto been preparing to play our part as an auxiliary power to be reckoned with by both friend and foe.

First of all, we must remember that our sedentary militia is nothing else than the whole manhood of Canada, which, by the very just and proper law of the land, is declared liable for service in case of necessity. According to Whittaker's Almanac it forms a "reserve" of 1,030,000 men; but, in any proper military meaning of the word, it is no more a "reserve" than the census blue-books are—being simply a force on paper and a farce in practice.

Next, we must remember that the Militia Act lays down the law for an active force of 50,000, and says that many things "shall" or "may" be done for the "improving" and "better training" of the "said" force. But the practical outcome of all these good intentions is a total of 36,000 of all ranks. These 36,000 men are as good a force as a country which persists in playing at soldiers can ever hope to have. Indeed, the militia is better than Canada has any right to expect; and, if it was only taken up in patriotic earnest, would soon develop into a force second to no other of its kind.

A few details will show us how this militia is forced into inefficiency by successive governments, and convince us that, until some radical change takes place and the country is thoroughly aroused, it must be sheer madness to say *it will be all right when the time comes.* Let us take a look into the different branches of the force, and after that let us try to see what would happen if they were ordered to mobilize in case of war.

The Royal Military College at Kingston is the Canadian Sandhurst, Woolwich and Staff College all combined. It does its work well, sending out a score or so of capable, highly-trained graduates every year, some into the Imperial army, but most into civil life. It also does its work cheaply, costing the country only one cent per annum per head of the population. Naturally enough this work is highly appreciated all over the Empire, all over the States, and everywhere else where an old cadet has gone; also all over Canada, among all the militia, among all civilians qualified to judge, and among all our public

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men with any pretensions to statesmanship. But as Canada allows her government appointments to go so much by favour, and favour to be so much an affair of ignorant, greedy and dishonest politicians, she has only herself to thank if Kingston trains men for every other service but her own. The root of all militia evil is the pettifogging politician.

The Permanent Corps are limited by the Militia Act to a very insufficient strength of 1,000 men, exclusive of officers. They are reduced by the estimates to 802, inclusive of officers. All three arms are generally well below their establishment, and the drafts for the Klondyke will practically destroy the infantry altogether. They are divided into ten units—four of infantry, two of cavalry and four of artillery; and these little units are so isolated that no station has all three arms of the service, and only one can boast of two. Each unit of each arm is far too weak for any real efficiency; the separate units of the same arm are never brought together; neither are the combined units of the three arms; consequently there never can be any manœuvres at all. The field equipment is very far from perfect, and there is no such thing as a corps of engineers, much less any sort of commissariat and transport. The men are enlisted for three years, the officers are appointed by political patronage, promotion is slow and stops at the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, there are no professional prospects to speak of, and no pensions to look forward to. Yet the force itself has a good personnel, with enough able and zealous officers to make it a model school of military instruction, if only the country would complete its organization, set it upon a proper footing, and remove the blighting influences of politics, weakness and isolation.

Now let us take the best known of all military units—an infantry battalion. As we are here on the ground which is most familiar to the general public we may go a little more closely into details.

The section organization in the new Infantry drill is, in many ways, admirably adapted to militia purposes. The section, consisting of not more than 20 men and under its own commander, is the smallest organized unit. As chums are put into the same section, where they live together, mess together, and drill together, it stands to reason that they must be continually learning how to fight together. Unfortunately, in our hurried training, the section is apt to lose its individuality in the company; whilst, on the other hand, the companies are apt to remain too independent of the battalions. The fact is, that, in putting our military house in order, we never lay the foundations properly and never put the roof on at all. Our system works without beginning or end, and it huddles up the middle. A recruit is enlisted and goes through 36 hours drill a year. But he has to go into the ranks long before he has mastered the simplest rudiments of soldiering; then, just as he is in the middle of a course of training, which is always a little beyond him, the annual inspection comes, and with it a pat on the back, after which he is in a fair way towards thinking himself quite the knowing old hand. If the Canadian Tommy Atkins is to be given a fair chance of learning his work, he must go through a regular recruit-course before being put into the ranks at all. If nothing better can be done for him, his first year's service should be made a recruit-course pure and simple; and he should figure in the Militia returns as a recruit and nothing else. And if there is to be a real reserve, it must be got by making our system workable—by having a recruit-course for the beginning, annual trainings for the middle, and a trained, enrolled reserve for the end. A few crack corps do wonderfully well, considering; but our system stunts them for all that, and it forces many a battalion below any proper minimum standard of efficiency. Nothing really good can come of it until it is given a beginning, a middle, and an end, by being based upon the three Militia R's—Recruits, Ranks and Reserves.

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The disproportion between the total of all ranks given in the Militia List and the actual number of rifles ready for the fire-fight is rather alarming to the military eye, and must be somewhat mysterious to the civilian. In the average battalion—which is under 300 all told—there are barely 200 actual combatant rank-and-file. When you have deducted from these all recruits in their first year of service, all men under 20 and over 50, all under the standard height or chest measurement, and all physically unfit, you will be lucky to find much more than 100 left. By re-enlisting old hands you might get back to the establishment of 200; but beyond that you could not go; for, even if a few corps managed to turn out over-strength, they would be counterbalanced by others less favourably circumstanced. Then there is the tendency towards allowing rifle-practice to become a mere branch of sport, an affair of cups and badges, of crack shots and championship teams. Of course, the sport of it is wholly admirable in itself, and the more crack shots we have the better; but the first military consideration is the training of sections and companies in effective fire-tactics. In the great drama of real battle we do not so much want a troupe composed of a few "stars" and many "sticks" as a fire-unit of more well-balanced power.

Supposing, however, that the effective rank-and-file can turn out for war at full peace-strength, then remember that the section-commanders have had very few opportunities of learning how to handle their men, that the officers with the colours are about one-third short of their complement, that new officers are generally raw, and old ones generally rusty. Besides, where are we to find trained men for the Maxim-guns, for signallers, for pioneers and for half-a-dozen other things? Are all these to come out of the miserably thin ranks? Then, how is the battalion to be equipped? A few sealed patterns at Ottawa will hardly go round; neither the Oliver, nor any other equipment, can be manufactured at a moment's notice; and it is impossible to suddenly equip isolated units from a centralized headquarters by even the most lavish contracts. And, after this, how are the regimental supply and transport to be created out of next to nothing on the spur of the moment? When a good citizen is inclined to believe wild clap-trap about a people rising in their might, and flying to arms *en masse*, he should pause to take note of a detail here and there. For instance: an untrained people, however brave, are only a mob; the Canadian people would have to fly a very long way indeed before they found any arms; and, having found some sort of arms at last, they would have to work through all the difficulties we have just glanced at, and do their work with every chance of making confusion worse confounded. Then he should solve this problem which goes to the very root of the matter: How are we to train the personnel into discipline? The solution cannot be given off-hand, nor compressed into a sentence; but the first thing is to begin at the beginning, by imbuing the recruit with the spirit of willing obedience, and teaching him the reason why. The next is to take him, as far as possible, towards true discipline, remembering that the basis of all true discipline is self-sacrifice, trained and organized for the common military good.

The cavalry, besides suffering from all the ills that infantry is heir to, has plenty of troubles of its own; its development is simply impossible under present circumstances, and it urgently requires to be given a generous measure of reform all round. To begin with, it is absurd to treat cavalry in exactly the same way as infantry. It needs a longer recruit-course, longer annual trainings and longer service in the ranks before passing into the reserve; also a stronger peace-establishment. Again, it must be trained as cavalry, and not in two directions at once. The attempt to produce a force of trooper-riflemen has always resulted in failure, and always will. Great things have been expected, time and again, from men to act as both cavalry

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and infantry; but the actual result has invariably been that abortive hybrid, once technically known as a "dragoon," and accurately defined—with quite unconscious wit—as "a soldier who fights *indifferently*, either on horseback or on foot." Cavalrymen must know how to use their carbines on foot when necessary, and they must know their work as the eyes and ears of an army, too; but they must also be trained to use shock-tactics, they must be taught to charge. Mounted infantry are quite distinct from cavalry, being mounted solely for mobility, and for no other purpose whatsoever. They have their own part to play, and an important part it is; but they must play it as very mobile infantry, and as nothing else. A corps of mounted troops in our Militia, fitted for its all-round work in war, would require several specialised component parts trained to act together: there should be cavalry, horse artillery to support it, mounted infantry, with maxims to act in co-operation, and cyclists to do the road-work.

To get some idea of the difficulties in the way of a field battery, we must add most of the infantry and cavalry together, and throw in the questions of draught-horses, of ammunition columns, and of all the intricacies of a complicated material of war.

The Garrison Artillery not only has infantry and artillery troubles in full measure, but suffers from some false training as well. The English coast defence system—elaborated after naval models—is applicable to such places as Halifax and St. John, and to the coast of British Columbia. But the garrisons of other places want something different. The Cobourg company, for instance, might be drilled with the new six and twelve-pounder quick-firers, which, being land service guns on naval mountings, would serve for harbour defence either afloat or ashore. And the Montreal regiment might be distinctively siege and position artillery, drilled with forty-pounders and howitzers, and practised in horsing for the requisite mobility.

The engineers are the fourth arm of the service, and are an indispensable auxiliary to the other three. The Canadian Militia has just two active companies and a reserve of officers! This speaks for itself.

What do you think would happen if this whole Militia was called out together? What indeed! There are twelve military districts in Canada, each with some sort of brigade staff. But there are considerably over 100 separate units, not more than four of which could safely be formed into one brigade. Now, four times twelve make forty-eight; so you have used up your staff before you are half through with brigades alone. After brigades come divisions, requiring larger staffs; and after divisions come army corps; and after that—The Deluge!

But even if the force could be got into the field, what would happen then? How is it to be fed and moved about and supplied with all the material of war? Where is the commissariat, the transport, the hospital corps? Where are the field equipments, the reserve of ammunition and the columns to take it to the front? What is the possible output of the cartridge factory at Quebec and the militia store department at Ottawa? Where are the depôts for recruits and reserves and re-mounts for the cavalry corps? None of these things are fancy articles, nor expensive luxuries, nor military bric-à-brac of any kind; but each and all of them, in due proportion, are necessary component parts of every army which means business and no single one of them can be improvised on the spur of the moment. If you will read the official reports on the North-West Rebellion, you will see how hard it was to keep a fraction of the force at the front; how, in order to do this, the personnel of many units not in the field was called upon for various services; how the reserve material of the whole Militia was drawn upon; and, most important of all, how very unsatisfactory all the various make-shifts were found to be. The able and gallant members of the North-West force succeeded because the resources of the

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whole Militia were strained for their support. But had half the Militia been needed at the front, the strain on the military resources of Canada would have reached the breaking point. Things have altered a little since then; but, until every single branch of the service has an effective peace-footing to form upon, it is simply out of the question to talk about calling out the whole Militia. And as for a national *levée en masse*, it is both absurd and impossible—a thing beyond the bounds of reason altogether.

Before leaving our inquiry we must go back to one point already noted, because it is of supreme importance for both present and future—this is the question of officers. Whatever else the country may do, it must see that the militia has competent officers, and plenty of them. We are nearly a third short now, which is most unsatisfactory. But this is hardly to be wondered at so long as Canada only "plays soldiers" with the force which she expects to find *all right when the time comes.* Many suitable men cannot believe in the reality of our military needs, and find it hard to see their patriotic duty from the proper point of view. Every man fit to be "an officer and a gentleman" owes his country service in the Militia; and the country should always encourage him to come forward, not compelling him to spend too much money, though, of course, not putting any in his pocket when all accounts are settled up. Many men have unsuspected qualifications for the military calling; boxing, fencing, wheeling, athletics of every kind, running the rapids yourself, and every other form of manly sport are all real aids to training for war. Riding to hounds, or a day after cariboo, will show one how to learn the lay of the land. Handling a yacht in a squall, or taking hockey and football teams through to victory, are no bad preparation for leading a company or a squadron. A good chess-player is an apt pupil at the war-game, which itself helps on towards tactical fitness for command. In short, a man may approach the "fit and proper" status in a hundred pleasant ways.

The commission once taken, it would be well to remember a dictum which embodies the views of all great masters of the art of war: "It is an unanswerable assertion that only by the study of the past experience of war has any great soldier ever prepared himself for commanding armies." Now, a good scholar who was an officer might learn something from even such remote accomplishments as a knowledge of the Classics or Italian, for the human factors in warfare are always the same. Besides, Thucydides can give points to Von Moltke and Napier in the sense of proportion; Cæsar's account of his victory over the Nervii is better reading than anything by Sir William Russell or Mr. Archibald Forbes; and Machiavelli's views on a militia are better than those of most Canadian Cabinet Ministers. And as for contemporary military literature, there is enough and to spare. All soldiers know their Hamley and Prince Kraft, their Franco-German War and the works of Sir George Clark, Sir Charles Dilke, General Maurice and Mr. Spenser Wilkinson; and most of them have learnt the secret of sea-power from Captain Mahan. The Canadian militiamen have all the problems of the Northwest stated in the official reports, and can study the Raid of 1866 in the vivid account of Colonel Denison and in recent numbers of this magazine. But there must always be great difficulty in choosing from out of such a superabundant mass of information; and this should be overcome by creating an Intelligence Department under a Staff college graduate, who, being well up all round and knowing French, German and Russian, should stimulate and direct our studies by every means in his power.

Reorganization is beyond the scope of the present article. All that can be done here is to set down an A, B, C suggestion for it. The Militia must have, first of all, complete organic life, and all its organs full proportional development, lest the breakdown of one organ should cause the death of the whole body; secondly, there must be Recruits, Ranks and Reserves; and

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thirdly, an effective peace-establishment, numbering one-hundredth part of our population, should be trained for an average of one-twentieth part of the year. Surely this is not excessive; and it is well worth aiming at, for the Militia, reorganized within these limits, would fully safeguard Canada, without in the least straining her resources.

But this safeguard of our present life, our future growth and our abiding honour can only be obtained by awakening, throughout all Canada, a quickened sense of our dangers and our duties as the foremost sovereign state within that mighty Empire which, in the time to come, must organize its whole united strength if it would hold its own in the midst of an eager, hard, mail-fisted world. We need not be at all unneighbourly, still less jingoistic in the least degree; but, always keeping well within the limits of our strength, we should put our organized Militia at once upon an equal footing with the rest of our national development. All the sentiments and resources in the world cannot take us out of danger unless we are well organized; and unorganized resources always keep the hour of danger close at hand, for those who make themselves sheep never find a lack of wolves. Under these circumstances our duty lies plain before us. Canada has urgent need of a direct appeal from all that is most able in her Press to all that is most patriotic in her citizens; so that an undivided country—rising above the strife of parties for the common good—may give its mandate to the statesmanship of Parliament. And this appeal should go forth now; for other Powers are readier than our own, and the question which the guardians of their destinies are asking their far-posted sentinels to-day is the very question of the days of old—"Watchman, what of the night?"

William Wood.

TO JUNE.

I BRING my petty triumphs all to thee, dear June,
And with them all my blighted hopes and ruined dreams;
And, nestling in thy bosom, hear thy loved voice croon
Above me in the pine-tops, where a soft wind streams

Up from the daisied meadows, where thy holy peace
Rests like a benediction on the smiling land.
My soul from sorrow, in thy presence, finds release—
Finds healing in thy breath and in thy flowery hand.

Ambition came between us, and I wandered far
Upon a thorny way; but now thy wearied child
Turns yearning back to thee, praying thou wilt unbar
The golden portals to thy dwelling, undefiled.

Bradford K. Daniels.

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OLD NO. 7.

A Railway Tale.

A PECULIAR propensity for the abnormal is a gift bestowed upon me by my ancestors. I intuitively note points of departure from the ordinary, wheresoever found. A strange leaf, flower or insect, an unusual contour or depression—anything out of the common—presents a problem to be solved. An impelling influence takes direction over me and says, "Why is this thus?—you must find out."

Being constructed after this fashion, you may imagine what a quivering note of interrogation I became when, on a brief visit to Slocum-on-the-Flat, I saw, in a patch of garden by the side of the railway, the battered fore-carriage of a locomotive, of ancient pattern, resplendent in a new coat of paint. That it had outlived its usefulness I saw; then, why was it in that garden, and so carefully tended? Why had it not been broken up, instead of being left there to worry people? "If," I said to myself, as we drew into the station, "I wasn't going to stop here, that confounded thing would have brought me back; my duty to a curious family would have demanded a solution of the mystery."

"Depend upon it," I muttered, "that thing has been planted there for a purpose; it's a put-up thing to make people stop at this little one-horse place, that's what it is. If one man stops and stares hard at nothing, plenty of others will stop and stare at it, too. The company knows that; it owns the land hereabouts, mayhap, and wants to boom it. The directors said to themselves: 'This is a sweet little place, has all the desiderata for suburban residences; no footpaths, no water, no gas, difficult to get to, or out of—everything perfect, in fact; only, it isn't known. What's to be done about it? We must lure the people here, somehow.'"

"I've got it!" says a bloated shareholder, "put up Old No. 7 in some unusual and prominent place, it's sure to attract some curious cuss who'll want to find out all about it; then he'll talk and that'll fetch others, see?—the trick's done!"

The antiquated old fossil of a machine worried me so that I walked back to it, up the line, and there discovered a once complete porter, placidly hacking with the aid of one hand and a hook.

"She ought to be broken up!" I said.

"She'll never be broke up whilst I live," returned the old man, with something of indignation in his tones and gestures. "It's evident you don't know that engin', sur."

There was a quaint, kindly look about the battered old chap that favourably impressed me. He was short and bent and had lost a leg, its place being supplied with one of wood. He was clad in an old worn suit of corduroy, with a peaked cloth cap, bearing in front, in metal letters, the legend "Porter." His hair was of the variety known to science as "carrots," and it covered his face nearly to the eyes. His hand and leg had been taken off while shunting with Old No. 7, he said, but he was careful to explain to me that he didn't bear her any malice on that account; on the contrary, he was grateful to the "Ole Gal," and thereby hangs this tale.

"She's bin a good gal in her time," said the old man, warmly, "a good gal, one of the best; no other engin' 'ain't done what she done," and he waved his hook oratorically.

"Now, my friend," I remarked, "I'm a lonely stranger and an orphan, likewise an unsophisticated Canadian, unaccustomed to guile; tell me, therefore, with as little rustic adornment as possible, the unsandpapered

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facts about this machine. What particular crime has she been guilty of to cause her to be left out here in all weathers?"

"I be a goin' back to the village, arter I finish this row," returned the old cripple, "and if so be as how you don't mind I a walkin' along o' you, I'll tell yer all about it goin' along, sur." He finished the row, locked up his tools in a handmade shed and was soon stumping along by my side. Job, job, stumped the wooden leg, the iron hook was in full swing. "Who leads a good life is sure to live well," chirruped the maimed old porter.

My curiosity was diminishing, my interest in that locomotive was growing gradually less—I had met a philosopher!

"You're not overpaid?" I queried.

"No, mister, no, ten bob a week don't keep up much of a palace. It's a bit awkward to know what to do with that vast sum every seven days; but we does it, yus, the old 'oman and me does it. Yer see, there's three shillings fer rent, that leaves seven; it don't go fur in poultry, of course, but, then, we never were much o' ones fer game; and it comes ter quite a big lot when yer comes ter count it up in fardins," said the old chap, brightly. "No," he added, reflectively, "we ain't got nothing ter grumble erbout, we ain't."

Joskins—the old chap's name was Joskins—was richer than a millionaire.

"What I'm er goin' ter tell yer about happened forty years ago, mister," he began.

"Forty years!" I exclaimed, "it's a long time."

"It's forty year ago this werry day," he continued, "and I'm sixty-foive; 'cause why? it's my birthday.

"Do you smoke?" I asked.

"When I can get any 'bacca," replied the old fellow.

I filled my pipe and handed him the pouch. "Take the lot," I said.

His eye twinkled, he hung the pouch on his hook, and emptied its contents into his waistcoast pocket with his hand. He handed back the pouch, filled a clay pipe dexterously, struck a match, inhaled a volume of smoke and exhaled it by slow emissions.

"Good?" I queried.

He nodded his head. "It are," he said, emphatically.

"It was in the arternoon," began the old cripple, "just such a day as what this one's been; clammy and cold, with just enough damp to make the rails what I calls greasy. I'd a been very busy shunting since early morning with Old No. 7, only she warn't called Old No. 7 then, just plain No. 7 she was and a beauty, too, I can tell yer. Not so pow'ful, p'raps, as what these new-fangled things is, but a good deal more prettier, I think. I can tell yer just exactly all about it, 'cause there ain't bin no alteration worth speaking about since, only that brick bridge what yer sees down the line there, which was wood. If that there bridge had a bin a brick 'un, then, what I'm a goin' ter tell yer erbout wouldn't a happened; but, there, somethink worse might a done—yer never knows, and I ain't a goin' ter grumble anyways."

Puff, puff, went the pipe; job, job, stumped the leg; the iron hook was in full swing again.

"P'raps I better explain things a bit," he continued, "afore I talk, you not knowin' nothink about the suckamstances; leastways, it ain't likely, you not being borned then, maybe.

"Well, yer see, I was considered a tidy likely chap like, then; and I'd a bin married about two years ter Sarie Jane Smith, what had bin housemaid up at the 'all, and a loikely wench she wur, too, and so she's proved. Well, we had a little boy, as 'ansum a little young 'un as ever you clapped yer eyes on, and all the nayburs said as how he did favour me consid'rable. Only he had somethink the matter with his eyes, and the squire, he were that good, he was, he told us to take him horf to Lunnon and he'd pay ther' spences. So Sarie, what had a sister in Lunnon, where she was arsked ter stay, and kindly welcome, she goed, and fust rate the baby did get on, he did. So she rote ter say as how she'd be back by ther two-forty from Lud-

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gate, what got here erbout foive. And she said how pleased I'd be, and how pleased she and the baby wor and how pleased we'd all be, a spending my birthday tergether, loike.

"We had two pints atween here and Stanbourne Junction, like what we got now, for shunting; and two pints and a pretty big siding t'other side, fer brick trucks mostly, the brickfields over the hill beyont sendin' a tidy lot a bricks ter London and Dover and thereabouts. On the partic'lar day I'm telling yer about, me an' my mate'd made up a big load of heavy trucks at ther Junction to push up here on the siding ter reload, expecting ter get through afore the down five was due. Well, we got on all right until we come to this steep grade here, 'though passin' over ther bridge I did say to my mate: 'Lor, Bill, how that ricketty thing do shake.' And he, bein' busy a firin' like, he says, 'Oh, she'll be a fallin' some o' these fine days, I told yer.' We got on werry well, I say, until we do come to this steep grade here, when I'm blest if the ole gal didn't stick, and move her we could'nt.

"We was in a tidy way, er course," he resumed, "being expected to do ther job all right, and ther time getting on for ther down five; but what with ther weight behind, ther steep gradient and ther greasy rails, there we just stuck, and move her we couldn't, leastwise forards. We was in a tidy way, fer sure, a blocking the line like that, with Sairey and ther little un a coming, and ther squire an' a large party; me a knowin' 'cause I'd promised to 'sist ther coachman with ther luggage.

"Well, bein' in er fix we had ter git out of it the best ways we could, and so, arter a consertation with ther station-master, he told us ter run back and git on ther up line by ther pint above the bridge until ther foive was through, and it's lucky I did."

"Why was it lucky?" I asked.

"You'll see how lucky it wor, when I told yer," replied Joskins.

"Well, it wor easy enough goin' back'ards down that steep grade," he continued, "and all was agoin' all right 'ceptin we bein' anxious cos things was so wrong, like, we not bein' able to go for'ards like wot was expected; we was a gettin' along all right, I say, until we comes to ther bridge; then there was a katastropy, 'cause ther bridge kerlapsed—me not a seeing it much 'cause I was throwed unner ther ingin'. But ther down was saved and Sairey and ther baby an' ther squire an' his party, 'sides others. An' my mate an' ther guard they jumps, and I was the only one what was hurt, and that's what I calls fortunit; werry for'nit," he added, with a beam, "and it bein' my birthday, too!"

"It's surprising how really good-looking ugly people can seem," I said to myself.

"People behaved werry 'an'some, arterwards," he added, "werry 'an'some. The squire, being a director, had the engin' put up where she be, me bein' fond of her, she saving ther down, like, and I couldn't drive no more; and the comp'ny they was werry 'an'some, too, 'cause they let me have ther bit o'groun' what I got now, an' they don't charge nothink; and they kep' me on ever since, a doin' odd jobs erbout ther station, er sweepin', an' errants, an' ther like er that."

"At the magnificent salary of ten shillings weekly!" I added.

"Yus," returned the old hero, misinterpreting my meaning, "it be werry 'an'some of 'em, bain't it?"

W. E. Hunt (Keppell Strange.)

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THE MAKERS OF THE DOMINION OF CANADA.

A Series of Twelve Illustrated Papers on Famous Men and Incidents of Canadian History, from the Norse and Cabot voyages until Federal Union (986-1867.)

BY DR. J. G. BOURINOT, C.M.G., F.R.S.C., AUTHOR OF "THE STORY OF CANADA," AND OTHER WORKS ON THE HISTORY AND GOVERNMENT OF THE DOMINION.

VIII. THE CANADIAN HEROES OF THE WAR OF 1812-14.

BY 1812, or thirty years after the coming of the Loyalists, there were between five hundred and five hundred and fifty thousand people within the limits of the provinces of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, Lower Canada and Upper Canada, all in the enjoyment of representative government. Of the total French and English population there were probably two hundred and twenty thousand persons who spoke the English language. Seventy thousand were found in Nova Scotia, forty thousand in New Brunswick, ten thousand in Prince Edward Island, twenty thousand in Lower Canada, and eighty thousand in Upper or Western Canada. The French people made up at least one-half of the total population of all British North America. These people had some grievances, and political agitators, notably the writers of the *Canadien*, were creating jealousies and rivalries between the French and English races, chiefly on the ground of the dominant influence of the British minority in the administration of public affairs. On the whole, however, the country was prosperous, and the people generally contented with British rule, whose freedom bore such striking contrast to the absolutism of their old French masters. The French Canadians might be justly considered as loyal supporters of British connection, which protected their church, their language, and their civil law and customs. The majority of the British population were the Loyalists and their descendants, who had become deeply attached to their new homes, whilst recalling with feelings of deep bitterness the sufferings and trials of the American revolution, and the cruelty and tyranny which had driven them from the old colonies when rebellion was triumphant. This class were naturally attached to British rule, and hostile to every innovation which had the least semblance of American republicanism. In the western part of the Province of Upper Canada there was, however, an American element composed of people who had been brought into the country by the liberal grants of land made to settlers, and were not animated by the high sentiments of the Loyalists of 1783 and succeeding years. These people, for some years previous to 1813, were misled by political demagogues like Wilcox and Marcle, both of whom deserted to the enemy soon after the outbreak of the war. Emissaries from the republic were busily engaged for months, we now know, in fomenting a feeling against England among these later immigrants, and in persuading them that the time was close at hand when Canada would be annexed to the Federal republic. Some attempts were even made to create discontent among the French Canadians, but no success appears to have followed these efforts in a country where the bishop, priests and leading men of the rural communities perfectly appreciated the value of British connection.

It demanded, however, such a war as that of 1812-14 to stimulate the latent energies of all classes of people, drive out of the country all those persons who were positively disloyal, force the weak and uncertain to take a decided

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part, and bring out a national and imperial sentiment, which gave even then a certain unity to the isolated communities of British North America. It may be said that this war was really a blessing in disguise, since it showed the United States that Canada was determined to remain a part of the British dominions, and at the same time gave the people confidence in their ability to hold their own on this continent as long as they remained faithful to the British Crown.

The statesmen and politicians of the United States who were responsible for the war looked on the British Provinces as so many weak communities which could be easily invaded and conquered by the republican armies. Upper Canada with its long and exposed frontier, its small and scattered population—some of whom were not loyal, or at least of doubtful loyalty—was considered to be utterly indefensible and almost certain to be successfully occupied by the invading forces. There was not a town of one thousand souls in the whole of that great province, and the only forts of any pretension were those on the Niagara frontier. Kingston was a fortified town of some importance in the eastern part of the province; but York had no adequate means of defence. At the commencement of the war there were only fourteen hundred and fifty regular troops in the whole country west of Montreal, and these men were scattered at Kingston, York, Niagara, Chippewa, Erie, Amherstburg and St. Joseph. The total available militia did not exceed four thousand men, the majority of whom had little or no knowledge of military discipline, and were not even in possession of suitable arms and accoutrements, though, happily, all were animated by the loftiest sentiments of courage and patriotism. In the lower provinces of Eastern Canada and Nova Scotia there was a considerable military force, varying in the aggregate from four to five thousand men. The fortifications of Quebec were in a tolerable state of repair, but the citadel which dominates Halifax was in a dilapidated condition. The latter port was, however, the rendezvous of the English fleet, which afforded always adequate protection to British interests on the Atlantic coasts of British North America, despite the depredations of privateers, and the successes attained during the first months of the war by the superior tonnage and equipment of the frigates of the republic. But the hopes that were entertained by the war party in the United States could be gathered from the speeches of Henry Clay, of Kentucky, who believed that the issue would be favourable to their invading forces, who would even "negotiate terms of peace at Quebec or Halifax."

When we consider the large population and powerful resources of the American Republic with the weakness of the British Provinces at a time when England was crippled by European complications, we cannot be surprised that the authors of the war in the United States should have gone into it with much confidence on their side. The total population of the Union was upwards of eight million souls, of whom a million and a half were negro slaves in the South. Large wastes of wild land lay between the Canadian settlements and the thickly populated sections of New England, New York and Ohio. It was only with great difficulty and expense that men, munitions of war and provisions could be brought to the frontier during the war. Despite these natural obstacles to the invasion of Canada, the Government was able to send army after army into Canada, especially into Upper Canada. It was estimated that during the war the United States had a militia force of between four and five hundred thousand men called out to drill, and for service whenever necessary, and a regular army of thirty-four thousand officers and privates. The forces that invaded Canada by the way of Lake Champlain, Sackett's Harbour, the Niagara and Detroit Rivers, were vastly superior on all occasions to the Canadian army of defence except in the closing months of the war, when Prevost ordered his Pen-

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insular veterans to retire from Plattsburg.

One condition was always in favour of Canada, and that was the sullen apathy or antagonism felt by the people of New England with respect to the war. Had they been in a different spirit Lower Canada would have been in far greater danger of successful invasion and occupation than was the case at any time during the progress of the conflict. The famous march of Arnold on Quebec by the Kennebec and Chaudière Rivers might have been repeated with more serious consequences while Prevost, and not Guy Carleton, was in supreme command in the Lower Province. No doubt the Government of the United States, in hoping for a successful result to the war, especially in Canada, was largely influenced by the knowledge that England was forced to employ nearly all her military resources in Europe, where she was engaged in a bitter struggle against Napoleon. It is melancholy to think that a people of British origin on this continent should have ever looked forward to a tyrant's success, and the consequent downfall of England.

It is not possible within the limits of this short paper to do anything like justice to the War of 1812-14 by a description of the various battles and engagements which reflect so much credit on the courage of the British troops as well as on the militia of Canada, who took so active and effective a part in this memorable struggle for the integrity of their country. I can attempt to limn only the events which stand out most plainly on the graphic pages of this momentous epoch in the Canadian history, and pay a humble tribute to the memory of these men, whose achievements saved Canada to England in those days of trial. From the beginning to the end of the conflict, Upper Canada was the only province that suffered from the hostile army. It was the principal battle ground upon which the contestants fought for the supremacy in North America. Its frontiers were frequently crossed, its territory was invaded, and its towns and villages were destroyed by the ruthless hand of a foe who entered the province, not only with the sword of a soldier but even with the torch of the incendiary. The plan of operations at the outset of the campaign was to invade the province across the Niagara and Detroit Rivers, neither of which offered any real obstacles to the passage of a determined and well-managed army in the absence of strong fortifications or a superior defensive force at every vulnerable point along the Canadian banks. Queenston was to be a base of operations for a large force which would overrun the whole province and eventually co-operate with troops which would come up from Lake Champlain and march on Montreal. The forces of the United States in 1812 acted with considerable promptitude as soon as war was officially declared, and had they been led by able commanders the result might have been most unfortunate for Canada. The resources for defence were relatively insignificant, and there was indecision and weakness shown by Sir George Prevost, then Commander-in-Chief and Governor General—a well-meaning man, who was wanting in ability as a military leader and was at the time hampered by the vacillating counsels of the Liverpool Administration, who did not believe war was imminent until the province was actually invaded. It was fortunate for Canada that she had then at the head of the Government in the Upper Province General Brock, who proved that he fully comprehended the serious situation of affairs when his superiors both in England and Canada did not appear to understand their full significance. He inspired the Legislature of Upper Canada with his confidence and patriotism, so that the majority in the lower House rose superior to the vacillating and doubtful counsels of a small minority influenced by Wilcox and Marcle, who were subsequently expelled. The Assembly passed an address which gave full expression to the patriotic sentiments which animated all classes of people when the perilous state of affairs and the necessity for energetic

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action became apparent to the dullest minds.

The Legislature of Lower Canada authorized, from time to time, a large issue of "army bills," which were most effective in their operation. The other provinces also made considerable contributions to the public defences.

The Loyalists and their descendants as well as other loyal people rallied at the moment of danger to the support of Brock, and the immediate result of his decisive orders was the capture of the post of Michillimackinac, which had been, ever since the days of the French regime, a position of great importance on the upper lakes. Then followed the ignominious surrender of General Hull and his army to Brock, with the consequent occupation of Detroit and the present State of Michigan by the British troops. Later, on the Niagara frontier, an army of invaders was driven from Queenston Heights, but this victory cost the life of the great English general, whose promptitude at the commencement of hostilities saved the province. Among other brave men who fell with Brock was the Attorney-General of the province, Lieutenant-Colonel John Macdonell, who was one of the General's aide-de-camps. General Sheaffe, the son of a Loyalist, took command and drove the enemy across the river, in whose rapid waters many were drowned while struggling to save themselves from the pursuing British soldiery.

A later attempt by General Smyth to invade Canadian territory opposite Black Rock, on the Niagara River, was also attended with the same failure that attended the futile attempts to cross the Detroit and occupy the heights of Queenston. At the close of 1812, Upper Canada was entirely free from the army of the republic, the Union Jack floated above the fort at Detroit, and the ambitious plan of invading the French province and seizing Montreal was given up on account of the disasters to the enemy in the west. The party of peace in New England gathered strength, and the only consolation given to the promoters of the war were the triumphs obtained at sea by some heavily armed and well-manned frigates of the United States—much to the surprise of the Government and people of England, who never anticipated that their maritime superiority could be in any way endangered by a nation whose naval strength was considered so insignificant. But these victories of the republic on the ocean during the first year of the war were soon effaced by the records of the two subsequent years when the *Chesapeake* was captured by the *Shannon*, and other successes of the British ships restored the prestige of England on the seas. The only danger to British commerce arose from the depredations of the numerous swift privateers that carried the Stars and Stripes, but the captures they made were very insignificant compared with the prizes taken by British cruisers.

In the second year of the war the United States won some military and naval successes in the upper province, although the final results of the campaign were largely in favour of the defenders of Canada. The war opened with the defeat of General Winchester at Frenchtown, on the River Raisins, in the present State of Michigan; but this success, which was won by General Procter, was soon forgotten in the taking of York, the capital of the province and the destruction of its public buildings. This event forced General Sheaffe to retire to Kingston, while General Vincent retreated to Burlington Heights when the invading army occupied Fort George and held the Niagara frontier. Sir George Prevost showed his military incapacity at Sackett's Harbour, where he had it in his power to capture a post which was an important base of operations against the province. On the other hand, Colonel George Macdonell made a successful attack on Ogdensburg and fittingly avenged the raid that an American force had made a short time previously on Elizabethtown, which was called Brockville not long afterwards in honour of the great general. An advance of the invading army on

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the position held by General Vincent was checked by the memorable success won at Stoney Creek by Colonel Harvey and the surrender at Beaver Dams of Colonel Boerstler to Lieutenant Fitzgibbon, whose clever strategy enabled him to capture a large force of the enemy while in command of a few soldiers and Indians. When September arrived, the small, though all important, British fleet on Lake Erie, under the command of Captain Barclay, sustained a fatal defeat at Put-in-Bay, and the United States vessels under Commodore Perry held full control of Lake Erie. A few weeks later, General Procter lost the reputation which he had won in January by his defeat of Winchester, and was beaten under circumstances which disgraced him in the opinion of his superiors, on the River Thames not far from the Indian village of Moraviantown. This village was wantonly destroyed by the triumphant forces led by General Harrison, who had won some reputation in the Indian campaign in the Northwest, and became, as well as his grandson, in later times, the President of the United States.

It was in this engagement that the Shawenese Chief, Tecumseth, was killed and a faithful and brave ally was lost to England. Matters consequently looked very gloomy in 1813 for English interests in the west, when the auspicious tidings spread from the lakes to the Atlantic that the forces of the republic, while on their march to Montreal by the way of Lake Champlain and the St. Lawrence, had been successfully met and repulsed at Chateauguay and Chrystler's. These were two of the most memorable engagements of the war, when we consider the insignificant forces that checked the invasion and saved Canada at a most critical time.

In the last month of the same year Fort George was evacuated by the American garrison, but not before General McClure had shamelessly burned the pretty town of Niagara, and driven helpless women and children into the ice and snow of a Canadian winter. General Gordon Drummond, who was in command of the western army, retaliated by the capture of Fort Niagara and the destruction of all the villages on the American side of the river as far as Buffalo, then a very insignificant place. When the new year dawned the only place in possession of the enemy was Amherstburg on the western frontier.

The third and last year of the war was distinguished by the capture of Oswego and Prairie-des-Chiens by a British expedition, the repulse of a large force of the invaders at Lacolle Mill in Lower Canada, by the surrender of Fort Erie to the enemy, the defeat of General Riall at Street's or Usher's Creek in the Niagara district, the hotly contested battle won at Lundy's Lane by Drummond, and the unfortunate retreat from Plattsburg of Sir George Prevost, in command of a splendid force of Peninsular veterans, after the defeat of Commodore Downie's fleet on Lake Champlain. Before the year closed and peace was proclaimed Fort Erie was evacuated, the Stars and Stripes were driven from Lake Ontario, and all Canadian territory was free from the invader except Amherstburg.

The capital of the United States had been captured by the British and its public buildings burned as a severe retaliation for the conduct of the invading forces at York, Niagara, Moraviantown, St. Davids and Port Dover. Both combatants were by this time heartily tired of the war, and terms of peace were arranged by the Treaty of Ghent at the close of 1814; but before this news reached the south, General Jackson repulsed General Pakenham with heavy losses at New Orleans, and won a reputation which made him President a few years later. The people of the United States generally welcomed the end of a war which had brought them neither honour nor profit, and seemed likely to break the Union into fragments in consequence of the hostility that had existed in New England from the very beginning of the conflict. The news of Prevost's retreat from Plattsburg, and of Downie's defeat

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which gave control of Lake Champlain to the United States, no doubt hastened the decision of the British Government to enter into negotiations for peace, which was settled on terms by no means favourable to Canadian interests. The question of the New Brunswick boundary might have been then adjusted on conditions which would have prevented at a later day the sacrifice of a large tract of territory in Maine, which would be now of great value to the Dominion.



MAJOR-GENERAL SIR ISAAC BROCK.

From a Painting by J. W. L. Forster, painted from a portrait in oil owned by the late Hon. John Beverley Robinson and a photograph, both taken from the original miniature in the possession of Mrs. Tupper, Island of Guernesy.

At the close of the war the British troops were in possession of the whole seaboard between the Penobscot and the St. Croix, and the United States had only a nominal hold of an insignificant post on the Canadian side of the Detroit. An impartial historian of the United States, Mr. Henry Adams, shows that the Duke of Wellington, who had no ambition to go to Canada, as was contemplaled before the cession of hostilities, largely influenced the terms of peace and the abandonment of a claim for territory on the part of England. The questions for which the United States professedly went to war were not adjusted by the Treaty of Ghent, and the only positive advantage which accrued to the Canadians was a later settlement of the fishery dispute, which gave the people of the provinces that control of their fisheries which had been ignorantly sacrificed by the treaty of 1783.

No class of the people of Canada contributed more to the effectiveness of the militia and success of the war

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than the descendants of the Loyalists, who formed so large and influential a portion of the English population of British North America. All the loyal settlements on the banks of the St. Lawrence, on the Niagara frontier, and on the shores of Lake Erie, sent many men to fight by the side of the regular British forces. Even aged men who had borne arms in the revolutionary war came forward with an enthusiasm which showed that age had not impaired their courage and patriotism, and although they were exempted from active service, they were found most useful in stationary duties at a time when Canada demanded the experience of such veterans. "Their lessons and example," wrote General Sheaffe, "will have a happy influence on the youth of the militia ranks." When Hull invaded the province and issued his boastful and threatening proclamation, he used language which must have seemed a mockery to the children of the Loyalists. They remembered too well the sufferings of their fathers and brothers during "the stormy period of the revolution," and it seemed derisive to tell them now that they were to be "emancipated from tyranny and oppression, and restored to the dignified station of free men." The answer made by Brock touched the loyal hearts of the people, whose family histories were full of examples of "oppression and tyranny," and of the kind consideration and justice of England in their new homes. "Where," asked Brock, with the confidence of truth, "is the Canadian subject who can truly affirm to himself that he has been injured by the Government in his person, his property or his liberty? Where is to be found, in any part of the world, a growth so rapid in prosperity and wealth as this colony exhibits? Settled not thirty years by a band of veterans exiled from their former possessions on account of their loyalty, not a descendant of these brave people is to be found who, under the fostering liberality of their sovereign, has not acquired a property and means of enjoyment superior to that possessed by their ancestors." These people, to whom this special appeal was made at this national crisis, responded with a heartiness which showed that gratitude and affection lay deep in their hearts. Even the women worked in the fields that their husbands, brothers, and sons might drive the invaders from Canadian soil. The Prince Regent, at the close of the war, expressly thanked the Canadian Militia, who had "mainly contributed to the immediate preservation of the province and its future security." The Loyalists, who could not save the old colonies to England, did their full share in maintaining her supremacy in the country she still owned in the valley of the St. Lawrence and on the shores of the Atlantic. Among the men of this class were several notable in Canadian history. Sir Roger Hall Sheaffe, who was Commander-in-Chief and Lieutenant-Governor in Upper Canada on the death of General Brock, was a son of a British official in Boston. Many Canadians remember him chiefly in connection with the retreat of the British troops from York—the only course open to him under the circumstances—and full justice has not been shown him for having won the victory at Queenston, where the British forces were for the moment disheartened by the death of Brock and his brave aide, while attempting to carry the heights, then held by the invaders.

Colonel Alexander Macdonell, Speaker of the Assembly, had served in the loyal forces during the revolutionary war and taken part in the battle of Oriskany. He acted as assistant paymaster-general to the militia, and was taken prisoner at Niagara in 1813. He was sent by his captors to Lancaster, in Pennsylvania, and imprisoned, we are told by his biographer, "in the same place in which his father, who in early life had fought with Prince Charlie at Culloden, had previously been kept prisoner, in consequence of his stern loyalty to the British Crown during the revolutionary war of 1776-83."*

*See J. A. Macdonell's "Sketches of Glengarry in Canada," Pp. 16 and 17.

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John Beverly Robinson, son of Christopher Robinson, of Virginia, who first settled in the Maritime Provinces, and an eminent Chief Justice of Upper Canada at a later day, served in the York Militia and fought at Detroit and Queenston Heights. James Buchanan Macaulay, also a Chief Justice of the same province, served in the Glengarry Fencibles and fought at Ogdensburg, Oswego, Lundy's Lane and Fort Erie. Christopher Hagerman, afterwards a judge, a man of remarkable intellectual gifts, served as provincial aide-de-camp to Sir Gordon Drummond, and was present at Lundy's Lane. Allan McNab, a Premier of Canada and Baronet in later days, first acted as a midshipman under Sir James Yeo, who directed naval operations on the lakes, and subsequently joined the army and assisted in the taking of Fort Niagara, and in the unfortunate march on Plattsburg. Laura Secord was the daughter of Charles Ingersoll, a Loyalist, and married to a man of that stock. Had she not courageously undertaken the dangerous duty of finding her way from Queenston to De Cew's stone house, near Beaver Dams, in the Niagara District, and warned Lieutenant Fitzgibbon that an attack was contemplated on his little force, Colonel Boerstler would never have been surprised and forced to surrender with nearly six hundred men and officers, besides several cannon. The distance between Queenston and the De Cew's cannot be more than twelve miles in a direct line, but Mrs. Secord was obliged to follow a circuitous route and proceed slowly and cautiously in a country where she might meet a foe at any moment, and where heavy rains had increased her difficulties while passing through the woods and crossing the swollen streams. It took her from dawn to dark on a June day to reach the British Station, where her sudden appearance was greeted with loud yells by the Indians encamped in the neighbourhood. A Canadian poetess,* the descendant herself of a Loyalist, has told in fitting verse the story of a loyal Canadian woman, who illustrated the spirit of her sex in those trying times:

"Fair dawns the light in opal skies,
The radiant Canadian morn
With all its matchless, sparkling hues,
And spruce scents on the fresh winds borne.
The silver daisies multitude
Upon her hurrying feet intrude,
And all the bluebells sway and swing
Their tiny bells in welcoming;
While from the elm tree's topmost spray,
A robin pours his roundelay.

Turn from the highway, turn aside!
The road's besieged, the foe is near,
The signal call, the rifle's ring,
The trampling of the steed is there.
Turn to the wilderness aside,
Let the great sun be trusty guide,
Climb fallen tree, o'er green morass,
Swift let the sinking footsteps pass.
Glided a snake athwart the moss?
Howled a wild beast the mere across?
Whizzed there a bullet through the air?
Steadfast she goes to do and dare.

In this one woman's hand is held
The fate of hundreds strong and true,
Betrayed, outnumbered, shall they fall
Unwarned, before the foeman's crew?
And shall the glorious, honoured cross,
Go down in strange dismay and loss,
Banner for which our heroes died,
For centuries our nation's pride,
Go down in shamed defeat, a prey
To the striped flag of yesterday?

Glistens a river far awest,
The bridge lies rifle guarded well,
How deep the sullen water runs,
How deep the bank—she cannot tell.
Step in, brave feet. Not men alone
With lives unwritten, names unknown,
Can face grim death at duty's call,
Can win a laurel for their pall,
Can die unthanked, unpraised, unseen;
Women have learnt this art, I ween.

Knee high, waist high, the water came,
It touched her shoulder, kissed her lip:
Stand steady on the oozy slime,
Heart must not fail, nor footsteps slip.
The bank is gained with westering sun,
Haste, Laura, haste, 'tis almost won!
With bleeding feet, lips parched and dry,
She sees the pink-flushed sunset sky,
And drags her weary steps, at last,
Into the road, the peril past.

* * * * *

Sleep, Laura Secord, resting well
Serenely pillowed 'neath the grass;
Tender and reverend be the steps
That by thy green grave pause and pass,
The while across the ages long,
Oh faint, Oh far, sweeps down a song,

*Miss Ellen Murray of St. John, N.B., a relative of Col. Murray mentioned in paper VI. of this series.

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SIR ROGER H. SHEAFFE.

Created a Baronet for his gallant conduct at Queenston Heights in October, 1812. He died in Edinburgh in 1851.

From graves of heroes of our race,
From many an honoured resting-place ;
'Numbered with us on glory's roll,'
Be this Canadian dauntless soul."

The 104th Regiment, which accomplished a remarkable march of thirteen days in the depth of winter, from Fredericton to Quebec, and lost only one man by illness, was chiefly composed of descendants of the loyal founders of New Brunswick. Conspicuous among the brave men who fought at Ogdensburgh in 1813 was Captain John Jenkins of the Glengarries, who commenced his military careeer in the New Brunswick Fencibles, who were subsequently known as the notable regiment of the British line just mentioned. The men of the Lincoln Brigade — among whose officers were the Servoses, Merritt, Claus, Secord, and Law,—were nearly all Loyalists.*

The heroes of the war were many. Canadians can never forget the name of Brock, whose decision of character in the moment of supreme necessity saved the country ; of John Macdonell, who died by his side on Queenston Heights ; of George Macdonell, who raised the Glengarry Fencibles and distinguished himself at Ogdensburg and Chateauguay ; of Salaberry, who illustrated the bravery of many generations of French Canadians since the days of Champlain ; of Harvey, afterwards a governor in the Maritime Provinces, whose success at Stoney Creek was a turning point at a critical moment of the war in the west ; of Fitzgibbon, who won well-merited fame by his exploit at Beaver Dams ; of Bisshopp, devoted and fearless, who died a soldier's death at Black Rock ; of Clark, who captured Fort Schlosser at the head of a detachment of the Lincoln Militia ; of Handcock, whose suc-



FROM THE CABOT CALENDAR.

SIR GORDON DRUMMOND.

* Kirby's "Annals of Niagara," p. 160.

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cessful defence of Lacolle Mills against a vastly superior force entitles him to fame; of Henry Medcalf, who, at the head of men of the Norfolk and Middlesex Militia, did good service on the Thames; of Evans, who led the second battalion of the 8th King's Regiment from New Brunswick to Canada through the forest, and served in every engagement of the war; of Murray, who captured Fort Niagara in 1813, and otherwise distinguished himself; of Vincent, who showed high qualities as a commander under circumstances of great difficulty; of Drummond, who was hardly inferior to Brock as an able leader, and won a victory at Lundy's Lane when all the conditions were in favour of his foe. The historian could extend this list indefinitely if he should attempt to recall all the incidents of heroic effort and self-sacrifice that happened in this memorable struggle for the security of Canada. For instance, one Allwood had been severely wounded by a boarding pike which had pierced his left eye, and came out through his left ear, but he answered a call to arms though weak, almost unfit for active service. The annals of the noble county of Glengarry are full of the evidences of the patriotism and military ardour of the Macdonells, McDermids, Leslies, Camerons, Frasers, McPhersons, McMillans, Fergusons, McGillivrays, Macleods, McKenzies, Shaws, Campbells, McMartins, McKays, MacQueens, and others of "that ilk." The York Militia performed valiant service, and so did all the volunteers of the Niagara district. As Bishop Plessis stimulated a patriotic sentiment among the people committed to his spiritual care, so Vicar-General Macdonell, of Glengarry, subsequently the first Roman Catholic Bishop of Upper Canada, performed good service by assisting in the formation of a Glengarry regiment, and otherwise taking an active part in the defence of the province, where his will be always an honoured name. Equally indefatigable in patriotic endeavour was the Reverend John Strachan, then Rector of York, and afterwards a famous bishop of the Anglican Church, who established "The Loyal and Patriotic Society," which did incalculable good in relieving the necessities of women and children, when the men were serving in the battlefield, in providing clothing and food for the soldiery, and otherwise contributing towards the comfort and succour of all those who were taking part in the public defences This energetic, resolute Scotchman had a poetic strain in his nature, and paid the following tribute to Brock and Macdonell when their bodies were temporarily resting in a bastion of Fort George, before they were removed to the monument at Queenston Heights:



LAURA SECORD.

The Heroine of the Beaver Dams.

"Why calls this bastion forth the patriot's sigh,
And starts the tear from beauty's eye?
Within its breach intrepid Brock is laid
A tomb according with the mighty dead,
Whose soul devoted to its country's cause
In deeds of valour sought her just applause.
Enrolled with Abercromby, Wolfe and More
No lapse of time his merits shall obscure.
Fresh shall they keep in each Canadian's heart,
And all their pure and living fires impart.
A youthful friend rests by the hero's side,
Their mutual love death sought not to divide.

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COLONEL DE SALABERRY.

The muse that gives her Brock to deathless fame
Shall in the wreath entwine Macdonell's name."

The annals of this war are full of incidents of self-sacrifice, physical endurance, patient suffering and heroic endeavour that could well be woven into a romance which should fully reproduce the spirit of those times when the Canadian provinces took the first steps on a career of national development. Many engagements and battles of the contest possessed features of dramatic interest, which have not yet been adequately described by any historian. Canadians might well wish for a Canadian Parkman, who would tell the story of those stirring times in such a spirited narrative as records the supreme struggle between France and England during the Seven Years' War; such a narrative as we all recall when we stand on the heights of Quebec, on the grassy mounds of Louisbourg, or by the ruins of Ticonderoga, whose history is allied with a most memorable epoch in England's imperial fortunes, when she was laying the foundations of a vast colonial domain, and making herself dominant in the land of the Moguls.

Of the engagements of the war of 1812-14 there are two which, above all others, possess features on which the historian must always like to dwell. The battle which was fought against such tremendous odds on the banks of the Chateauguay, by less than a thousand French Canadians, led by Salaberry and Macdonell, recalls, in some respects, the defeat of Braddock near the Monongahela. The woods of the Chateauguay did not present such a scene of carnage as was witnessed at the battle of the Monogahela, but, nevertheless, they seemed to the panic-stricken invaders, who numbered many thousands, alive with an enemy whose strength was enormously exaggerated, as bugle sounds and Indian yells made a fearful din on every side. Believing themselves surrounded by forces far superior in numbers, the invaders became paralysed with fear, and fled in disorder from an enemy whom they could not see, and who might close upon them at any moment. In this way Canadian pluck and strategy won a famous victory which saved the province of



TECUMSEH.

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Lower Canada at a most critical moment of the war.

If we leave the woods of Chateauguay, where a monument has been raised in recognition of this brilliant episode of the war, and come to the country above which rises the mist of the cataract of Niagara, we see a little acclivity over which passes that famous thoroughfare called "Lundy's Lane," where rises a stately shaft in commemoration of another famous victory—in many respects the most notable of the war—won by a gallant Englishman, whose name still clings to the pretty town close by.

This battle was fought on a midsummer night, when less than three thousand British and Canadian troops fought six hours against a superior force, led by the ablest officers who had taken part in the war. For three hours, from six to nine o'clock at night, less than two thousand held the rising ground, which was the main object of attack from the beginning to the end of the conflict, and kept at bay the forces that were led against them with a stern determination to win the position. Sunlight gave way to the twilight of a July evening, and dense darkness at last covered the combatants, but still the fight went on. The assailants once won the height, but only the next instant to find themselves repulsed by the resolute daring of the British. Happily, at the most critical moment, when the defenders of the hill were almost exhausted by the heroic struggle, reinforcements arrived, and the battle was renewed with a supreme effort on both sides for three hours longer, from nine o'clock to midnight. The battle was now fought in the darkness, only relieved by the unceasing flashes from the muskets, whose sharp reports mingled with the deep and monotonous roar of the great falls. It was a scene worthy of a painter whose imagination could grasp all the incidents of a situation essentially dramatic in its nature. The assailants of the Canadian position gave way at last and withdrew their wearied and disheartened forces. It was in all respects a victory for England and Canada, since the United States army did not attempt to renew the battle on the next day, but retired to Fort Erie, then in their possession. As Canadians look down "the corridors of Time," they will always see those flashes from



PHOTOGRAPH BY NOTMAN, MONTREAL.

SIR ALLAN MACNAB.

At the Age of Seventy.



SIR JAMES LUCAS YEO.

Commander of the British Fleet on the Lakes.

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the musketry at Lundy's Lane, and hear the bugles which drove the invaders of their country from the woods of Chateauguay.

The war did much to solidify, as it were, the various racial elements of British North America during the formative stage. Frenchmen, Englishmen, Scotsmen from the Lowlands and Highlands, Irishmen and Americans, one and all, united to support British connection, and to lay the foundations of a Confederation which, six decades later, would extend the dominion of England from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean. The character of the people, especially in Upper Canada, was strengthened from a national point of view by the severe strain to which it was subject. Men and women alike were elevated above the conditions of a mere colonial life, and became animated by that spirit of self-sacrifice and patriotic endeavour which tend to make a people truly great. Canadians, like Englishmen, must always regret that the intrigues and passions of politicians should have forced the United States into a war with the country from which the majority of its people were sprung, and which was engaged in a deadly struggle with a selfish tyrant whose ambition threatened the liberties of the world. If we now recall the story of the past with its blood-stained pages, it is not with the desire to perpetuate animosities between peoples who should always live on terms of the most perfect amity, but simply with the object of proving to the world how deeply rooted is that sentiment of loyalty which has always bound the Canadian people to the British Empire.

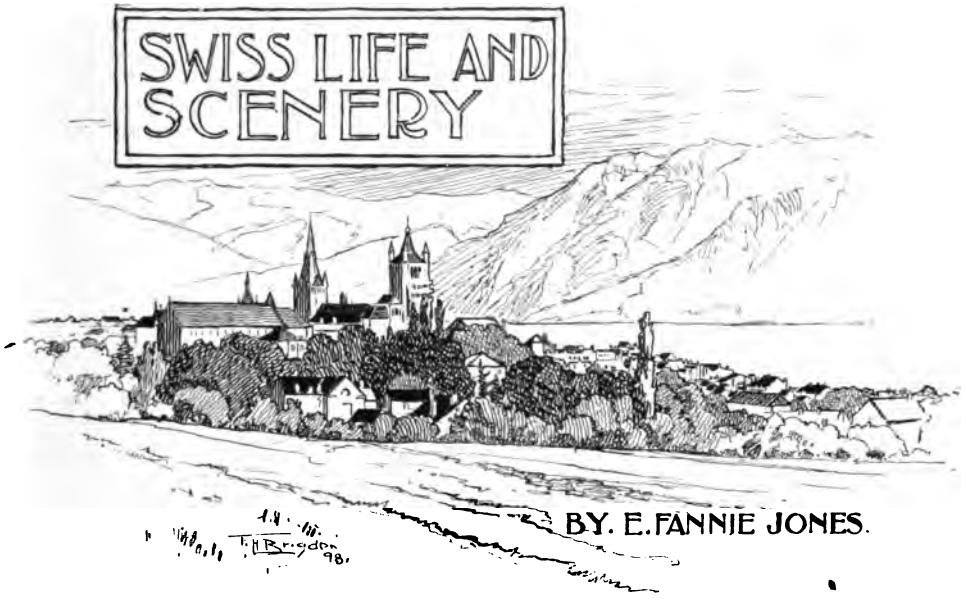
(To be Continued.)



CANNON FROM COMMODORE PERRY'S FLEET.

This Old Relic is one of the Curiosities pointed out to Tourists who visit Fort Mackinac, Michigan.

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I.—STREET SCENES IN SWITZERLAND.

ONE morning in the month of May, 1897, the express from Paris to Lausanne drew up at Vallorbes, and we stepped out upon the platform to get our first glimpse of Switzerland. The sun had just risen, the air was clear and frosty, and the panorama of the Jura spread out before us was magnificent. The passengers walked to and fro to gaze at it from various points, and all agreed that the view of the mountains equalled their highest expectations.

Running down to Lausanne we passed an ever-varying scene of mingled grandeur and beauty—the spring flowers and verdure gradually increasing in richness and abundance, while from time to time we caught a glimpse of Mont Blanc rising in all his majesty in the distance. To one who did not yet know what prospects Switzerland had to offer, it seemed as though the view could not be surpassed, and that it was well worth coming all the way from Canada to behold. The journey was over all too soon, though I was glad to find myself at last in the famous and beautiful city of Lausanne.

Since that morning I have had all kinds of experiences. I have seen life in the towns, life in the mountains, life in the schools, and life in the streets;



DRAWN FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

PEASANT WITH A "HOTTE" ON HIS BACK.

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and it is of the last especially I would like to write, for much that I have seen appears to me to be both strange and interesting.

But let us return to the railway platform. What is to be done about the luggage is the first question. One has scarcely alighted from the train before he is surrounded by a number of jabbering men in blue blouses and red caps, on the latter of which is the sign "Commissionaire autorisé." To one of these worthy men one hands the neat, clean little piece of paper which takes the place of the heavy metal check used in Canada, knowing that in a short time this porter will arrive at the proper destination with all the baggage on his back. These men carry very heavy loads for great distances.



PHOTOGRAPH BY LOUVRIER, LUSANNE.

LUSANNE—THE MARKET PLACE.

Now we will set off, and as you have come to the land of mountains to learn to climb, scorn the train and go on foot. It is to be hoped that your breathing apparatus is in good order, for the climb from the station to the Place St. Francois, the centre of the town, is pretty steep. And we had better walk like others in the middle of the road. In Canada, a slippery sidewalk is thought to be the only valid reason for this little eccentricity, and even in such a case it is only some old people and a very few lazy ones who will admit that the ice is too much for them. Here in Switzerland everyone despises the narrow stone pavement, and before one has been long in this city of rapidly mounting and descending streets, he will find it a great relief to go where there is some room to put one's arms akimbo so as to take breath, or swing them to keep one's balance on a rapid down grade. The streets are mostly paved with stone, and there is no more filth and dirt on the roadway than on the narrow footpath, but as the streets of foreign towns cannot be commended for their cleanliness, perhaps the less said on that point the better.

As you glance around at your fellow foot-passengers and notice that they are mostly heavily laden, you will feel as though an empty-handed person like yourself should easily outstrip them. But no! Try it and you will see. Everything seems to be carried in a large basket or "hotte" on the backs of humans. And although "everything" is a big word, it is hardly an exaggeration, for all sorts of household supplies, all kinds of merchandise, and even enrichment for the soil, are transported in this way. The Swiss back seems to be peculiarly strong, and it is

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astonishing what burdens it can bear. A baker will pack one hundred and eighty pounds of bread into a "hotte," which reaches from his neck to his knees, and will travel about with his gradually diminishing load for two or three hours. The streets are watered by men who carry on their backs large tin tanks, from which a tube conveys the water to a sprinkler which the man holds in his hand.

Wednesdays and Saturdays are market days in Lausanne, and it is then that one sees what a prominent rôle the "hotte" plays in the Swiss life. The commercial centre of the town is in a deep hollow, into which run curious, crooked streets from all directions. On market days most of these highways are closed to carriage traffic of every kind. They are lined on both sides with women who display in flat baskets, three feet long by two broad, every staple and delicacy of the season, from cabbages, which abound at all times, to the ideal wild mountain strawberries. Among other things displayed in the baskets of the market women are beets already boiled, and vegetables shredded fine and mixed ready for soup. Indeed, either in these streets or on the market square may be found anything the heart may desire—flowers, fruit, vegetables, dairy products of all kinds. We might also suggest, in passing, that if you are wanting cheese and do not know just where to look for it, follow your sense of smell, and it will guide you to a spot where cheese in all its varieties and conditions will be found. You will be thankful if you are served quickly. In the square can be purchased also dry goods of a certain grade, books old and new, tinware, baskets and household furniture. You will be interested in seeing the teams, in which are coupled a horse and an ox which have brought in the supplies from the country. These two animals seem to work well together, and to a person coming from a country where oxen are not in general use for such labour, the patient, quiet steadiness of these beasts appeals wonderfully.



PHOTOGRAPH BY A. GARVIN, GENEVA.

LUSANNE—PLACE DE LA PALUD.

Everyone goes to market, and every housekeeper takes with her a small son with a "hotte" in which to carry home the vegetables. Should she not have the good fortune to possess a small boy of her own, she can easily hire one to carry her "hotte," so that there is every facility for following the fashion. And speaking of small boys suggests two very economical hints as to a boy's wardrobe. Here almost every boy—I am not speaking of the children of the

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FROM A PHOTOTYPE. LAUSANNE—ANOTHER VIEW OF PLACE DE LA PALUD.

wealthy, but of children of the middle and poorer classes—wears over his suit a blouse or pinafore made of good stout galatea, high-necked and long-sleeved, and reaching to the bottom of his trousers. This is the usual costume for a boy from twelve years downwards, and a very sensible one, too, from a mother's point of view. Then, all boys wear socks. We have seen fellows of five feet eight with an interval of bare leg between the short trousers and the sock. What an amount of knitting and darning this custom saves! There is also another very sensible custom in the matter of dress. The men wear a cape instead of an extra coat, and it must be a great comfort. A Canadian friend, who was with us for a while and tried the Swiss overcoat or overcape, was charmed with it.

But we must pass on. It is possible that you would like a little refreshment before climbing the next hill. Where shall we go? Ah, that is the question. There is nothing quite corresponding to a Canadian lunch room; I have searched in vain for it in any Swiss town that I have visited. There are cafés for men, but of them I am not in a position to speak; and there are confectioners where you can get a cup of tea and a roll served either in the shop or out on the sidewalk, whichever you like, and when you have once got over the first shock of eating in the public streets you will prefer doing that to suffocating in a badly ventilated room. There are a few places where the sign in English, "Afternoon Tea," guarantees pure air, specially arranged, no doubt, for the inveterate British lovers of open windows. But it is impossible to find a lunch room where a plate of delicately fried fish or a puffy omelet might restore one's temper after a tiring morning's shopping. Never mind, you can step into a baker's and have a "flute," which consists of half a yard of light, delicious bread about as large round as two fingers. This is something Canadians have yet to learn how to make.

One of the most pleasing features of the Swiss streets are the children. All are pretty, even the poorest wee ragamuffin. They have such good features, clear complexions and clean skins, and altogether refined appearance, and they are, as a rule, clean and tidy. But most of the boys seem to die young, for it is the rarest thing to see what we would consider a handsome and well-kept man. Even the young men are wanting in that spruce-

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ness and—dare we say it?—cleanliness in dress which mark a gentleman. I attended a large public meeting of representative men, and among some two hundred not one could be found whose personal appearance at all approached the ideal. If one does happen to see a man who is carefully dressed, one may know at once that he is a Frenchman or an Englishman. The students, as a class, are much in evidence on the streets from the fact that the members of the various societies are known by their bright blue, green, red, white or yellow caps, and by bands of their particular colours running diagonally across their vests from the shoulder. The cap is either peaked or in the form of a Tam o'Shanter. This particular style of badge is not much to be admired. A man who is not a member of any society is called a "chameau," a name which carries with it the utmost shame and disgrace.

Although the students in ordinary street dress do not kindle admiration, yet one has only to see them in evening costume in order to grow enthusiastic as to their appearance. After having attended several entertainments given by different societies of students, I was especially charmed with one given by the Zophingue, the patriotic society of the Swiss Universities. A branch of this particular society is found in almost every town from which men have gone to universities. The soiree above referred to was given in the theatre at Lausanne, and consisted of music, a comedy, and an opera, all carried out in excellent style. The grouping of the students for the choruses was most effective, and I could not help wishing that our university men also had some distinctive evening dress. The colours of the Zophingue are red and white. Their caps or Tam-o'Shanters are white, with red and white bands; the shoulder ribbons are red and white. The knee-breeches and high top-boots, the white gauntlets reaching to the elbow, and the close fitting black coats with trimmings of braid, give a most dressy and stylish appearance to even ordinary-looking men.

The new members are the bearers of the horns which are used as drinking cups in the gatherings of the students. In processions, and at concerts, the mouths of these horns are filled with flowers, usually red and white. The effect on the stage of some fifty of these men, with their gay flag as a centre-piece, is charming. It would be quite



LAUSANNE—INTERIOR OF THE CATHEDRAL.

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worth while for the men of Canadian universities to adopt a costume for such events as the Glee Club concerts, Conversaziones, and the like. The introduction of bright colours is a wonderful relief to the eye, and lends to these evenings given by students a gaiety and brightness which has its influence on the audience.

It is interesting to learn that this society of Zophingue had its origin in the year 1819, in a small Swiss town called Zophingue, from which circumstance it takes its name. In this town is held each year, at the end of July, the grand rally of the members to elect committees and to make one another's acquaintance. The motto of the society is "Patrie, Amitie, Science." There are four other societies, besides many other smaller ones organized by different groups of students from other countries.



GROUP OF STUDENTS BELONGING TO THE SOCIETY OF ZOPHINGUE, THE PATRIOTIC SOCIETY OF THE SWISS UNIVERSITIES.

The Students are in Evening Dress.

And now a word or two about fountains, for they play an important part in Swiss life. In many of the towns they are almost the only source of water supply, and thus become the meeting place for men and beasts. I was once entertained for several hours by the comings and goings in the square at Brigue. From a large stone pillar in the centre of the square, four jets of water fell into a huge trough. The running water was for man, and that in the basin for their four-footed friends, and the birds. Men, women and children came with all kinds of vessels in their hands or on their backs. There were meetings of all sorts, indifferent, friendly, quarrelsome; lovers evidently made the fountain a trysting-place, and we were witnesses of several very long-drawn-out conversations. There were opportunities for the strong man to help the little child who could not reach up to the spout, or the feeble old woman who could not shoulder her burden. The small boy found an amusement in squirting at the new-comers—in fact, the history of life went on around this fountain. Then a coach would come rolling into the square, and as soon as the horses were set at liberty they went to quench their thirst. Then the sound of bells would herald the approach of cows or goats. At times there were most striking groupings of the villagers and the fashionable tourists arriving after a drive over the great Simplon Route.

At the fountains the women do all their household washing, and even on a cold winter day in the midst of snow they may be seen scrubbing and rinsing with great zeal. At Geneva there are public washing-houses along the river for this branch of domestic economy, and this is one of the things which to the traveller give the place a foreign stamp.

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The shops may be briefly referred to. The large departmental store is unknown, and indeed the shopkeepers are so very particular to deal only in certain articles, their own particular line, that it is sometimes provoking. For instance, one may have to buy a dress in one shop and the binding for it in another. I had an amusing experience recently in connection with this matter of not knowing just where to find things. A Canadian friend was very anxious to take back with him a Swiss flag, so we went out one afternoon to buy it. There was a miserable selection in one or two stores, and we were finally advised to get a flag made at a drygoods shop. This we did, but we heard afterwards that the place to go in order to have a choice of flags was the barber's. That idea had not occurred to us. In connection with this flag there was another little incident. As no doubt our readers know, the Swiss flag is red with a white cross in the centre. Imagine our dismay on finding when our flag came home that the white material had been joined in two of the arms in most ugly seams. We took it back to the shop and made our complaint. The spirit of Swiss economy appealed to us in the most plaintive tone: "Don't you think it would be a pity to take a piece of cloth of the wider width, for there would be a piece left over?" But our consciences were untouched, and we recklessly said that was nothing to us, for we wanted a perfect flag.

But while one may smile at this illustration of an excessive and almost sordid economy, we must not forget that it is typical in its nature. Industry, self-denial and economy sedulously cultivated from generation to generation have become engrained in the Swiss nature and have built up a strong national character. To these simple hereditary virtues may be attributed in a large degree the stability and independence of this sturdy little republic amid the various convulsions of surrounding nations, and their success in deriving a wholesome if not luxurious subsistence from an unpromising soil and amid the rugged hills by which they are surrounded.

(To be Completed in Three Parts.)

THE POWER OF SYMPATHY.

THE hunchback drew his bow across
His violin; and tenderly
The sweet notes rose, light as a bird,
From sadness into ecstasy.
Like tears to laughter, charged with love,
A weird but happy fantasy
He played—grief, sufferings forgot
In music's perfect sympathy.
From out the temple of his soul
He drew such wondrous harmony,
It turned the whole world into song
And wrapped his life in melody.

A. Isabel Wonham.

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MEETING COUSIN AGATHA.*

"POM."

"Heartsease."

He had come back for another good-bye kiss and loomed above her impressively. She put up her fragile finger and caught his coat lapels.

"You won't make a mess of it, dear boy? You'll keep your whole mind on cousin Agatha? Keep saying 'Cousin Agatha—cousin Agatha—cousin Agatha,' over and over, so you won't forget you're going to meet her."

"Cousin Agatha—cousin Agatha—"

"O, no, you needn't begin now! O, Tom, it makes me have the cold shivers—if I could only go instead of you!"

The face of Heartsease against the pillow was wistful and distinctly anxious. Prof. Pomeroy Pettingill Lee regarded it with whimsical tenderness.

"Don't worry, little woman," he cried cheerfully. "I'm on my good behaviour this time. You shall see how I'll distinguish myself. Hoper-may-die if I don't."

"Well, I'll trust you, Tom. Now, let me review you once more. She's little like me—"

"Little like me," murmured the big man meekly.

"And doesn't wear glasses—most everybody does, you know—and has light hair, and smiles. When we went to school together she always smiled; I should know her just by that. Now, say your lesson after me."

He repeated it gravely.

"There, now you may go, dear boy. If he only doesn't get things mixed," she thought, following the big, square figure across the room with loving eyes. "If he only does it right! Pom, Pom!"

"At your service, 'm."

"No, don't come back. Are you certain sure you read the letter all through?"

"Hoper-may-die if I didn't, little woman!"

"O, dear," still worried Heartsease softly, "if I'd only read it! Why did I have that nervous headache just when it came? And then why did Pom lose it? O, dear!"

Meanwhile Prof. Pomeroy Pettingill Lee was swinging down street with painful alertness in every motion of his big figure. He was keeping his mind on cousin Agatha. Wild horses themselves should not drag it away.

The city clock clanged loudly, insistently in his ears and reminded him of the flight of time. He hailed a passing car and settled himself comfortably on one of its cushioned seats. Might as well ride and reserve all his strength for cousin Agatha.

There was a trifling hitch in his complacent self-resignation when the conductor came around for fares. Where in the world was that change? Confound it, a man had as many pockets as a centipede had feet! Ah, there it was, and something else, too—cousin Agatha's lost letter.

"I'll review it a bit, now it's turned up again so handy," thought the Professor, smoothing out the crushed, sweet-scented sheet on his knee.

"My dear cousin—m-m-m-m-m-m and reach you at about three forty-five in the afternoon (that's all right side up)—m-m-m what!"

The Professor straightened himself, aghast with horror. He had never seen that part before—heavens, no! He didn't read that to Heartsease. Now, why by all that was mighty must a woman tack on a postscript to everything she wrote! And this postscript—

The poor man groaned aloud in his extremity, and the meek little man beside him was moved with pity.

"Are you in pain, sir?" he inquired softly in his ear.

"Pain? pain? I'm in the last extremities. I'm nearly gone."

And he was obliged, out of sheer

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gratitude for the little man's compassion, to accept one of the tiny white lozenges he proffered with nervous agility.

"P.S.—I shall bring baby with me. Of course I could not leave him, and, besides, I know he will amuse you. He is so cunning!"

She was going to bring the baby with her! Cousin Agatha was going to bring the baby! And Heartsease hadn't known it, to tell him what to do!

He half rose to his feet with a wild idea of going back to little Heartsease for directions. Then he sank back on his seat again, for the city clock was clanging half-past three. Too late!

"You have had bad news, sir?" crooned the little meek man's kind voice again.

"Yes, O, yes, certainly, confounded bad news! Cousin Agatha's going to bring—that is—er—I will bid you good day, sir. I—will get out here."

No need of imposing cousin Agatha's baby on everybody else, but, confound it, the little meek man didn't look as if a baby would throw him into a panic. He probably had plenty of them at home. And they hadn't known—Heartsease and he hadn't—that there was any baby in cousin Agatha's quarter of the world. But of course they might have imagined it—well, there was nothing for it now but to accept the inevitable—and the baby.

The 3.45 express was just steaming into the great station with grunts of disapproval at being pulled up. Crowds of out-goers were eddying toward the long chain of cars, to be presently met and jostled by the incoming throng. Cabmen were shouting with hoarse persistence, and baggage was being methodically maltreated. Confusion was rampant.

Prof. Pomeroy Pettingill Lee, with great presence of mind, waited near the entrance of the ladies' room for cousin Agatha and the baby. They would have to go in through that door and out through the opposite one—they could not escape him! He felt a wild impulse to accost all the women as they approached with: "Are you cousin Agatha?—or you?—or you?"

Fortune favoured him, for in all the steady stream of travel-stained, weary women filtering through the door past him, there were only two babies, and one of those was a little shiny affair in ebony. The other one was, of course, cousin Agatha's baby.

"Here goes!" muttered Prof. Pomeroy Pettingill Lee, setting his teeth and brushing past the babyless women with a stifled groan, and fortifying himself with the memory of little Heartsease.

The white baby's mother was "little"—he docked off the items on his fingers mentally—"didn't wear glasses" (or did cousin Agatha wear 'em?)—and "smiled." To be sure, it was a very faint, tired smile that, it was evident enough, was entirely for the baby's benefit. But a smile's a smile, and this one served to identify cousin Agatha.

The little woman sank down on a seat near the door, and proceeded to re-arrange the baby, whose soiled little clothes were in a tumble.

The Professor, waiting to reinforce his courage, heard her crooning to it in the fashion mothers have—"There, there, it shall be all smoothy-smooth again, yes it shall! Mother will drive away all the ugly wrinkles—so."

The baby crowed appreciatively. The little pink, creased face swayed, and wriggled into its bonnet.

"Let me take the baby," the professor said, plunging in without foolish waste of ceremony. There's just time to catch the 4 o'clock car up."

The weary little mother looked up at the towering bulk of the big, strange man, with a gasp of meek astonishment. He was clutching at the baby—he had him in his arms! Land of mercy! But his eyes were honest and kind.

"Are you Tom?" she stammered, eagerly, searching the resolute, martyr-like face for possible points of resemblance to her idea of "Cordelia's husband." "She said he'd meet us at the depot."

"Certainly, certainly," assented the

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big man briskly, thinking cousin Agatha a little familiar with pet names. No one but Heartsease called him Pom —he did not notice the changed consonant. But what did it matter? It was the baby that mattered, and the baby was adjusting himself to the broad shoulder and crowing like a young bantam. His grimy little fists were pommeling the Professor's cheekbones with impartial thumps—the baby was quite at home!

"Here she goes! Your bag, ma'am —that's right. I can take it in my other hand. Now, then, we'll have to step a bit lively."

And they were presently crossing the great room and making excellent headway toward the 4 o'clock car up. Prof. Pomeroy Pettingill Lee was conscious of feeling a modest degree of pride at his own handiness, with the crumpled, squirming little budget on his arm—it was easy enough, if you shut your eyes and plunged in. How proud Heartsease would be! In his mind's eye he saw her pale little face lighting up approvingly, and in his mind's ear Heartsease was saying: "Splendid, Pom! You're doing it like a hero!"

Poor little Heartsease, in his mind's eye he could not see the wistfulness in her face that crept in always at the sight of little children—and in the "dear boy's" arms!

Cousin Agatha's baby plunged wildly and was caught with a neat trick that presented itself for the emergency out of the mists of old baseball days. The danger was over for that time. But did all babies have the St. Vitus' dance, or was it an affliction monopolized by cousin Agatha's baby? How often did the fits come on? Would there be time to get to the car before the next one?

A group of the Professor's students looked up in undisguised amazement as the little procession swept by them, and one of them collapsed weakly into the arms of the others.

"Hold me! Save me!" he gasped. "The old chap's picked up somebody's kid in an absent-minded fit and is making off with it!"

Half way down the long station the baby's mother made a discovery that filled her with dismay. "Land of mercy, I've left my little handbag!" she cried, but in the din the professor did not hear. "I must have left it right where I was sitting—I'll hurry back—it's got the baby's best bonnet in it. I won't be gone more'n a minute!" And the crowd swallowed up her rusty little figure. On the corner, outside of the station, the car was starting and the Professor and cousin Agatha's baby hailed it wildly.

"Hurry up!" shouted the conductor, crossly, his fingers twitching on the rope.

The Professor stood aside for cousin Agatha to enter, and then followed the stout, unwieldy female down the aisle, unsuspecting and serene. So far, everything was going on finely—the saints send a prosperous ending to the enterprise! He settled himself and readjusted the baby with an air of off-hand ease that tallied oddly with his perspiring, anxious face. He got out his watch and jackknife for playthings, opening the knife absently and extending it, handle foremost, with a slight, courteous inclination toward the small, grasping fists. Fortunately, it dropped to the floor and cousin Agatha's baby's life was saved.

The car jolted on block after block, making stops and jerking into motion again. It was well "up" before Prof. Pomeroy Pettingill Lee suddenly realized that it was incumbent on him to converse a little with cousin Agatha. Certainly, certainly—what had he been thinking of? The baby had fallen asleep and the immediate danger of another fit was over—he might look away safely for a moment.

"Er—it's very pleasant weather," he ventured cheerfully.

"It's raining," snapped the stout lady beside him, tilting her nose in palpable scorn.

By all that was mighty—she wasn't cousin Agatha! Where was cousin Agatha? He searched the car with eager eyes—he even looked out on the platforms. Nobody was cousin Aga-

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tha. And cousin Agatha's baby purred in gentle slumber on his arm! He had left cousin Agatha's baby's mother behind—shades of mighty Cæsar! A wild desire to raise the window and drop the baby out seized him—another wild idea of rushing back to the station surged with kindred impulses through his brain. A cold perspiration broke out all over him.

Wait—he must reflect. He must be cool. What would Heartsease advise, the poor little woman, the poor little woman! Would she ever trust him again?

"Well, I am in for it," groaned his thoughts. "I've got to see it through—the baby, anyhow." The little flushed, sleeping face appealed to him, and not in vain. "I'll get him landed and then I'll set the town crier on cousin Agatha. We'll find her between and betwixt us. When she's landed I'll sail for Europe! I'll get 'em to send me on a scientific expedition to Africa—the north pole—anywhere."

A little later he "landed" cousin Agatha's baby. Striding through the hall toward Heartease's room he heard voices—the little woman's low and sweet, and also brisk, clear-cut, unknown tones, and a little gurgling voice keyed to high notes.

"Hush, baby, hush," the clear-cut voice said chidingly.

Heartease had company!—was there no let-up to a man's misery anywhere?

But the door opened and the little woman came slowly, painfully toward him.

"O, Pom!" and her voice had reproachful echoes in it. Wait till she knew the worst!

In the dusk of the little hall the baby escaped instant notice.

"O, Pom, she's come—she took a carriage and just got here a minute or two ago."

"Who's come? Not cousin Agatha? Tell me quick!"

"Yes, of course—cousin Agatha. Did you forget she was coming to see us?"

The gentle, reproachful voice tried hard to be stern and cutting, but he did not heed it in the least. He was pushing by her, holding out a limp bundle at arm's length.

"The saints be thanked!" he was ejaculating heartily. "Let me pass, little woman. I've got her baby—it's all safe."

"You've got what?"

"Cousin Agatha's baby—here it is. No, you can't lift it. I'll carry it in. I've got to face it out."

"Pomeroy Pettingill Lee, you stand stock still where you are. Don't move. Now tell me everything—whisper it."

She hovered weakly between him and the door. The shrill little voice within kept on insistingly and helped them out. The Professor deposited the drowsy baby carefully on the floor and laid his watch on the top of it with propitiatory intent. Then he faced the little woman boldly.

"I didn't mean to run away with it. I thought she was there, too—hoper-may-die if I didn't think so, little woman! But the little chap is safe enough. I took care of him. Now, let me present arms and get it over with it. I'd rather face the cannon's mouth."

"But Pom—O, Pomeroy Pettingill Lee—but she's got it now, this minute. Of course, she's got it!"

"Got what?" thundered the professor, regardless of caution.

"The baby. Cousin Agatha's got the baby. O, where did you get this one? What have you done?"

She was down on the floor beside the soiled, tumbled baby, peering into its little puckered face and fingering the tiny moist hands. It was a baby, anyhow, however it got there.

Cousin Agatha got the baby?—this isn't cousin Agatha's baby? mumbled the Professor stupidly. "Then," reviving suddenly, "her's was the black one. There wasn't any other white baby but this. I guess I can count two! She had this one when I spoke to her—"

"O Pom, wait—do wait! You've got it all mixed up. You didn't speak to her—you spoke to somebody else. Cousin Agatha waited and waited for

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you and then she took the hack up. Now, wait, let me think——"

Heartease rocked herself back and forth in a wild attempt to unwind the tangle. Suddenly she stopped and gazed up at the looming figure sternly.

"Which way did it come, Pom—the train? Did it come from the west?"

"I—it came from the east," stammered the professor, getting a mental view of the puffing train in focus. His hair rose in anguish—he hadn't thought of that before.

"And cousin Agatha's train came from the west," the voice of Heartease was saying in his ears, like the voice of Fate.

For a minute they gazed into each other's faces in horrified silence. Then they laughed Cousin Agatha's baby, on the other side of the partition, laughed too.

The Professor came to himself first, and picked up the disregarded baby stolidly, arranging the little clothes with a certain proprietary concern.

"I'll carry this one back," he said, solemnly. "I'll find cousin Agath—his mother, or something will break!"

"I should think so!" cried Heartsease. "His mother's heart will break."

He tramped down the hallway with a resolute tread that inspired poor little Heartsease with a minimum of courage.

"Good-bye, Pom," she quavered after him, "and don't give him to the wrong mother again!"

"Hoper-may-die," came back faintly to her from the front door as it closed upon Prof. Pomeroy Pettingill Lee and the wrong baby.

Outside in the cool air the baby woke up and wailed in distinct rebellion to existing circumstances.

"There—the-re!" crooned the Professor wildly, tossing the little bundle of clothes up and down till the baby in very astonishment stopped crying and eyed him out of round blue eyes. Instinctively he seemed to appreciate the Professor's distress of mind, and gurgled sympathetic little remarks intended for comfort. He did not cry again at all.

To take a car and go back to the station was the Professor's first thought. He had a dim idea that the baby's proper owner might be there waiting for him to bring it back. Anyway, he would go there—it was something to do. He hailed a car, and established himself and the astonished baby in it.

In a corner opposite sat a little woman in evident distress of mind. She was agitated and uneasy, and seemed to be searching for something, fumbling about her anxiously. The Professor's gaze lighted upon her, and his heart gave an exultant leap. It was cousin Agatha looking for the baby. The baby's mother was still "cousin Agatha" to the Professor's dazed, uncertain mind.

"She's little and anxious, and she's looking for something—by all that's mighty I've run against her the first thing!" he thought in inexpressible relief. He staggered across to the little woman's corner and dropped the baby into her lap.

"Here it is, ma'am," he said eagerly. "I was just going to find—"

The little woman recoiled in evident amazement and displeasure.

"Land!" she cried. "Take it away, quick!" holding out the wondering baby to him.

"I—ah—that is, I thought you had lost something," murmured the diminished Professor, tucking the wriggling infant meekly under his arm again.

"Well, I have, but 'taint a baby—land!" cried the little woman sharply. "I've lost my best pocket-handkerchief; it was the one Ann Sophy gave me Christmas."

The other passengers were smiling broadly among themselves. The little woman edged further into her corner, aud regarded the poor professor distrustfully. She seemed to be expecting another attack at any moment, and only breathed freely when he and his unwelcome little charge got off the car.

"The plot thickens," muttered Prof.

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Pomeroy Pettingill Lee, despairingly. "I reckon we're in for it, little chap."

He hovered weakly about the waiting-room for a while and then went to the ticket agent.

"Isn't there a place here where you leave—ah—things that have been lost, until—" he began.

"Certainly, certainly, sir! We have a room where any lost articles are kept until called for by the owner. If you will pass it to me—"

The professor applied the rumpled baby to the small square opening.

"I guess it'll squeeze through; it's limp," he said, cheerfully.

"Mighty Cæsar, man, it's a baby! We don't keep that kind of property! Er—take it back at once, sir. I—it's going to cry—sharp or you'll drop it!"

Drop it? O, no, there was no danger. There wasn't any place on the top of the earth to drop it into. He shouldered it again with a muffled groan, and turned away. The tiny head nestled against his cheek in drowsy content. A little thrill of wakening tenderness set the Professor's heart-strings to vibrating gently.

"Poor little chap!" he found himself thinking.

The next plan was to parade the streets, in the desperate hope of running upon the right mother among all the mothers. "She ought to come toward it like a needle to a magnet," reasoned Prof. Pomeroy Pettingill Lee, wisely. "By all that's mighty, I'll give her a fair chance!"

But the mothers who met them and passed them and jostled them were all the wrong mothers. Once he spied a little woman, in earnest conversation with a taller one. They were in evident consultation.

"What would you do? I'm at my wits' end. I've tried everything," the small woman was saying, rather excitedly. Her clear-cut, distinct tones reached the professor's ear intact.

"I'd advertise," the tall woman said, promptly. "That's the way I found mine."

By all that was might, the Professor hurried up to them eagerly. In his one glimpse of the little woman's face he was sure it was cousin Agatha. Besides, wasn't she just on the eve of advertising for the baby?

"There is no need of it, ma'am," he stuttered hastily; "I've got it right here. I've been looking for you ever since. I—ah—ran away with it accidentally. I assure you, ma'am——"

He was pressing the baby upon her, regardless of the fact that the small red face was in inverse ratio to mother nature's plans for it. The bewildered little woman stared helplessly down at the back of the baby's head.

"Why!" she gasped.

"Of all things!" cried the taller lady. Then they both laughed. The Professor's crestfallen, despairing face was too much for them.

"Give it back," he said with a groan. "I've hit on the wrong one again. I've been hunting all over everywhere to find its mother. I'm not certain now it ever had one. There isn't anything certain!"

"I'm sorry," the little woman cried heartily. Her sweet, pleasant voice cheered him unconsciously. "But, you see, it isn't my baby. Mine's at home in its cradle. I don't see what made you think—"

"You spoke of advertising, ma'am."

"O, yes; was that it? I was going to advertise for a cook!"

"But really," interposed the other lady curiously, "I wish you'd tell us how you came by the baby.

"I ran away with it," the Professor said gloomily, "and with your permission I'll do so again now."

And once more he was continuing his hopeless hunt, shifting the sleeping baby from one tired arm to the other, and peering anxiously into all the little women's faces.

"If I found her I shouldn't dare to hand the little chap over to her," he mused. "It's mighty risky business!"

But help was at hand. It came from the quarter least expected. The Professor met two of his college boys, and in the frenzy of despair stopped them.

"Boys," he said, "if you had

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somebody else's baby and didn't want it, what would you do with it?"

"Drop it," said one of the boys promptly. The other one's face was suddenly enlightened.

"O, I say, Professor, you come along with me. I know where she is," he cried, and his voice was music in Prof. Pomeroy Pettingill Lee's ears.

"I was down at the station, you know. I saw her when she got back, and you weren't there. Hi! didn't she rave, though! Then somebody came along that she called 'Tom.' I heard them say they were going to the station to set the police on you."

The boy laughed. He was hurrying the Professor along.

"Here, let me take the little kid. You look all used up. We'll find her all right, professor—don't you worry. Here's the station—and, here you are, Professor! Here's the kid's mother herself!"

This time the baby and the right mother came together with perfectly satisfactory results.

Prof. Pomeroy Pettingill Lee never remembered what explanations he made or how he got home. His memory leaped a gap there, and began again at the front door, where pale, anxious little Heartsease met him.

"O, Pom!" Her voice and the upward inflection asked everything. His voice answered her:

"Yes, Heartsease."

She laughed aloud with relief.

"Then come right in, dear boy, and see cousin Agatha's baby."

He stopped at the threshold. "Never!" he cried grimly. "I've seen all—of cousin Agatha's baby I want to."

Annie Hamilton Donnell.

RECOGNITION.

A POET worked in a farmer's field,
And the crop was only a ploughman's yield;
Nor plow nor horses nor furrow guessed
The soul that the workingman possessed.

A poet toiled in the crowded mart,
And the merchants saw not his secret heart;
And though he toiled with a zeal intense
Cold Commerce failed of a recompense.

A poet had never penned a line,
Yet his soul was filled with a love divine;
And over his grave in the tears they shed,
The songs of a broken heart were read.

Frank Lawson.

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HAGAR OF THE PAWNSHOP.

BY FERGUS HUME,

Author of "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab," "Monsieur Judas," "The Clock Struck One," etc.

DIGEST OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS: Jacob Dix was a pawnbroker in the west end of London, whose gypsy wife had died leaving him a son, Jimmy. As the pawnbroker drew near the end of his life he was absolutely alone in the world, this lad having run away. A runaway gypsy niece of his dead wife came to him one day and asked to be allowed to live with him. The pawnbroker took a fancy to her, trained her in the business, and, when he died, left this Hagar Stanley all his wealth. Hagar advertised for the absent heir, administered the estate, and carried on the business of the pawnshop. Her adventures are being related, each chapter being a complete story in itself.

XI.—THE TENTH CUSTOMER AND THE PERSIAN RING.

ONE of the last customers of any note who came to the Lambeth pawnshop was a slender, wiry man with an Oriental face, not unlike that of Hagar herself. His countenance was oval, his nose aquiline in shape, and he possessed two dark sparkling eyes; also a long black beard, well trimmed and well kept. In fact, this beard was the neatest thing about him, as his dress—a European garb—was miserably poor, and the purple-hued cloth which he had twisted round his head for a turban was worn and soiled. He was, nevertheless, a striking figure when he presented himself before Hagar; and she inspected him with particular interest. There was a gipsy look about the tenth customer which seemed to stamp him as one of the gentle Romany. Even keen-eyed Hagar was deceived.

"Are you of our people?" she asked abruptly, after looking at him for a moment or so.

"I no understand," replied the man, in very good English, but with a foreign accent. "What people you speak of?"

"The Romany—the gipsy tribes."

"No, lady; I no of dem. I know what they are—oh, yes, they are in my own country as in dis."

"Then where is your country?" demanded Hagar, vexed at her mistake.

"Iran; what you call Persia," replied the customer. My name, lady, is Alee; I come from Ispahan dese two year. Oh, yes; a long time I do stop in dis town."

"A Persian!" said Hagar, scrutinising his swarthy face and delicate features. "I don't think I ever saw a Persian before. You are very like the Romany; not at all like a Gentile."

"Lady, I no Gentile, I no Christian; I am follower ob de Prophet. May his name be blessed! But dis not what I do come to speak," he added with some impatience. "You give money on ring, eh?"

"Let me see the ring first," said Hagar, diplomatically.

Alee, as he called himself, slipped the ring in question off one of his slender brown fingers, and handed it to her in silence. It was a band of dead gold, rather broad, and set in it was an oval turquoise of a cerulean azure, graven with Arabic letters in gold. The ring had the look of a talisman or amulet, as the queer hieroglyphics on the stone seemed the words of some charm, stamped thereon to avert evil. Hagar examined the ring carefully, as she had never seen one like it before.

"It is a queer stone," she said, after looking through a magnifying glass at the torquoise. "What do you want on it?"

"One pound," replied Alee, promptly; "just for two—tree days. Eh, what! you give me dat?"

"Oh, yes; I think the ring is worth

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five times as much. Here is the money; I'll make out the ticket in your name of Alee. How do you spell it?"

The Persian took the ticket from Hagar, and in very fair English letters wrote down his name and address. Then with a bow he turned to leave the shop; but before he reached the door she recalled him.

"I say, Alee, what do these gold marks on this stone mean?"

"Dey Arabic letters, lady. Dey a spell against de Jinns. 'In de name ob Allah de All-Merciful.' Dat what dem letters say."

"They say a good deal with a word or two," muttered Hagar. "Arabic must be something like shorthand. When do you want back the ring?" she asked aloud.

"In two—tree days," replied the Persian. "Say dis week. Yes, good night, lady; you keep dat ring all right. Yes. So."

Alee took himself out of the shop with another bow, and Hagar, after a further examination of the queer ring with its talismanic inscription, put it away on a tray with other jewels. She wondered very much if it had a story attached to it; and, having read the "Arabian Nights" of late, she compared it in her own mind to the ring of Aladdin. It looked like a jewel with a history, did that inscribed turquoise.

On the afternoon of the next day another Persian arrived. Hager recognized him as such from his resemblance to Alee, indeed; but for the difference in expression the two men might have passed for twins. Alee had a soft look in his eyes, a melancholy twist to his mouth; while this countryman of his had a hawk-like and dangerous fierceness stamped on his lean face. He was dressed similarly to Alee, but wore a yellow turban instead of a purple one, and gave his name to Hagar as Mohommed; also, he produced the pawn-ticket, which he handed to the girl.

"Alee, my countryman, he send dis," said he in broken but very fair English; "he want de ring which he leave here."

"Why doesn't he come for it himself?" asked Hagar suspiciously.

"Alee ill; him very bad; he ask me to get de ring. But if you no gib me—why, I tell Alee; he come himself den."

"Oh, there is no necessity for him to do so," replied Hagar, getting the ring. "You would not have the ticket with you if everything was not square. Here is Alee's property. One pound and interest. Thank you, Mr. Mohommed. By the way, you are a friend of Alee?"

"Yis; I come to dis place when he come," replied Mohommed passively; "him very great frien' of me. Two year we in dis land."

"Both of you speak English very well."

"Tank you, yes; we learn our Inglees in Persia for long time; and when we here, we spike always—always. Goot-day; I do take dis to Alee."

"I say," called out Hagar, "has that ring a story?"

"What, dis? I no know. Him charm against de Jinn; but dat's all. Goot-day; I go queek to Alee. Goot-day."

He went away with the ring on his finger, leaving Hagar rather disappointed that the strange jewel with its golden letters had not some wild tale attached to it. However, the ring was gone, and she never expected to hear anything of it again, or of the two Persians. A week passed, and no Alee made his appearance; so Hagar concluded that everything was right, and that he had really sent Mohommed to redeem the ring. On the eighth day of its redemption she was undeceived, for Alee himself made his appearance in the shop. Hagar was surprised to see him.

The poor man looked ill, and his brown face was terribly lean and worn in its looks. An expression of anxiety lurked in his soft black eyes, and he could hardly command his voice as he asked her to give him the ring. The request was so unexpected that Hagar could only stare at him in silence. It was a moment or so before she could find words.

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"The ring!" she said in tones of astonishment. "Why, you have it! Did not your friend Mohommed give it——"

"Mohommed!" cried Alee, clenching his hands; and the next moment he had fallen insensible on the outer floor of the shop. The single mention of the name Mohommed in connection with the ring had stricken the poor Persian to the heart. His entrance, his behaviour, his fainting—all three were unexpected and inexplicable.

Recovering from her first surprise, Hagar ran to the assistance of the fallen man. He was soon revived by the application of cold water, and when he could rise, Hagar, like the Good Samaritan she was, conducted him into the back parlour, and made him lie down on the sofa. But more than ordinary weakness was the matter with the man; he was suffering from want of food, and told Hagar faintly that he had eaten nothing for two days. At once the girl set victuals before him, and warmed some soup to nourish him. Alee ate sparingly but well; and although he refused to touch wine, as a follower of the Prophet, he soon became stronger and more cheerful. His gratitude to Hagar knew no bounds.

"You are as charitable as Fatima, the daughter ob our Lord Mohommed," said he gratefully, "and your good deed, it will be talked ob by de angel Gabriel on de Las' Day."

"How is it you are so poor?" asked Hagar, restive under this praise.

"Ah, lady, dat is one big, long story."

"Connected with the ring?"

"Yes, yes; dat ring would haf mate me reech," replied the Persian with a sigh; "but now dat weeked one vill git my moneys. Aha!" said Alee furiously, "dat Mohommed is de son ob a burnt fazzer!"

"He is a scoundrel, certainly! How did he get the pawn-ticket?"

"He took it away when I ill."

"Why did he want the ring?"

Alee reflected for a moment, and then he evidently made up his mind what course to pursue. "I weel tell you, lady," he said, looking with thankful eyes at Hagar. "You haf been good to me. I weel tell you de story ob my life—ob de ring."

"I knew that ring had some story connected with it," said Hagar complacently. "Go on, Alee; I am all attention."

The Persian obeyed forthwith; but, as his English was imperfect at times, it will be as well to set forth the story in the vernacular. Being still weak, it took Alee some time to tell the whole tale; but Hagar heard him patiently to the end. His narrative was not without interest.

"I was born in Ispahan," said the Persian in his grave voice, "and I am a Mirza—what you call here a prince—in my own country. My father was an officer of the Shah's household, and very wealthy. When he died I, as his only son, inherited his wealth. I was young, rich, and not at all bad-looking, so I expected to lead a pleasant life. The Shah, who had protected my father, continued the sun of his favour to me; and I accompanied him to the Court at Teheran, where I speedily became high in his favour. But alas!" added Alee in the flowery language of his country, "soon did I cover the face of pleasure with the veil of mourning, and ride the horse of folly into the country of sorrow." He paused, and then added with a sigh: "Her name was Ayesha."

"Ah!" said Hagar the cynic. "I was waiting to hear the name of the woman. She ruined you, I suppose?"

"She and another," sighed Alee, stroking his beard. "I melted like wax in the flame of her beauty, and my heart turned to water at the glance of her eyes. She was Georgian, and fairer than the chief wife of Sulieman bin Daoud. But alas! alas! what saith Sa'adi: 'Wed a charmer and wed sorrow'!"

"Well," said Hagar, rather impatiently, "I know all about her looks. Go on with the story."

"On my head be it!" said Alee. "I purchased this Georgian in Ispahan, and made her my third wife; but so

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lovely and clever she was that I speedily raised her to the rank of the first. I adored her beauty, and marvelled at her wit. She sang like a bulbul, and danced like a Peri."

"She seems to have been a wonder, Alee! Go on."

"There was a man called Achmet, who hated me very much," continued Alee, his eyes lighting up fiercely at the mention of the name. "He saw that I was rich, and favoured by the King of Kings, so he set his wits to work to ruin me. Having heard of my beautiful wife Ayesha, he told the Shah of her loveliness, which was that of a houri in Paradise. Fired by the description, my Sovereign visited at my house, and I received him with due splendour. He saw all my treasures—among others, my wife."

"I thought you Turks never showed your wives to strangers?"

"We are Persians, not Turks," corrected Alee quietly, "and the Shah is no stranger in the houses of his subjects. Also, he has the right to pass the forbidden door to the Abode of Felicity."

"What is the Abode of Felicity?"

"The harem, lady. But to continue the story of my ruin.

"The Shah saw my beautiful Ayesha, and her burning glances were as arrows of delight in his heart. He returned to his palace with a desire to possess my treasure. Achmet, who had right of access to the person of the Shah, fanned this desire, and declared that I was unhappy with Ayesha."

"And were you?"

Alee sighed. "After the coming of the King of Kings I was," he confessed. "My wife wished to enter the royal harem, and warm herself in the glory of the royal sun. She was silent and melancholy, or cross and fierce. I did what I could to console her, but she refused to listen to me, treated me as dirt beneath her feet, and sometimes she even smote me on the mouth with her pearl-embroidered slipper. Tales of our constant quarrels were carried to the Shah by the perfidious Achmet, who declared that I ill-treated my beautiful Georgian. At last Achmet told the King that I had wished I were rid of the woman, if only for the meanest jewel worn by his august self."

"Did you say that?"

"In a fit of rage one day I said something like it," said Alee darkly; "but I never intended my foolish speech to be taken seriously. However, these idle words were reported to the Shah, and he sent for me. 'Alee,' said he, 'it has been said that thou deemest the meanest thing worn by us of more value than your wife Ayesha. If that be so, take this ring, which we give thee freely, and surrender thy lightly-valued wife to dwell in the shadow of our throne. Thou hast my leave to go.' Lady, I bowed myself to the ground, I took the ring you know of, and I went."

"Did you not say that you wished to keep Ayesha?"

"No; the word of the Shah was law. Had I expressed such a wish I should have lost my head; as it was, I lost my wife. Returning home, I made known the Shah's desire, and urged her to fly with me, beyond his power. Desirous of entering the royal serail, however, she refused, and so I carried her off by force. I drugged her at night, placed her on a camel, and set out for the nearest seaport disguised as a merchant."

"Was your fight successful?"

"Alas! no," replied Alee in melancholy tones. "Achmet was on the watch, and had me followed. My wife was taken from me by force, but only too willingly on her part. For daring to disobey the royal command I suffered the bastinado on the soles of my feet until I fainted away."

"Poor Alee!"

"Mad with anger, I let the wrath of the heart overpower the judgment of the mind, and rashly joined in a conspiracy to overthrow the King of Kings. Again my evil genius Achmet thwarted and discovered me. I was forced to fly from Persia to save my life; and all my wealth was forfeited to the royal treasury. A goodly portion of it, however, was given to

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Achmet for his having found out the conspiracy. After many adventures, which I need not relate here, I came to this land, where I have lived in poverty and misery for two years. My wife is queen in the serail of the Shah; my enemy is the ruler of a province; and I, lady, am the exile you see. All that I carried out of the Shah's kingdom was the ring which he gave me in exchange for my beautiful Ayesha."

He paused, and Hagar waited for him to continue the story. Finding that he still kept silent, she addressed him impatiently: "Is that all?"

"Yes—except that since I have been here it has been told to me that both Achmet and Ayesha wish to get me back to Persia, that they may kill me. The Georgian never forgave me for carrying her away, and only my death will glut her vengeance. As for Achmet, he is never free from dread while I live, and wishes me to die also. If they can manage it, those two will have me carried back to Persia, and there have me slain."

"They can't take you out of London against your will."

Alee shook his head. "Who knows?" said he. "There was the case of the Chinaman who was lured into the Embassy to be sent back to China. If the Government of England had not interfered he would have been a dead man by this time. I keep always away from the Persian Embassy."

"You are wise to do so," replied Hagar, who remembered the case. "But about the ring. Why did you pawn it, and why did Mohommed steal it by means of the pawn-ticket?"

"There was a friend of mine in Persia," explained Alee, "who saved for me, out of my property seized by the Shah, a box of jewels; knowing that I was starving in this land, he sent the jewels to me in charge of a servant. I received a letter from him, in which he stated that the servant had been instructed to give up the jewels to me when I produced the ring. I foolishly told Mohommed about this, and one night he tried to thieve the ring from me, thinking that he would show it to my friend's servant and get my jewels. In fear lest he should obtain it, I pawned it with you for safety, until the servant should arrive."

"Is the servant here now?"

"He arrived last week," replied Alee mournfully, "and he is now waiting for me at Southampton. But, alas! I speak foolishly. When I fell ill after pawning the ring Mohommed stole the ticket, and, as you know, he obtained the ring. I have no doubt that by this time he has shown it to the servant of my friend, and has obtained the jewels. Mohommed the accursed is rich, and I remain poor. Now, lady, you know why a darkness came over my spirit, and why I fell as one bereft of life. Surely, I am the sport of Fortune, and the most unlucky of men! I am he of whom the poet spoke when he said:

Strive not, contend not; thy future is woe;
Accept of thy sorrows, for Fortune's thy foe.

The poor man recited this couplet in faltering tones, and burst into tears, rocking himself to and fro in an agony of grief. Hagar was sorry for this unfortunate person, who had been so unlucky as to lose wife, and wealth, and country. She gave him the only comfort that was in her power.

"Here are twenty shillings," said she, placing some silver in his hand. "Perhaps Mohommed has not yet gone to Southampton; or it may be that the servant with your jewels has not yet arrived. Go down to Hampshire, and see if you can recover your ring."

Alee thanked her with great emotion, and shortly afterwards left the shop, promising to tell her of the issue of this adventure. Hagar saw him depart with the fullest belief in his honesty of purpose, and perfect trust in the truth of his story; but later on, when alone, she began to wonder if she had not been gulled by two sharpers. The whole story told by Alee was so like an adventure of the "Arabian Nights" that Hagar became more than a trifle doubtful of its truth. As the days went by, and Alee did not return as he had

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promised, she fancied that her belief was a true one.

"Those two Persians have played a comedy of which I have been the dupe," she said to herself; "it has been done to get money. And yet I am not sure; the pair would not take all that trouble for a miserable twenty shillings. After all, Alee's story may be true; and he may be at Southampton trying to recover his ring and jewels."

In this conjecture she was perfectly right, for all the days of his absence Alee had been at Southampton looking vainly for Mohommed the thief. His twenty shillings had soon been expended; but luckily he had met with an Englishman whom he had known in Persia. This gentleman, an Oriental scholar and a liberal-minded man, had recognized Alee, dirty and miserable, as he haunted the Southampton quays looking for the servant of his friend and the recreant Mohommed. Carthew —for that was the Englishman's name —was profoundly shocked to find in such misery one whom he had known wealthy. He took Alee to his hotel, supplied him with food and clothes, and requested to know how the Persian had fallen so low. Alee repeated to this Samaritan the same story as he had told Hagar; but versed in the craft and topsy-turveydom of the East, Carthew was not so surprised or sceptical as the gipsy girl had been. He was sorry for poor Alee, who had been for so long the butt of Fortune, and determined to befriend him.

"I suppose there is no chance of your regaining the Shah's favour?" he asked the unfortunate man in his own tongue.

"Alas! no. What is, is. I conspired against the King of Kings; I was betrayed by Achmet; so there is no way in which I can approach again the Asylum of the Universe."

"Hump! looks like it," growled Carthew, stroking his white beard. "And Achmet, that son of a burnt father, is high in favour?"

"Yes; he is the governor of a province, and as he is friendly to Ayesha, who is now the favourite of the Shah, he is above all fortune. It is strange," added Alee reflectively, "that those so rich and high-placed should wish to get me back to my death."

"They know they have wronged you, my friend, and so they hate you. But you are safe in England. Even the Shah cannot seize you here."

Alee reminded Carthew, as he had done Hagar, of the Chinese kidnapping case which had created so great a stir in England. Carthew laughed. "Why!" said he, "that case is your very safeguard. If the Persian Embassy seized you, they would have to release you. Remember, now that I have met you, you are not friendless. You stay by me, Alee, and you will be safe from the vengeance of your wife and Achmet."

"But I do not wish to live on your charity."

"You needn't," said the Oriental scholar bluntly. "As you know, I am translating the 'Epic of Kings' which Ferdusi wrote. You must assist me, and I'll engage you as my secretary. In a few months you'll be on your feet again, and no doubt I shall be able to find you some regular employment. As for that scoundrel Mohommed who stole the ring, I'll set the police after him. By the way, I suppose he dare not go back to Persia again?"

"No; he was a conspirator also," replied Alee. "We fled together from the wrath of the Shah. He was nearly captured and beheaded in mistake for me, as we are so like one another; but he managed to escape, and join me in England. Still, he is safer here than I, as he has no powerful enemies who desire his return to Persia."

"It's a case of dilly duck, come and be killed," said Carthew with a grim laugh. "Well, we must hunt up the scoundrel, and find your jewels if possible. Who was the friend who sent them to you?"

"Feshnavat, of Shiraz. He was a friend of my father's, and is, as you know, a great merchant."

"Yes, I know him," said Carthew, nodding; "a fine old man. I have no

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doubt he recovered your jewels and sent them here all right. The pity is that he made their delivery depend upon the showing of the Shah's ring. Though, to be sure, he never anticipated that a villain would rob you of it. Truly, Alee, you are the most unlucky of men!"

"Not since I met with you, O comforter of the poor!" replied Alee gratefully. "You have been charitable and good, even as the woman who helped me in the great city. But to both reward shall come. What says the poet:

> Give freely to the poor your gold;
> What's spent, will come back forty-fold."

"Ah, Alee," said Carthew with a half-sigh, "your couplet and gratitude are but bringing the poesy of the East into the prose of the West. You are in England, my friend—in ordinary, commonplace England; and not with Saadi in the gardens of Shiraz."

Carthew was as good as his word, and employed Alee to aid him in translating the Epic of Kings. With the first money which he earned the Persian went to see Hagar—to repay her, and to narrate all that had befallen him since he had left her shop. Hagar was pleased to see him, and gratified by the refunding of the money; for such action quite restored her faith in Alee, which she had been beginning to lose. She asked after Mohommed; but concerning that rascal the Persian was unable to give any news.

"He haf took my ring and jewels," sighed Alee mournfully, "and in some lan' far away he live on my moneys. But the justice of Allah, who sees the black beetle in the black rock, will smite him. He will fall in his splendour and evil doing, as the people of Ad went down to the dust. It is written."

In the meantime, Carthew, who had a genuine liking for Alee, made all inquiries about the absent Mohommed and the missing ring. For many weeks he learnt nothing; but finally chance set him on the track of the thief, and in the end he learnt all. He discovered what had become of Mohommed and of the ring; and the discovery astonished him not a little. It was an Attaché of the Persian Embassy who revealed the truth; and Carthew judged it best that the lips of this same man should relate the story to Alee.

"My friend," said he one day to the Persian, "do you know a countryman of yours called Mirza Baba?"

"I have heard of him," replied Alee slowly, "but he has not seen my face, nor have I beheld him. Why do you ask?"

"Because he knows what has become of your ring."

"And of Mohommed? Oh, my friend, tell me of these things!" cried the Persian.

"Nay, Alee; it is better that the truth should come from the lips of Mirza Baba himself. I shall ask him here to tell you."

"But he may learn who I am!" muttered Alee in dismay.

"I think not, as he has never seen your face," replied Carthew, smiling; "besides ——" He broke off with a nod. "Well, you'll hear the story as he tells it; but call all your self-command and Oriental impassiveness to your aid. You'll need courage."

"Let it be as you say," rejoined Alee, folding his hands. "To-day and to-morrow are in the hands of the All-Wise."

True to promise, Carthew next day received Mirza Baba in his house, and introduced him to Alee, who gave his countryman a feigned name. The Persian of the Embassy, who was a very great man indeed, paid little attention to Alee, whom he regarded simply as the secretary of Carthew, and as one quite beneath his notice. This neglect suited Alee, who sat meekly on one side, and listened to his own story, and to the story of Mohommed and the missing ring. Mirza Baba, in response to the request of Carthew, told it over pipes and coffee; and greatly astonished Alee in the telling.

"You know," said the Mirza, addressing himself particularly to Carthew, and quite ignoring his own countryman, "that this dog of an Alee, on

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whose head be curses! had the folly to conspire against the peace of the Shah —on whom be blessings. He escaped from the Land of the Sun, and came to this island of thine. Hither he was traced, and to assert the majesty of the Asylum of the Universe it was resolved that this son of a burnt father should be brought back to Persia for punishment. The Banou Ayesha, who is the Pearl of the East, was bent upon seeing the head of this traitor, to whom aforetime she had been wife, ere the King of Kings had deigned to cast his eyes upon her. Also, Achmet, the most zealous of governors, who had discovered the conspiracy of the evil-minded Alee, wished to punish him. Orders were sent to our Embassy that Alee should be taken even in the streets of London and sent back in chains to the Court of Teheran; but this it was difficult to do."

"H'm! I think so!" replied Carthew, drily. "The Chinese Embassy tried on that game with Sam Yat, and had to give him up. The English Government do not recognize the Embassies as so many neutral territories in London."

"It is true; I know it," answered Baba, coolly. "Well, as there was no chance of getting Alee in that way, it was resolved to employ stratagem. A letter, purporting to be written by Feshnavat, of Shiraz, was sent to this traitor, in which it was set out that a box of jewels, saved from the wreck of his property, was being sent to England, and that it would be given up at Southampton to the bearer of the Shah's ring. You know of the ring, my friend?" added the Mirza.

"Yes; the ring given by the Shah to Alee in exchange for his wife. Go on."

"That is so. The dog surrendered his spouse, who is now the Pearl of Persia, for the meanest ring worn by the Shah. It was known that he bore it to this land, so it was arranged by the Pearl and Achmet that such ring should be the means to lure this traitor to his death. Well, my friend," continued Baba, with a chuckle, "the plot contrived by the wit of Banou Ayesha was successful. Alee went to Southampton, and finding the supposed servant of Feshnavat, produced the ring, and demanded the jewels. This was at night, so at once the traitor was seized and placed on board the waiting vessel to be taken to Persia."

"That was very clever," said Carthew, stealing a glance at Alee, who was painfully white. "And what happened then?"

"Lies and misfortune," replied Baba Mirza. "This Alee, when he learnt the truth, swore that he was not the man we sought, but one Mohommed, and that he had stolen the ring to get the jewels. Of course, no one believed this story, which, without doubt, was a mere trick to save his life. He was carefully watched, and was told that on arriving in Persia he would be beheaded at once. In fear of this death, the wretch escaped one night from the cabin in which he was confined, and threw himself into the sea. He left behind him the ring; and this, seeing that the man was dead, was taken to Persia, in proof that Alee had been seized. The ring is now worn by the Pearl of Persia; but never has she ceased regretting that Alee escaped her vengeance."

After telling this story, which was listened to with outward composure but inward fear by Alee, the Mirza took his leave. When alone with the Persian, Carthew turned to address him.

"Well, Alee," said he kindly, "you see Fortune has not forsaken you yet! She has saved you, and punished Mohommed for his theft."

"What is, is," said Alee with Oriental impassiveness; "but in truth it is wondrous that I escaped the snare. Now I can live in peace; for, thinking me dead, neither Ayesha nor Achmet will seek me again. I have lost the ring, it is true; but I have gained my life. Now I shall take another name, and dwell for the span of my days in England."

"It is a queer ending to the story," said Carthew, reflectively.

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"The tale is as strange as any of the 'Thousand and One Nights,'" replied Alee. "It should be written in letters of gold. It is of such that the poet writes":

Go forward on thy path, tho' darkness hides it;
Thy destiny is sure, for Allah guides it.

(To be continued.)

WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE.

A Sketch of His Life.

AN unquestionably great man, a notable statesman, an accomplished and versatile scholar, a high-principled English gentleman, a devoted husband and judicious parent, a warm friend and a generous enemy,—all this and more is William Ewart Gladstone, who, at the ripe age of eighty-eight years, has finally retired from political and from public life which has been the scene of his long list of successes, checkered though, as they have been, by many reverses.

It is hard for those of the present generation to realize the fact that Mr. Gladstone has lived under no less than four sovereigns, and has seen the last of the four reign for more than sixty years. He was more than ten years old when George III. died, he was an undergraduate at Oxford when George IV. was gathered to his fathers, and he had been a member of Parliament for more than four years when in June, 1837, William IV. died, and was succeeded by her present Majesty, to whom in her sixty years reign Mr. Gladstone has been no less than four times Prime Minister.

Let us go back for a short time to the period when Mr. Gladstone was at Oxford, and recall the then existing state of English society. It was in 1830, and affairs were then much as they had been at the abdication of James II., and at the coming of William of Orange. True, one great change was effected in 1829, during Mr. Gladstone's residence in Oxford, namely, Catholic Emancipation, yet that was almost the only step that had been made in the direction of civil and religious liberty in more than one hundred and fifty years.

In 1830 the English criminal laws were Draconian in their severity, men were executed for larceny, for burglary, for escaping from penal settlements abroad, for forgery, for highway robbery, and for murder. The punishment for stealing a sheep was as great as that for slaying its owner, and the theft of a few shillings brought a man to the gallows, possibly in company with the ruffian who had first robbed and then murdered his victim. In 1830 slavery was not yet abolished in Britain's dependencies, and Mr. Gladstone was the son of a slave-owning father. At the same date the people of England were ruled by the nobility and landed gentry. Power, it is true, had at the Revolution passed from the hands of the monarch, all but completely, into that of the Parliament, but the House of Commons was the mere creature of the House of Lords, the vast majority of the members being elected, not by the people, but at the instance of the great landlords. Manchester, Sheffield, Birmingham, Leeds, and other great centres of population and wealth were unrepresented, while Old Sarum, Gatton and Yarmouth, I.W., with not more than twenty electors between them, sent five members to Parliament. Mr. Gladstone himself was, on his first entry into the Reformed Parliament of 1833, a conspicuous instance of the power of the

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landed gentry, for he was returned for Newark, where the Duke of Newcastle had great influence, in opposition to the popular candidate, and he enjoyed the distinction of being one of the small band of Tories who sat in that Parliament. Not only was he a Tory, but by sitting for Newark he practically endorsed the action of the Duke of Newcastle in the bitter opposition he had offered to the Reform Bill. This same Duke of Newcastle was the peer who, on being attacked in the House of Lords for coercing the electors of Newark, replied: "May I not do what I like with my own?" He looked upon the electors of the borough of Newark as his property politically, just as their dwellings were his, and had been his father's before him.



At the same period open voting was the custom, and Mr. Gladstone's return for Newark caused a loud outcry to be raised for the introduction of the ballot, a proposal opposed in Parliament by no one more heartily than Mr. Gladstone himself. Other features of the period were that Oxford and Cambridge Universities were virtually the property of the Anglican Church, as no one could obtain a degree or a fellowship at either of these institutions unless he was prepared to subscribe to the XXXIX. Articles of the Church of England.

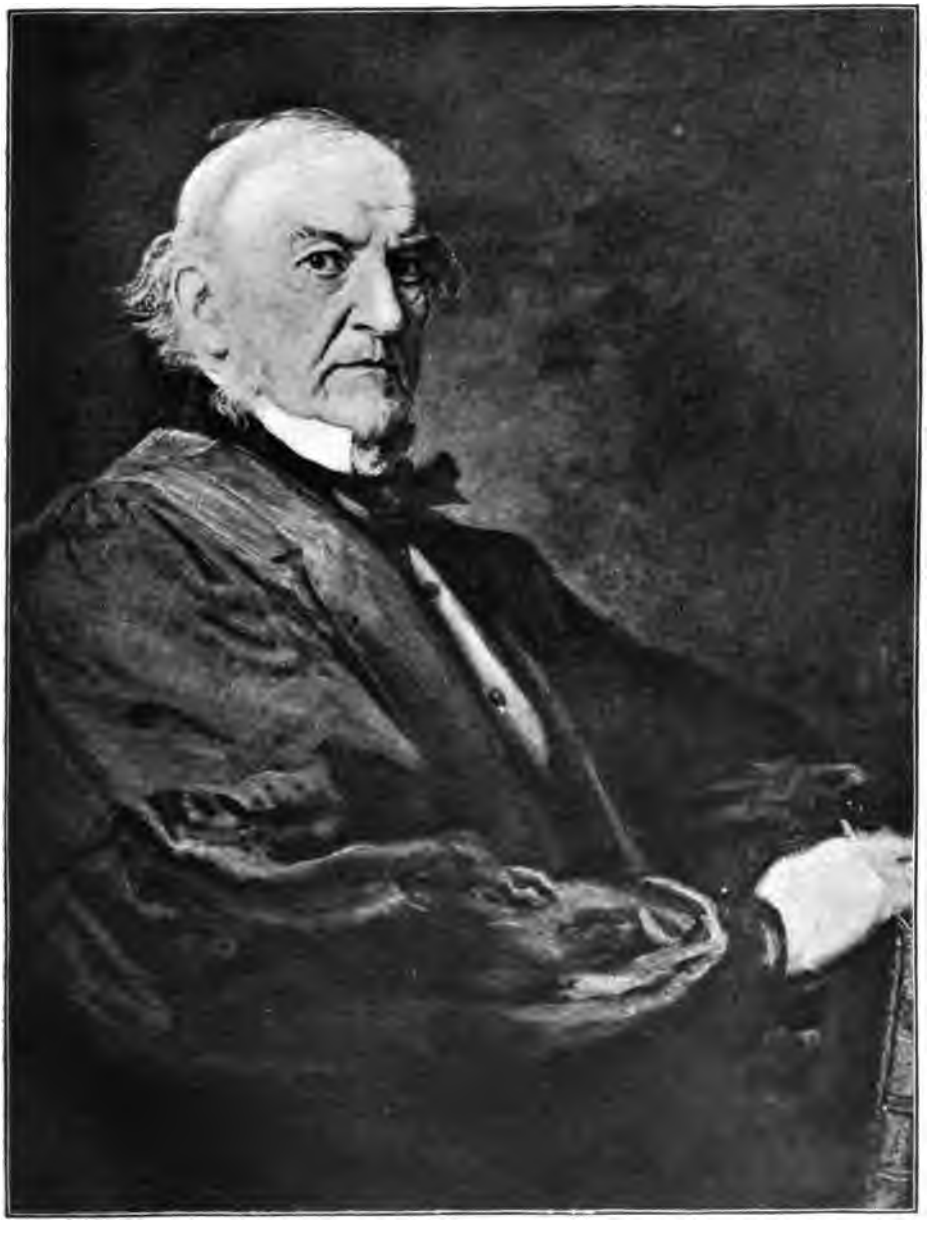
It was then, as the champion of these abuses, that Mr. Gladstone entered the House of Commons. He was the apologist for, if not the defender of, slavery in the colonies; he was the advocate of legislation by the landed interests and of a restricted franchise, rather than of government by the people for the people; he was averse to the electors being untrammelled when they went to the polling-booths; he was a warm supporter of the then existing system at Oxford and Cambridge Universities; he was no less ardent in his opposition to any change in the Corn Laws; and above everything else he was a defender of the connection between Church and State, not alone in Great Britain but equally so in Ireland. Such was Mr. Gladstone when he commenced his political career.

In the history of the lives of England's statesmen there is no parallel case to that of Mr. Gladstone. Many men have changed their views and modified their opinions with the growth of years and experience, but none have so completely renounced almost every opinion and principle which they at first advocated and professed to believe in as he has. In stating this fact no question is raised as to Mr. Gladstone's sincerity. He had much to lose and nothing to gain by leaving the Tory party. Had he remained with the latter he would, in all probability, have been Prime Minister long before he was. As it was, while, from the death of Peel to that of Palmerston, Gladstone was hated by the Tories for his desertion from them, he was viewed with suspicion and distrust by a large section of the Whigs and also by the more advanced Liberals. These latter, while admiring his genius, were afraid that his Liberalism would prove to be evanescent, while the Whigs feared he would throw himself wholly into the arms of the Radicals.

Mr. Gladstone did not disappoint the advanced Liberals, and he all but wholly fulfilled the vaticinations of the Whigs.

Let us trace his public acts, always bearing in mind the principles he was

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FROM THE PAINTING BY SIR J. E. MILLAIS, BART., R.A.

THE RIGHT HON. WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE.

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FROM THE PICTURE BY H. J. THADDEUS.

MR. GLADSTONE IN 1888.

elected to support. His first desertion from his party was when he avowed himself a supporter of Free Trade, and in consequence lost his seat for Newark, being dismissed by the Duke of Newcastle with less ceremony than the latter would have exercised towards a servant. Finding a seat for Oxford University in 1846, still as a Conservative, though admittedly a progressive one, he represented that constituency until 1865, when he was defeated at the polls by Mr. Gathorne Hardy, who, in after years, became Earl of Cranbrook. During the nineteen years he represented the University he gave, at first, an independent support to the Conservative party, and, later, was Chancellor of the Exchequer in Lord Palmerston's and Lord Russell's Governments, the latter pronouncedly a Reform Ministry.

In this long period, the "Palmerstonian Era" as it has been called, occurred the Crimean war, the policy of which Mr. Gladstone supported, opposed vigorously as it was by Milner Gibson, Cobden and Bright. Then came the Indian Mutiny and the American Civil War, when Mr. Gladstone avowed himself unreservedly as sympathizing with the Southern Confederacy. The fact of his adopting the last named policy caused him to be distrusted by the great bulk of English Liberals, and it was thought for a time that he would once more become a prominent Conservative. Not so, though; at the general elections of 1865, in July, Mr. Gladstone was rejected by Oxford and was elected by south-west Lancashire, and then and there renounced the Conservative party and all its works. In the following October died Lord Palmerston; he was succeeded by Earl Russell, as Premier, with Mr. Gladstone as Chancellor of the Exchequer, and in the Parliamentary session of 1866 the latter introduced into the House of Commons the Reform Bill.

It is needless to say much about this measure; it was an exceedingly moderate one in its terms, but it antagonized the Whigs and did not conciliate the Tories, and though read a second time was defeated in committee. Then came Earl Derby for a brief period, and after him Mr. Disraeli, as Prime Ministers. The latter, like his predecessor, also introduced a Reform Bill, and by "educating his party" with the aid of

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the Liberals carried it triumphantly through Parliament. It was a far more sweeping measure than had been proposed by Mr. Gladstone and bitterly opposed by Mr. Disraeli, and it is not to be wondered at that Lords Salisbury, Carnarvon and General Peel resigned their portfolios rather than sanction such tergiversation and abandonment of all principles hitherto professed by the Conservative party.

All this took place in 1867, and the session closed with the Conservatives still in office, though in a minority in the House. During the next session Mr. Gladstone saw his way to reunite the Whigs and advanced Liberals in the House of Commons and the country, and, throwing all principles hitherto professed to the winds, introduced his famous resolutions on the Irish Church. They were four in number, and as on the first the others hung, it is only necessary to quote the former. It was as follows: "It is expedient the Irish Church should cease to exist as an establishment." Here was a bolt from the blue for the Conservative party, an apparently heaven-sent inspiration for the Liberal. To quote the late Earl of Derby, "Ireland," just then, "was the question of the hour." Quiet, stay-at-home people had been horrified by the agrarian murders and outrages, by the Fenian rising, by the Manchester outrage, and by the Clerkenwell explosion, and it was felt by all that something must be done, that Ireland had some grievances, not of a sentimental or visionary nature, and that it behoved Britain to remedy them.

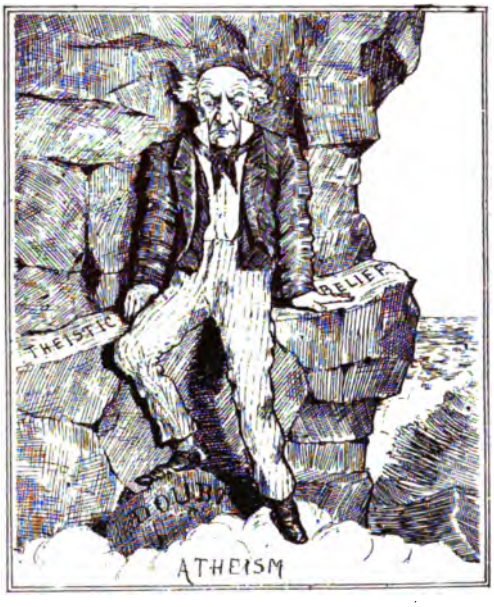
After long and acrimonious debate, Mr. Gladstone's resolutions were carried through the House of Commons by large majorities, the late Sir Robert Peel, and the late Earl Selborne, then Sir Roundell Palmer, being the only Whigs or Liberals who did not support them. They were unceremoniously rejected by the House of Lords, and then Mr. Disraeli announced that he would appeal to the country. It is impossible for those of the present generation to



FROM THE PAINTING BY J. C. FORBES, R.C.A.

MR. GLADSTONE.

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AN OLD CARTOON (ABOUT 1869).

realize the intense bitterness that was evoked in England towards Mr. Gladstone during the general election which followed. He was satirized, abused, calumniated. "He was a traitor to his country, false alike to his Sovereign and his Church, one who would betray the interests of Great Britain for the sake of grasping power, a man wholly destitute of principle." So was he described both in the press and on the platform. Through this storm of abuse Mr. Gladstone bore himself with dignity, and in the end obtained an enormous majority in the House in favor of his policy.

There is little to be wondered at in the bitterness displayed by so many towards Mr. Gladstone. It was then but a short time, comparatively speaking, since he had been one of the warmest supporters of the Irish Church which he was seeking to deprive of her temporalities, and only a few months previously he had unequivocally declared that the question of disestablishing that Church was "not a question of practical politics."

The year 1869 saw the Irish Church disestablished, Mr. Gladstone being the prime mover in the matter. Then followed the passing of the Ballot Act, the abolition of all religious tests at Oxford and at Cambridge, the abolition of purchase in the Army, and the Act providing that education should be compulsory and unsectarian. Every one of these measures Mr. Gladstone had at previous periods of his career opposed.

When the Liberal party were defeated at the polls in 1874, Mr. Gladstone retired from the leadership of the party, and it would have been well for himself and for his reputation if he had adhered to his determination not to take any further active part in political affairs. But in 1879 and 1880 he was once more to the front in what is now always spoken of as the Midlothian campaign. In this celebrated "pilgrimage of passion," so it was described by Lord Beaconsfield, he most vigorously attacked the foreign policy of the latter. He was not only returned for Midlothian, but once more led his party to victory. But the record of Mr. Gladstone's term of office from 1880 until 1885 is one that most Liberals wish could be blotted from history. The only prominent features of those five years politically were at home Coercion Acts for Ireland, with loss of prestige for England abroad. Majuba Hill, Gordon aud Khartoum, are not memories which are dear to Englishmen. That Mr. Gladstone was conscientious in his policy at this period no one denies, but that he was weak and irresolute is equally well-known and as bitterly lamented by his admirers as by his opponents.

Driven from power in 1885 by an adverse vote of the House of Commons on the details of the Budget, Mr. Gladstone saw Lord Salisbury become *Prime Minister, he himself reverting to the position of Leader of Her Majesty's Opposition in the Commons.

Now comes the strangest phase in

*There is no such titular office actually; the official title is First Lord of the Treasury.

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all Mr. Gladstone's career and the one which his most enthusiastic admirers find the greatest difficulty to satisfactorily explain. Mr. Gladstone, from 1880 until 1885, had been the strongest opponent of Home Rule for Ireland, and had denounced the Home Rule party and their leaders, their objects and their aims, in the most unmeasured terms. More than this, he had publicly rejoiced at the fact that Mr. Parnell, the leader of the Home Rule party, had been imprisoned, while his Cabinet had introduced, and Parliament, at his instigation, had passed, Coercion Acts for Ireland perfectly unexampled in the severity of their provisions.

But there is yet more to be said. Mr. Gladstone owed his defeat on his Budget to the fact that the Parnellites, or Home Rulers, joined with the Conservatives and thus outvoted the Ministerialists, and that no louder cheers were raised, no party exulted more vigorously than the Home Rulers when the Gladstone Ministry fell.

Mr. Gladstone, in his appeal to the constituencies, had not a word to say about granting Home Rule, but exhorted the electors of the three kingdoms to return him to power with such a majority that he could settle the Irish question independently of both the Conservative and the Irish party. But no such result followed the polling; the Irish party held the balance of power, and it was evident, before the House met, that no ministry could exist without their support.

Then came a letter, published in all the papers, from Mr. Herbert Gladstone, in which the writer gave a guarded assent to the Irish party's demands. Not much weight was at first attached to this communication, yet it was sufficient to alarm the Whig element among the Liberal party, and when Mr. Gladstone (after the defeat of the Salisbury Administration on an amendment to the address in reply to the Speech from the Throne), in the latter days of 1885, formed his third Ministry, Lord Hartington, now the Duke of Devonshire, as representing the Whigs, declined to join it. It should be stated here, to make matters perfectly clear, that the amendment to the address had no reference to the Irish demands, but was moved by an English member* on a purely domestic question of English rural life. But the Irish members had learned that if Mr. Gladstone was again in office that some attention would be given to the object of their desire, Home Rule for Ireland, so they voted with the Liberals and defeated the Conservative Ministry.

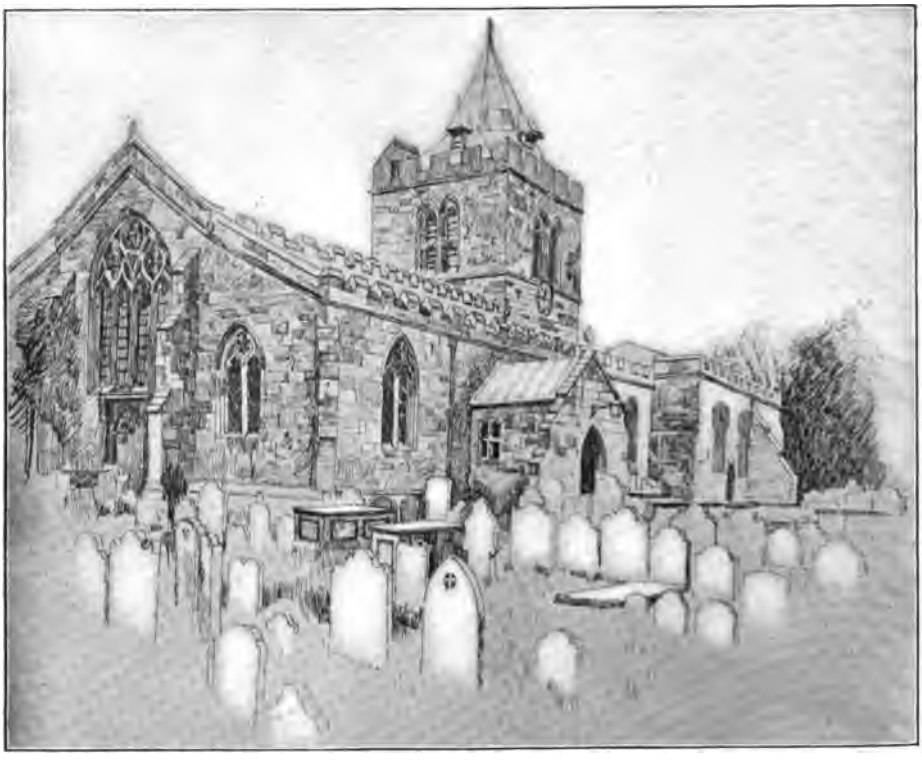
We all know what was the sequel. Mr. Gladstone introduced his Home Rule Bill, was defeated in the House, and shattered the Liberal party. That was in 1886; once again he appealed to the country, only to be decisively defeated at the polls. At the General Election in 1892 the Liberals were again successful, but even then Home Rule had taken, to use a homely expression, "a back seat," and was not a prominent article in the political creed of Liberals. These latter for the most part let Home Rule severely alone on the platform; they were content "to support Mr. Gladstone."



MR. GLADSTONE'S BOOK PLATE.

* The Right Hon. Jesse Collings, M.P. for Ipswich.

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FROM A PEN AND INK SKETCH.

HAWARDEN CHURCH.

Well, once more, in 1892, Mr. Gladstone, then in his 83rd year, became Premier, and also, once more, he brought in a Home Rule Bill. By the aid of the Closure it was passed through the House of Commons, only to be ignominiously rejected by the House of Lords. A cry arose from a small section of the Liberal party in consequence that it was time to destroy the Second Chamber, but in this demand Mr. Gladstone, to his lasting credit, did not join. Very soon afterwards he retired from office, and from Parliament at the General Election of 1895.

Such as briefly told in this sketch has been the political career of Mr. Gladstone. There is but one way to account for his complete surrender of all previously-expressed convictions, notably on the Irish, as upon other prominent questions. He had tried coercion, he had given the Irish perfect religious equality, he had reformed their land laws, and yet they were discontented and disloyal. More coercion he argued was impracticable; it had been tried and found wanting, another course must be adopted, and that was acceding to the spirit of their demands, namely, to govern themselves. That he was almost alone in his conviction is a matter of history. In the House of Commons he was deserted by Lord Hartington, the leader of the Whigs; by Joseph Chamberlain, the representative of the advanced Radicals; by Jesse Collings, the leader of the agricultural labourers—the "three acres and a cow" party,—and by many more prominent members of the Liberal party. In the House of Peers his only prominent supporters were Earls Granville, Kimberley, Spencer, Rosebery and Aberdeen. In the Commons he had Sir William Harcourt, John Morley, Campbell-Bannerman and A. J. Mun-

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della. Of all these just named only Earls Granville and Rosebery, with Sir William Harcourt, could be regarded as statesmen of the first rank.

That the policy pursued by Mr. Gladstone was a mistaken one is now pretty generally admitted by all, excepting the Irish party. Both of the Home Rule bills he introduced were utterly impracticable in many of their details, and would, in their working, have caused far more discontent than they were intended to allay. That the solution of the Irish problem lies, to a great extent, in a modified form of self-government few people are disposed to deny. But there is no use in giving self-government to people who openly set at naught and defy the laws which they themselves help to make. The people of Ireland, all both Romanist and Protestant, the citizens of Dublin and Belfast alike, have yet to learn that those who aspire to rule must first of all learn to obey. Had Mr. Gladstone told the Irish people plainly that the law of the land had to be obeyed, and that transgressors, whether Nationalists or Orangemen, would be surely punished, had he supported Lord Salisbury and Mr. Balfour when they adopted and vigorously carried out the latter policy, introducing at the same time as they did ameliorative measures, he would have done far more to make Ireland prosperous, to make her people contented and Home Rule practicable, than all his eloquence, all his sincerity, all his sacrifice of friends and personal popularity ever achieved.

To turn, in conclusion, to Mr. Gladstone's career as a man of letters and as one of the greatest masters in English literature. Here it is impossible to estimate his influence on the thought of the age, and to do justice to his marvellous versatility; this much, though, may safely be said: that he has written on no subject which has not gained from the mere fact that he has discussed it. Nothing sordid, nothing mean, ever came from his pen, and the world of letters was enriched by his life as it will be impoverished by his death.

One word more. Painful as have been some of Mr. Gladstone's utterances and changes of opinion, he has all through his long career been single-minded and unselfish to the last degree. No breath of self-interest, no thought of gain to himself or his family has ever influenced him in his public acts, and it is to the lasting disgrace of some of his opponents and biographers that they have, in speaking of his career, referred to the fact that he was once accused of being a bondholder of the Confederate States, and that his strong support of the Secessionists was influenced by mercenary motives. This wicked slander was no sooner uttered than it was completely confuted, yet would-be historians have repeated the story and scarcely noticed the refutation.

Of Mr. Gladstone's home life, of his character as a Christian gentleman, as the tenderest of husbands, and the most indulgent and judicious of parents, this is not the time or place to speak. "The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

Thomas E. Champion.

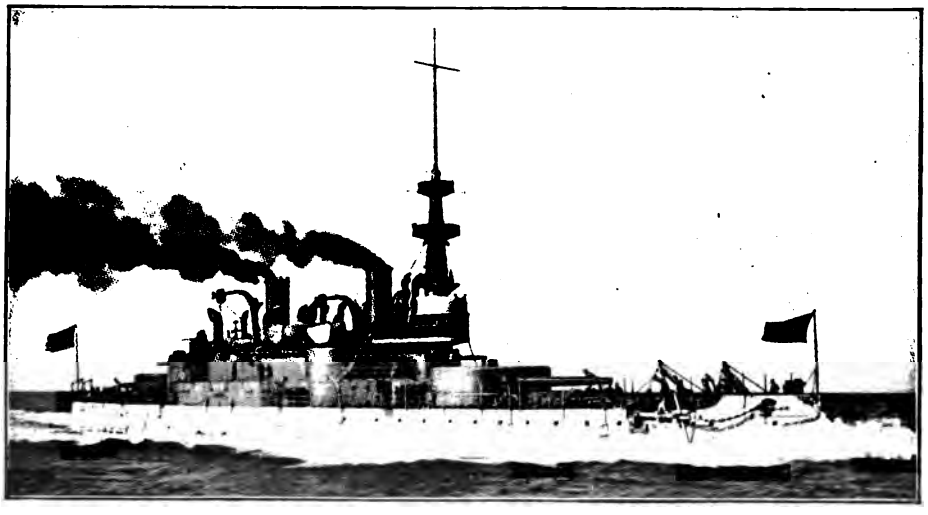


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THE "BLAKE."—FIRST-CLASS BRITISH CRUISER.

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U.S. BATTLESHIP "INDIANA."—10,288 TONS; 15.5 KNOTS; 473 MEN.

WARSHIPS AND WAR.

WARSHIPS and their value is a most interesting subject at any time, and especially at a moment when two nations have decided to spend five hundred million dollars apiece to test the merits of each kind of vessel. China and Japan had two naval battles some time ago, but the conditions were such that not much was decided. Now, Spain and the United States have undertaken to solve the riddle. But a billion of dollars must be expended! Enough to give every man, woman and child in Canada a present of two hundred dollars in gold!

The fleets of England and France which bombarded Sebastopol in the Crimean war, 1854-56, were wooden structures, despite the fact that armoured vessels had been suggested and



U.S. GUN BOAT "HELENA."—1,392 TONS; 15.5 KNOTS; 175 MEN.

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designed. This war, however, proved an armoured floating battery to be good, and led the naval experts to fresh hope for armoured vessels. The Frenchmen led the way. In 1858, they took an old wooden, two-decked, line of battle ship, removed her upper deck and put around her a belt of iron between four and five inches in thickness. This belt did not extend much below the waterline, and the total weight of the iron was about 900 tons. Below the waterline, the hull was of uncovered wood.



U.S. MONITOR "MIANTONOMOH."—3,999 TONS; 10.5 KNOTS; 200 MEN.

This French ship stimulated the British to attempt the same kind of vessel, and in 1859 they built the *Warrior* with a steel hull instead of wood, and with a patch of plates on each side of the ship where damage might be most vital. This vessel was 420 feet long, and the patch of plates 218 feet in length, thus covering about the half of the exposed surface. The plates were 4½ inches thick and were intended to protect her batteries and her engines.

But neither of these vessels nor those which were modelled after them in the next few years were ever tested in actual battle. The first contest between two armoured vessels was that between the *Merrimac* and the *Monitor*, at Hampton Roads, on May 9th, 1862. These two United States vessels were experiments. The *Merrimac* was an old wooden steam vessel, rebuilt at the Norfolk Navy Yard and armoured to the waterline. The *Monitor* was a flat iron boat with

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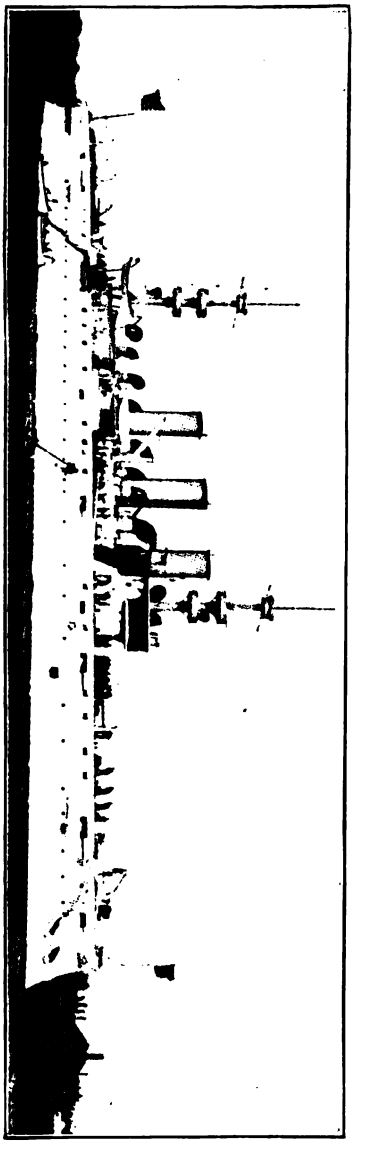
only a central cylinder rising above the water-level deck. In this cylinder were two guns. The *Merrimac* had eleven guns, but the *Monitor* offered such a small target that but one could be used at a time. The *Monitor* had solid shot, but her shell guns could not throw them hard enough to hurt the *Merrimac*. The latter had large caliber guns but no solid shot. Hence the engagement was a drawn battle, neither one being able to damage the other.

Two years later there was a second contest which confirmed the value of armour. This was an encounter between the *Kearsage* and the famous *Alabama*, when the former, protected by mere chains covering both sides, easily sank the latter, an uncovered vessel.

From this period forward may be dated the age of armoured vessels. The old wooden vessels with high decks and an enormous number of guns were laid away to rot, and pathetic sights many of them have been ever since. Newer ships, not of great length, but of great power, both in engines and in shot-resisting quality, have succeeded. The first of these were rude, unwieldy and not really of much service; but gradual improvements have rendered the modern armoured vessel an object of awe and respect.

All large war vessels have now steel hulls, but France did not abandon her wooden hulls until 1872. Between 1860 and 1870, the patch of armour on the sides was, in Great Britain, replaced by an end to end belt. France followed Great Britain in the use of steel hulls, and Great Britain followed France in the adoption of the end to end belt. This is but an example of how each nation is continually learning from the other.

The new vessel is larger and heavier than the old, but requires fewer men. In 1793, a 120-gun ship would weigh about 2,500 tons, and would require a complement of 850 officers, men and boys. In 1895, the *Royal Sovereign*, a ship of 14,150 tons, had only 720 officers and men. Much of the work is done by engines. This great vessel has 86 engines, about one-half of the number being duplicates. There are engines for driving the screws, for generating electricity, for compressing air, for moving coal, for raising ashes, for moving the guns, and for doing everything of importance in connection with the interior working of this intricate and wonderful structure.



U. S. ARMOURED CRUISER "NEW YORK."

The Flag Ship of Rear Admiral Sampson, now in Cuban waters.—8,200 Tons; 21 Knots; 355 Men.

That the progress of modern invention has substituted machinery for men on war vessels is not a fact to be re-

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gretted by those who have the interests of humanity at heart. As soon as war can be reduced to a science in which human life will not be endangered, it will lose much of its objectionableness.

Old time war ships were classed as (1) line of battleships, (2) frigates, (3) corvettes, (4) sloops. A new classification obtains at the present time :

1. Battleships.
2. Cruisers.
 (a) Armoured Cruiser.
 (b) Large, partially protected, Cruiser.
 (c) Medium small Cruiser.
3. Torpedo Gun Boats (destroyers).
4. Torpedo Boats.
5. Auxiliaries.

of dollars each. They are the vessels which are able to give and receive destructive fire, able to stand in the line of battle and to bear the brunt of an engagement.

The cruisers are auxiliary vessels. The best of them are also able to enter the line of battle, but they can only do so if they possess steel decks and armoured belts. Their characteristics are, the possession of quick-firing guns, great coal carrying capacity, and a high speed. The battleship travels from 10 to 17 knots per hour, and the cruisers from 17 to 23 knots. Many of the cruisers have steel decks, but no armoured belt ; but these vessels must keep out of range of the opposing bat-



THE "THRUSH"—FIRST-CLASS BRITISH GUN BOAT.

The modern battleship is stoutly armoured, the plates running some distance below the waterline. The main batteries are also heavily armoured, and the smaller batteries have lighter protecting plates. Each battleship has usually four large guns which are able to fire shells of sufficient force and strength to pierce armour on opposing vessels. They have also secondary batteries, in various portions of the vessel, composed of quick-fire pieces. These are intended to destroy life and the upper portion of an opposing vessel. These battleships are about 375 feet long, and cost from three to five millions

tleships or they would soon be sunk. A large unarmoured cruiser might go into a general engagement, but it would be with considerable risk.

Torpedo destroyers, or torpedo gun boats, are vessels usually of 200 or 300 tons burthen, 180 to 220 feet long, and capable of travelling at the rate of 27 to 33 knots (30 to 38 miles). They possess great engine-power, and are armed usually with five or six quick-firing guns. They are intended for offensive defence of a fleet, in that they are able to chase torpedo boats and destroy or cripple them before they can get close enough to discharge their

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torpedos at the larger and slower battleships and cruisers.

The smallest and most modern boat is the torpedo boat, which carries guns especially constructed for the discharge of torpedos. The torpedo (usually the Whitehead, the best of the torpedos) is a long, cigar-shaped, brass cylinder, about 18 inches in diameter. To the butt end is attached a sort of wheel which guides the torpedo through the water. Each torpedo contains from 100 to 200 pounds of gun cotton, which is exploded when the pointed end of the torpedo is driven back by contact with a solid body. The torpedos are discharged by compressed air, and travel a few feet below the surface of the water, at a rate of about 30 knots an hour. True, certain aim can be taken at 400 yards or under, but most of them will run 800 yards. Above 400 yards there is less certainty of the torpedo reaching the target.

The torpedo boat and the torpedo render modern naval warfare a worrisome enigma. If the torpedo boats can be relied upon to deal such blows as have been expected of them, then the line of battleship, with its great complement of men, its wonderfully intricate machinery, and its delicately constructed but powerful guns, is a dangerous trap; and swift torpedo destroyers are, on the other hand, absolutely necessary. If torpedo boats and torpedos are purely theoretical—and there is little proof to the contrary—then the torpedo destroyers are not so necessary as cruisers and battleships.

This uncertainty will be made more prominent in the average mind by a reference to the history of the torpedo. A crude sort was used in the Civil War and one or two ships were destroyed. It is said to have been used in the Turko-Russian war, but there is no real evidence of anything having been accomplished by it. In 1891, during the Chilian civil war, the warship *Blanco* was sunk by a torpedo, six having been discharged at her. When examined afterwards, a hole fifteen feet long and seven feet broad was found in her hull. If holes of this kind can be made at will by torpedos, then the torpedo is a great factor for the future, in spite of netting, torpedo boat destroyers, and a rain of shells. But it is hard to construct a rule from one instance. It was



THE "DARING"—BRITISH TORPEDO BOAT DESTROYER.

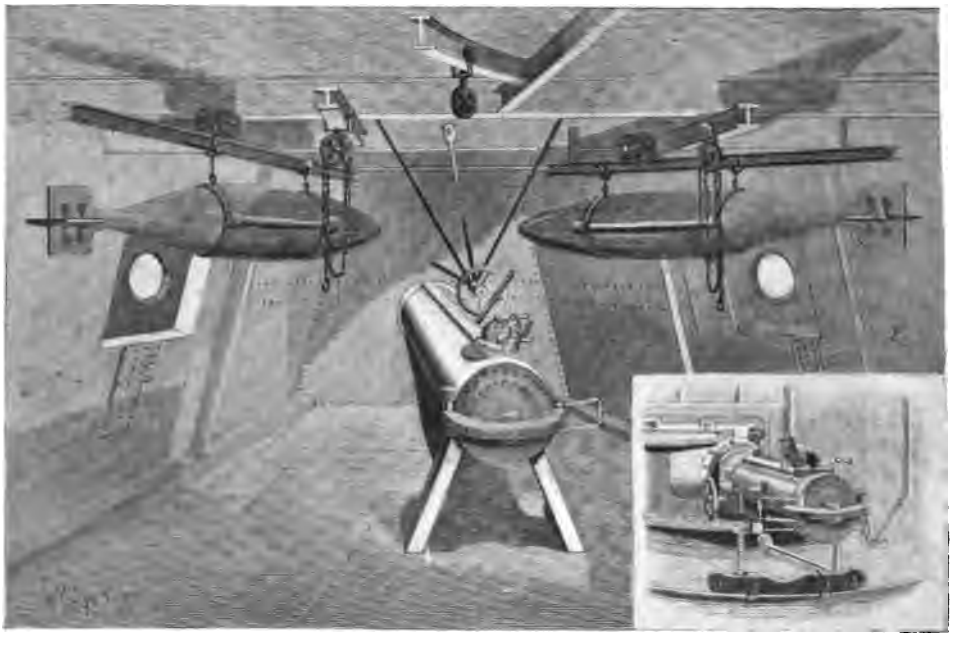
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generally expected that the Chinese-Japanese war would settle the question of the possibility of destroying moving ships by torpedos. No destruction by these occurred, so far as is known. The contest clearly proved that armoured vessels are vastly superior to unarmoured vessels in the line of battle, but it left the question of the utility of torpedos to be decided by other contestants. Perhaps the present war between Spain and the United States will settle the question, but it is hardly likely.

Theoretically the small torpedo boat is useful on two occasions. First, when a large battleship or cruiser has been badly injured and her quick-firing guns have been rendered ineffective, the swift torpedo boat may run up without much danger, and on arriving at close quarters discharge a torpedo which will at once sink the larger vessel. Secondly, under cover of darkness or heavy smoke, the small, swift boat may run up unperceived and perform its deadly office. Whether this can be successfully performed in a battle upon the open sea is the undecided question which places modern naval warfare in so much uncertainty.

Concerning torpedo boats, *The Scientific American*, in a recent issue, says:

"One of the earliest successful attempts to make use of the torpedo boat in naval warfare occurred in the Civil War, when the *Housatonic* was sunk by a rebel craft, which paid for its daring with its own destruction, being sucked into the ghastly hole which it had torn in the man-of-war. This was one of the lessons of the Civil War which was laid to heart by the European nations, and out of this and later successful tests of the torpedo has sprung that vast fleet of miniature craft which forms such a formidable feature of the equipment of the navies of the world. The earlier boats were what is known as spar torpedo boats, from the fact that the torpedo was carried at the end of a long spar which projected forward from



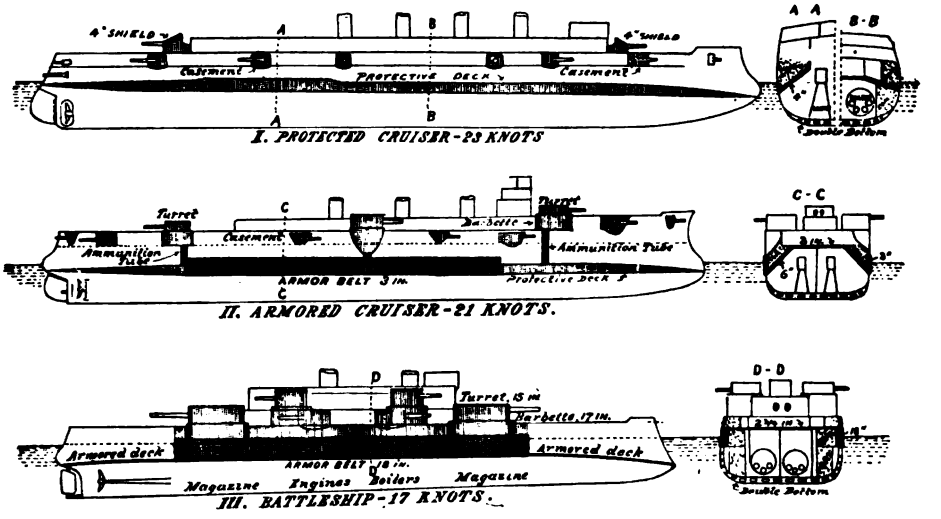
FROM "THE SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN."

THE BOW TORPEDO ROOM OF THE "INDIANA."

Two torpedos are shown suspended from the ceiling. The breech-loading launching-tube, from which the torpedos are discharged, is seen in the centre, and a second gun or tube (for use on the broadside of a vessel) is shown in the smaller diagram. Each torpedo is eighteen inches in diameter, and weighs 835 pounds. It contains three compartments: the first contains the gun cotton, which is fired when the torpedo strikes an obstacle; the second is charged with air at 1,300 pounds to the square inch pressure; and the third contains the little compressed air engines which work the screw propellors.

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the bow of the boat, the torpedo exploding by contact. Then came the automobile Whitehead torpedo, with its ability when once discharged to run from 600 to 800 yards of its own accord. The size and speed of the torpedo boat were rapidly increased, especially the latter, and the importance of this method of attack was increasingly recognized. The torpedo boat of twenty-five years ago, with its spar torpedo, was a diminutive affair, having a speed of only 12 or 13 knots. In 1877, however, it had grown to have a length from 85 to 100 feet, and a speed of from 18 to 21 knots. As the demand increased the builders paid particular attention to reduction of weight and increase of boiler and engine efficiency, a fleet of torpedo boats and prevent them from attacking the larger ships. At the same time the destroyer carries a full complement of torpedoes, and would be capable of sinking battleships and cruisers if she could get within the torpedo range. It is generally to be regretted that in the earlier years of our naval construction we omitted to provide the navy with an adequate torpedo fleet, as we are likely to suffer somewhat from the lack of them in the event of hostilities. The defect is being remedied, however, as fast as the boats can be turned out, and the present Congress has recommended the construction of thirty craft of the kind in addition to those already on the stocks."



FROM "THE SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN."

COMPARATIVE ARMOUR PROTECTION IN MODERN WAR VESSELS.

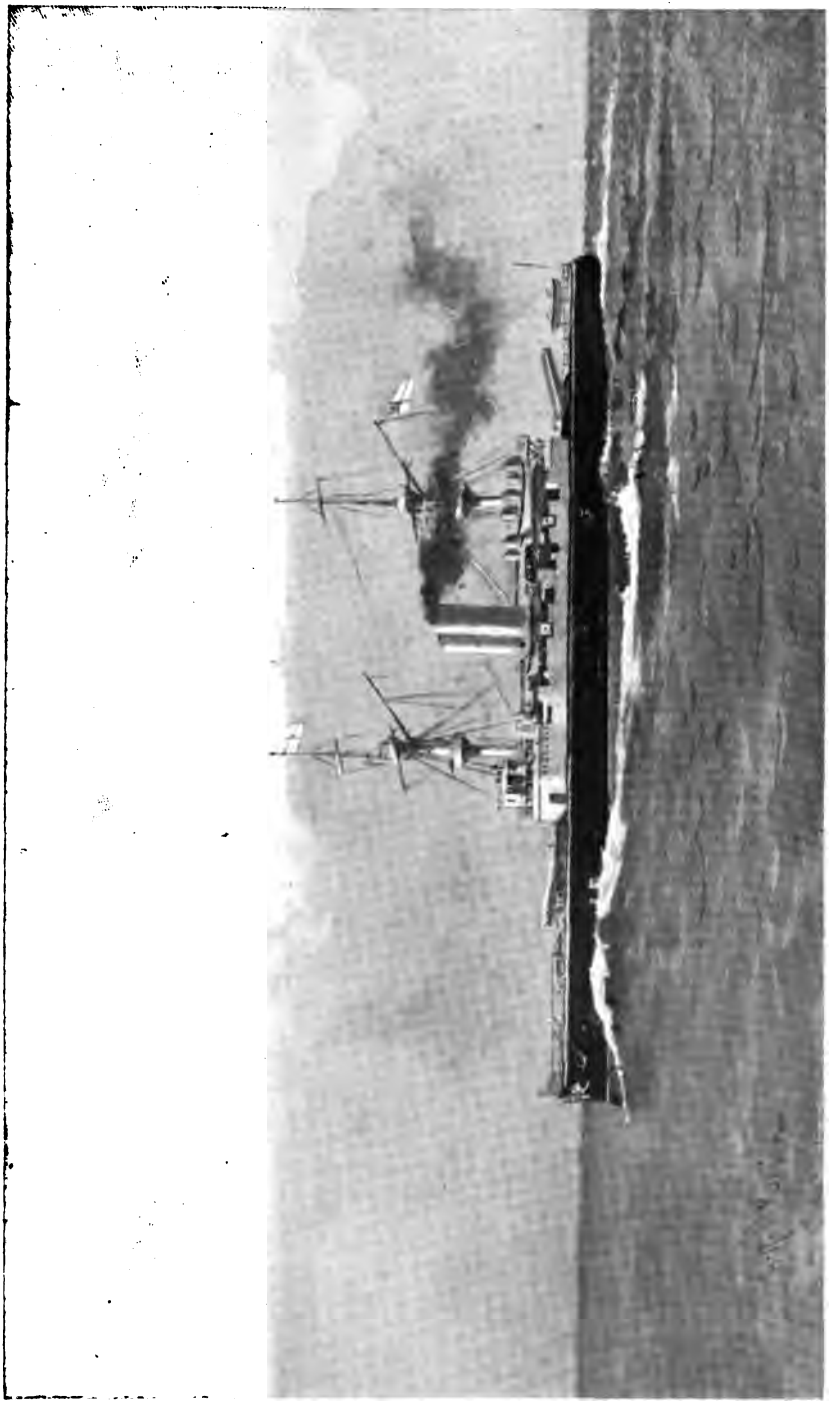
The Protected Cruiser (Fig. I.) is a light vessel with a steel deck which protects the engines and boilers below, and with light armour protection for its guns. It has no protective armour on its sides. The Armoured Cruiser (Fig. II.) has all of the above with the addition of a side belt of armour at the waterline; the protection of its heavier armament is also more complete. As a consequence it is a heavier and slower vessel. The Battleship (Fig. III.) is still heavier and slower. The guns are larger, weighing as much as 60 tons apiece. The protective plates on the barbettes and turrets is 1½ feet thick, instead of 4 inches as in the Protected Cruiser. The side belt of armour is about the same thickness. In the diagrams the armour is indicated by full black lines or by shading, the approximate thickness of the armour being shown by the thickness of lines and the depth of the shading.

and in 1877 the *Ariete*, built by Thornycroft for the Spanish Government, astonished the world by running a mile at the speed of 26 knots an hour. Five years later the *Daring*, a 220 ton boat, built by Thornycroft for the British navy, made 28.65 knots an hour, and in 1895 the *Sokol*, built by Yarrow for the Russian Government, passed the 30 knot limit.

"The later torpedo boats are known as destroyers. They are large vessels of 300 to 400 tons displacement, and powerful enough to maintain their speed in rough weather, which the torpedo boat cannot do. They have a speed from 30 to 33 knots, and carry a powerful armament of rapid-fire guns, the object being to enable them to chase and sink

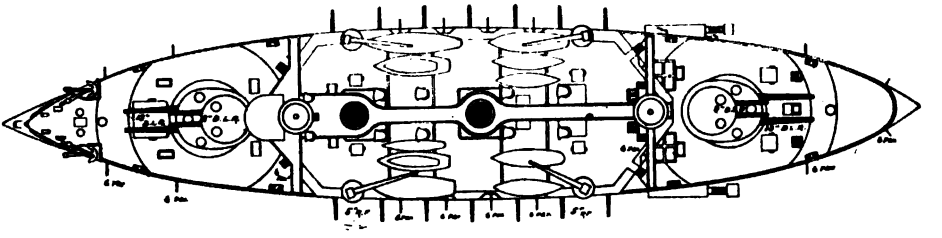
The monitors are modelled and named after the *Monitor*, which, in 1862, made a stand against the *Merrimac*. They are low boats, and consequently exceedingly difficult to hit. They have a moderate speed, heavy armour, and a few very heavy guns. Being intended for coast work they are not suited for rough seas. They are really floating batteries. There are five in the United States navy. The *Miantonomoh*, *Monaduock*, *Terror* and *Amphitrite*, are sisters, and have a displacement of 3,990 tons. The other

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THE "RAMILIES"—FIRST-CLASS BRITISH BATTLESHIP.

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DECK PLAN OF THE U. S. BATTLESHIP "KENTUCKY."

There are two 13-inch guns at each end, and just above these, two 8-inch guns. Besides these armour-piercing guns, there are seven 5-inch rapid-fire guns on each side. In addition there are twenty 6-pounders, six 1-pounders, four Colts and two field guns.

United States monitor is the *Puritan*, which is nearly twice the weight. The armour belt is seven feet high and rises four feet above the waterline; its thickness varies from 5 to 9 inches. The main deck is of 1¾-inch steel. These boats have a speed of about 10 knots, a complement of 182 men, four 10-inch guns, two 4-inch, two 6-pounders, two 3-pounders, two Hotchkiss, and two 1-pounders.

The question as to which country has the best naval equipment cannot be definitely settled owing to this uncertainty as to the relative value of battleships, torpedo boats and torpedo destroyers. "Brassey's Annual" believes that the best test is the annual appropriation made by each country, which is approximately as follows:

British Empire	$93,505,000
France	54,073,000
Russia	30,513,000
United States	25,366,000
Germany	21,590,000
Italy	18,567,000
Japan	6,000,000

The British warships of all kinds number nearly one thousand, and her active navy totals about one hundred thousand men. France has nearly six hundred fighting vessels of one kind or another. The other nations have proportionate numbers.

But numbers and size and kind do not always prove superior in naval engagements. A good ship poorly armed may be sunk by a smaller and lighter ship with better guns. Again, the relative superiority of officers and gunners must be considered. If all newspaper reports are true, the gunners of the United States vessels have shown themselves superior to those on the Spanish ships in the small engagements which have already occurred. They have better guns, and this gives them an advantage which their skill, seemingly, enables them to maintain.

The British navy seems to be the best in the world. It is the largest, the best equipped, and the best manned. The Britisher has always been a sailor. His home is on the rolling deep. For these reasons the rulers of the British Empire can afford to allow the nation to stand in "splendid isolation."

Whether the first half of the twentieth century will show as great a development in warships as has the last half of the nineteenth remains to be seen. If it does, the warship of 1950 will be a vessel which will be able to cross the ocean without being seen on the surface of the water, and will be able to fly from ocean to ocean without the necessity of taking long cruises around Cape Horn and the Cape of Good Hope. If the nations of the world are to go on competing for abnormal shares of the world's wealth, then these same nations will go on fighting. If they continue fighting, the warship must continue developing. Where it will end, no one can foresee; yet everyone seems optimistic enough to go on living with a firm belief that in the end everything will be properly adjusted.

A Canadian Officer.

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SELECTED VERSE.

From British and United States Periodicals.

MEMORIES OF HIM.

THERE are such memories of him
About the place, my eyes grow dim
With sudden tears whene'er I see
The mischief that he made for me—
The band torn from my newest hat,
And leaves from Shakespeare on the mat.

Such memories of him abound!
With tears and smiles I glance around
The littered room, strewn with his toys,
But no more echoing with the noise
Of his dear feet. Where was the art
Wherewith he climbed straight to my heart!

His mother's sweet geraniums tossed
And tumbled, all their beauty lost,
And here an album out of place,
And there a sadly broken vase,
And there the sorrowing sunlight shines
Through tousled morning-glory vines.

Would he were here, with his sweet looks!
He might have all my dearest books
To tear in tatters—Shakespeare, all,
For just his lightest footsteps fall;
For what is Shakespeare to the kiss
And clinging of the one I miss?

—Frank L. Stanton.

JACK'S PLOUGHING.

Out in the field in the sunshiny weather
Jack and the farm boy are ploughing together.
The dandelions in bloom by the wall
Twinkle gayly at Jack; and the robins call.
From the apple-tree boughs, "Ho, Jack!
Look here!"
While the chipmunks are chattering, "Come,
Jack, my dear!"
But Jack keeps on with his ploughing.

The plough is high, and the dimpled hands
Must reach for the handles, 'twixt which he
stands.
The south wind lifts the loose brown rings
'Neath the sailor hat with its flying strings,
And kisses the lips pressed tightly together,
When out in the field in the sunshiny weather
Jack lends a hand with the ploughing.

Up and down the long furrows brown
He manfully trudges, a tiny frown
On the smooth broad brow, so earnest is he.
"We has such lots of work to do, Jim, hasn't
we?
If I didn't help you, now what would you do?"
Says Jim, "Master Jack, if it wasn't for you
I'd never be done with the ploughing."

The sun grows hot, the lazy breeze
Scarce stirs the boughs of the apple-trees.
The soft earth clings to the moist little hands,
When, at last, at the end of a furrow, he stands
And looks toward home. "My mamma, I
guess,
Will be 'fraid 'thout a man in the house unless
I did come home from ploughing."

Such a dirty boy as runs home at last!
Such a dirty boy! but mamma holds him fast,
And kisses the dimples that come and go
And he tells of the morning's fun, till lo!
The white lids droop o'er the eyes of brown,
And in the meadows of Slumber-town
Jack still goes on with his ploughing.

—Mabelle P. Clapp.

SONG.

The storm is dying with the day,
And crimson fringes fret the gray;
The shifting clouds show lakes of blue,
And in the West the sun looks through.

Listen, through all the woods is plain
The music of melodious rain,
And from the oak the blackbird's psalm
Hushes the weeping woods to calm.

O Nature, whom thy children trust,
Mother of myriads it is just!
My grief has had thy tears awhile,
Smile now for others who can smile!

—Francis W. Bourdillon.

THE CURE'S PROGRESS.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

Monsieur the Curé down the street
Comes with his kind old face—
With his coat worn bare, and his straggling
hair,
And his green umbrella case.

You may see him pass by the little "Grande-
Place,"
And the tiny, "Hotel-de-Ville";
He smiles as he goes to the fleuriste Rose,
And the pompier Théophile.

He turns, as a rule, through the "Marché"
cool,
Where the noisy fishwives call;
And his compliment pays to the "belle
Thérese,"
As she knits in her dusky stall.

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There's a letter to drop at the locksmith's shop,
And Toto, the locksmith's niece,
Has jubilant hopes, for the Curé gropes
In his tails for a "pain d'épice."

There's a little dispute with a merchant of fruit,
Who is said to be heterodox,
That will ended be with a "Ma foi, oui!"
And a pinch from the Curé's box.

There is also a word that no one heard
To the furrier's daughter, too;
And a pale cheek fed with a flickering red,
And a "Bon Dieu garde, M'sieu!"

But a grander way for the Sous-Préfet,
And a bow for Ma'am'selle Anne;
And a mock "off-hat" to the Notary's cat,
And a nod to the Sacristan;

Forever through life the Curé goes
With a smile on his kind old face—
With his coat worn bare, and his straggling hair,
And his green umbrella case.

—*Austin Dobson.*

THE FLIGHT OF THE ARROW.

From The Atlantic Monthly.

The life of man
Is an arrow's flight,
Out of darkness
Into light,
And out of light
Into darkness again;
Perhaps to pleasure,
Perhaps to pain!

There must be Something,
Above, or below;
Somewhere unseen,
A mighty Bow,
A Hand that tires not,
A sleepless Eye
That sees the arrows
Fly, and fly;
One who knows
Why we live—and die.

—*Richard Henry Stoddart.*

MY COMPANION.

Weary, O Father, weary and long,
And steep and stony was the way,
Without a sound of happy song
To cheer me through the dreary day!

Until You sent this weakling maid
To journey upward by my side—
So fair, so frail and so afraid,
This maid You sent to be my bride.

Now have I lost all sense of fear,
In guarding her up to the height;
And all the way seems broad and clear,
And all the woods are full of light.

And, though I perish by the way,
She yet will win the height alone
To hail the everlasting day,
And pray for me before Thy throne.

—*Tom Hall.*

A PICTURE OF MY MOTHER.

Upon this old daguerreotype appears
Thy face, my Mother, crowned with wondrous hair.
What reconciliation in thine air;
And what a saintly smile, as if thy fears
The Lord had taken from thee, and thy tears!
'Tis my delight to still believe thee fair;
And thou wast loved, I know, for often here,
I saw my Father's eyes, at eighty years,
O'erflow with love whene'er we spoke of thee—
We spoke of thee, I said, not he—not he!—
He could not speak! . . O peace be with thee, then
Madonna like, thy babe upon thy knee!
My gentle Mother, lost on earth to me,
Shall I not know thee somewhere once again?

—*Lloyd Mifflin.*

GOD'S LITTLE GIRL.

She left her home in the starry ways,
And reached our arms in the April days.
We thought to keep her and hold her here,
And *our* little girl we called the dear.

One pleasant eve when the sun had dipped
Out of our sight, and the stars had slipped
Silently back to their wonted ways,
She turned her face with a wistful gaze

Up to the blue of the arching skies;
We knew by the look in her pretty eyes
And the smilethat brightened her small face so,
It was time for God's little girl to go.

A kiss we dropped on her curly head,
"Sweet little heart, good-bye," we said;
Then unafraid, tho' the way was dim,
God's little girl went back to Him.

—*Bertha Gerneaux Davis.*

THE THREATENED RAIN.

I kissed her and two roses red
O'er her white cheeks their crimson spread,
As spreads the rosy light of dawn
The snowy hills of winter on.

And then I saw her soft blue eyes
Begin to cloud as April skies;
And so, to stop the threatened rain,
I kissed the trembling thing again.

—*Lee Fairchild.*

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FREDERICK GEORGE SCOTT.

A Review of his Poetry by the Principal of Bishop's College, Lennoxville.

THREE volumes due to Frederick George Scott are to be found in verse form. The first appeared in 1888 and is entitled, "The Soul's Quest and other Poems;" the second appeared in 1894, "My Lattice and other Poems;" while the third is entitled, "The Unnamed Lake and other Poems," and has appeared only within the last few months. The first of these volumes was published in England and is reported as out of print; the other two have been published by Wm. Briggs, Toronto. Speaking generally, we may say of the volumes that they contain much vigorous and musical work. Anyone who knows the author will know that he is a spontaneous writer, that he sings because he must, and that he has a mission and a message. Mr. Scott belongs to a Montreal family, being a son of the late Dr. Scott. His University course was taken at Bishop's College, Lennoxville, under the late Dr. Lobley, and Lennoxville has always been appreciative of Mr. Scott's poetical work and has been proud to call him "her poet." We think the volumes before us show not only good performance, but also the promise that the best has not yet been reached. There are touches in the third volume which are finer than any in the first two. The poems of Mr. Scott will bear being read more than once, they will also bear being read aloud; and this is no slight strain or test of the quality of verses.

Let us take up the volumes one by one. The volume of 1888 begins with an inscription which is as poetical as any part of the works to which it is a preface. He says of his poems that they are a "long-loved handful" of flowers. Some gay,

"Sparkling with joy and the bright sun of hope."

And others are sad:

"Dipped in the crimson of the setting sun."

"But each has sprung
From the warm life-blood throbbing in my heart."

Perhaps the sad and the serious notes predominate. The "Soul's Quest" describes the pilgrimage of a soul which is apparently burdened beyond endurance by the present; for this soul seeks "to-morrow and yesterday." Repentance for the past and improvement for the future, both are suggested by the spiritual discontent with the present and actual. The form of the poem is in three-lined stanzas, with one rhyme only for each stanza. Thus:

"Her face is pale, her feet are bare,
Her sad, dark eyes, wide open, stare
At the glimmering darkness everywhere."

And again:

"Her tread is light on the cold, hard road;
For the tread may be light, yet heavy the load,
Of grief at the heart and thoughts that goad."

It is suggested to the wandering soul in the second part that in religion alone is consolation to be found both in thought and act; but this solution is not accepted at first.

"A voice in her heart has locked the spell."

It is not till the wanderer finds in her own pathway the Cross of Christ, that she finds rest.

"In the dim twilight as she stood,
She saw the marks of Jesus' blood,
Then stooped and kissed the Holy rood."

After this she is attracted to the religious life, and works out her salvation in the present with holy deed and prayer, the true fruit of faith, and thus she finds "to-morrow and yesterday." So her life rounds into a consistent whole, of which the keynote is self-sacrifice. The story is told in a clear and simple strain. The life of contemplation and activity is attractively indicated, and the atmosphere of the religious house,

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doubtless idealized, but not idealized above the possibility of realization, suggests to us that it is not needful always to go "beyond these earthly voices" to find peace.

The next poem, in blank verse, is one of the longer pieces of the author. "Justin," is the title. It is the story of a man who, from doubt and unsettlement of mind, finds his way to the consolations and strength given by the realization of the Christian faith. Mr. Scott is a Christian teacher, both in his verse and in his daily profession, that of an Anglican priest. Some who talk of art for art's sake would perhaps decide that he is too fond of sermons in verse, but we do not think his presentation of that which appears to him the highest truth is other than artistic, because his earnestness leads him to proclaim a truth which upraises his characters and leads them to a trustful and harmonious existence. There are very few lines in "Justin" which do not combine vigour and smoothness. Before reaching religion's solution of life, the youth tries in vain to find satisfaction in philosophy and in art, of which music is given as a type. The climax is thus indicated :

"Oh man in God, that bringest God to men,
Oh God in man, that liftest man to God."

If Mr. Scott is an orthodox Anglican of a pronounced type, he must also be classed as belonging to the Broad Wing of the High Anglicans. He has much to say on the subject of evolution, the main idea of which he seems frankly to accept.

One poem in this first volume is named "Evolution." Speaking of the soul and its yearnings for immortality and its varied powers, he asks :

"If this strange power were meant to sink
Back into a chaos or be lost,
Or cast off as a broken link,
Or die, like wave along the coast !

Not that God's way. On—ever on
To nobler, purer, higher things ;
From out the ages that are gone
Each newer, grander era springs.

So nought is lost, but all must pass,
And life through varied stages move ;
From the pale fungus in the grass
To deepest depths of light and love.'

Passing over shorter pieces, one of which is in memory of those killed in the Northwest Rebellion of 1885, and another the cry of the dying Indian race, as a Jubilee hymn of 1887 to the Queen ; we come across some admirable sonnets, that on Shakespeare being, perhaps, the finest. In one technical respect there is a departure from the arrangement of rhyme which is canonical in sonnets. Apart from the question of rhyme, the sonnet is very strong ; we give it entire :

"Unseen in the great minster dome of time,
Whose shafts are centuries, its spangled roof
The vaulted Universe, our Master sits,
And organ-voices like a far off chime
Roll thro' the aisles of thought. The sunlight flits
From arch to arch, and, as he sits aloof,
Kings, heroes, priests in concourse vast, sublime,
Glances of love, and cries from battlefield,
His wizard power breathes on the living air.
Warm faces gleam and pass, child, woman, man,
In the long multitude ; but he, concealed,
Our bard eludes us; vainly each face we scan,
It is not he ; his features are not there ;
But, being thus hid, his greatness is revealed."

The sonnets on "Truth," and "At Madame Tussaud's," are also very suggestive; the observer had taken several wax figures

"With clockwork breast, and face of mimic clay,"

for real; then he takes all the real men and women for wax in violent reaction :

"So in this age, methinks, when in the light
Of fuller knowledge, forms that men have reared
And worshipped, turn to dust, too hasty youths,
Shunning the whirlpool jaws of credulous sight,
Rush towards a Scylla far more to be feared,
And take for shadows all too living truths."

We now pass to the second volume, which, on the whole, we consider the strongest ; more virile and uniformly good than the first, less imitative, less of the exercise and more of the independent opinion, also containing more sustained efforts than the third.

The title of the second volume is

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"My Lattice." The writer looks through the square opening of his casement and lets his thoughts flow through that opening into remotest space. The flow and rhythm remind us of "The Brook" in its clearness and simplicity. Here are a few examples :

"My lattice looks upon the north
The winds are cool that enter
At night I see the stars come forth,
Arcturus in the centre.

The curtain down my casement drawn
Is dewy mist, which lingers
Until my maid, the rosy dawn,
Uplifts it with her fingers.

The sparrows are my matin bell,
Each day my heart rejoices,
When from the trellis where they dwell,
They call me with their voices.

Then as I dream with half-shut eye,
Without a sound or motion,
To me that little square of sky
Becomes a boundless ocean.

And straight my soul unfurls its sails,
That blue sky-sea to sever,
My fancies are the noiseless gales
That waft it on forever."

In "Viâ Mortis" we have a thoughtful meditation on the mighty who have passed away : the poet describes himself as approaching in the process of time towards those who have gone before.

"To you my life stream courses on its way
Through margin shallows of the eternal deep."

The following is one of the stanzas of the poem :

"But ye are there, ingathered in the realm
Where tongueless spirits speak from heart to heart,
And eyeless mariners without a helm
Steer down the seas where ever close and part
The windless clouds : and all ye know is this,
Ye are not as ye were in pain or bliss,
But a strange numbness doth all thought o'erwhelm."

We must not forget to note "Samson," a very vigorous and concentrated poem on the Hebrew hero of that name. The London *Speaker*, a weekly whose literary articles are regarded with much attention, has very high praise for this poem, regarding it as one of the author's best : "These are splendid verses, and this is probably the best American poem for many years." By American we suppose is meant written on the continent of America. The poem is strong in dramatic force, as in these lines :

"From the woman at my side
Was I, woman-like, to hide
What she asked me, as if fear
Could my iron heart come near?

Nay, I scorned, and scorn again,
Cowards who their tongues restrain ;
Cared I no more for thy laws
Than a wind for scattered straws."

And at the end,

"Give me back for one blind hour
Half my former rage and power,
And some giant crisis send
Meet to prove a hero's end.

Then, O God, Thy mercy show !
Crush him in the overthrow
At whose life they scorn and point,
By its greatness out of joint."

Another strong poem, and one of the longer ones in the same volume, is "Thor," a very excellent piece of metre in stanzas of five lines each :

"Fearful the face of the god,
Stubborn with sense of his power;
The seas would roll back at his nod,
And the thunder-voiced thunder-clouds lower,
While the lightning he broke as a rod."

The poem describes the enchantment of the strong Thor by the Moonlady : the vigorous soldier is kept away from his duty by feminine allurements : he follows pleasure rather than his true work, and is lost to the cause of right. Balder the fair, "the purest of gods by the throne," "whose strength is as the strength of ten because his heart is pure," like the Galahad of Arthurian romance, undertakes to bring Thor back to a sense of his position as a god by shaming and stinging him into action.

The "Frenzy of Prometheus" is a bold piece of imagery, full of rebellious passion. Addressing the sun, he concludes in these lines :

"Go on thy way, spent power, leave me here
To reign in silence, rave and scorn and hate,

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To glory in my strength, tear down the skies,
Trample the crumbling mountains under foot,
Laugh at the tingling stars, burn with desire unconquerable, till the universe
Is shattered at the core, its splinters flung
By force centrifugal beyond the light.
Until the spent stars from their orbits reel,
And hissing down the flaming steps of space,
With voice of fire proclaim me God alone."

"The Abbot" is the weird story of a man who died in mortal sin (suicide) in order to save a lost soul: he confides his purpose to a youth, who by and bye dies an old monk and asks to be buried in the unconsecrated spot in which the suicide had been laid.

"Out in that spot my grave be set,
Marked by wood violet;
No man can judge another's sin:
Man judges by the outer life,
God by the inner strife.
Out there the forest tree-roots creep
Round one sad heart's forgotten sleep,
A heart which broke in giving all
To save a soul from thrall."

The next considerable poem in this volume is "Dion," being the history of the famous patriot of Syracuse. After twice delivering the people of that city from the tyrant Dionysius, because of his own severity of manner and rule and because of his reforms, Dion becomes unpopular and is conspired against by youths, who are obliged to send for a sword to despatch the aged patriot.

"And think ye I am one whom ye can slay
By throttling, as an outcast slays her child,
Pinching the life out of its tiny throat?
Not this shall be my death, for I am royal,
And I must royally die. Go fetch a sword
And I shall wed it nobly like a king."

Again:

"But he so loved his Syracuse that she,
Grown sick of his great heart, let out its red
Upon the pebbles of her streets, and cried:
'Mine own hands slew him, for he loved too much.'"

In his tone and spirit Dion reminds us of Ulysses:

"Farewell, life's toilsome warfare. Like a king,
Great gods, receive me into bliss or woe,
Which e'er your land affordeth."

These words remind us of such lines as these:

"It may be that the deeps will wash us down,
It may be we shall reach the happy isles."

Perhaps the man Dion reaches a higher level than Ulysses when the former goes on to say:

"Set my throne
Among the company of those who strove
To mount by inner conquest, not by blood."

The two mistresses, "Wrong and Right," is a pretty conceit, well worked out:

"Right hath the sweeter grace,
But Wrong the prettier face."

"In the Woods" is a sweet little ode, reminding us in tone and quality of "My Lattice." The first of the four stanzas is as follows:

"This is God's house—the blue sky is the ceiling,
This wood the soft green carpet for His feet,
Those hills His stairs, down which the brooks come stealing
With baby laughter, making earth more sweet."

Scott is not only a religious poet; he is also the singer of pure and happy married life. In the sonnet, "To My Wife," he says:

"I hope no hope but what thyself has sought,
Thou losest not, my lady, in the wife,
The golden love-light of our earlier days;
Time dims it not, it mounteth like the sun,
Till earth and sky are radiant. Sweet, my life.
Lies at thy feet, and all life's gifts and praise,
Yet are they nought to what thy knight hath won."

Other good sonnets are "Columbus" and "Solomon." The last six lines of the latter leave little, if anything, to be desired in expressing what they are meant to express.

"His heart hath drained earth's pleasures to the lees,
Hath quivered with life's finest ecstasies,
Till now some power reveals as in a glass
The soul's unrest and death's dark mysteries,
And down the courts the scared slaves watch him pass,
Reiterating 'Omnia Vanitas.'"

It is perhaps because Mr. Scott has during the last two or three years

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transferred his sphere of work from a scattered country parish to a large city church that he has not found time in the third volume to give us any sustained flight. Perhaps in delicacy of expression and richness of fancy the third volume is even superior to the second. If the rhythm and quality of "The Lattice" reminds us of Tennyson's "Brook," the title piece of volume three, "The Unnamed Lake," reminds us unmistakeably of Wordsworth. We do not attribute conscious imitation to Mr. Scott, but we venture to think that had "The Unnamed Lake" appeared anonymously in 1837, instead of appearing in 1897, it would have been at once attributed to Wordsworth. There is perhaps not only the simplicity of Wordsworth, but also in the last verse a little drop into the prosaic, which was a frequent defect in that poet.

"Through tangled brush and dewy brake
Returning whence we came,
We passed in silence, and the lake
We left without a name."

These verses are better:

"Great mountains tower above its shore,
Green rushes fringe its brim,
And o'er its breast for evermore
The wanton breezes skim.

"Dark clouds that intercept the sun,
Go there in spring to weep,
And there, when autumn days are done,
White mists lie down to sleep."

In "A Dream of the Prehistoric," we have strong evolution doctrine proclaimed again:

"And with tears almost human the mother
looked down at the babe on her breast.
And her pain was the germ of our love, and
her cry was the root of our speech."

And again:

"And here in the aftertimes, Man, the white-
faced and smooth-handed, came by,
And he built him a city to dwell in and temples
of prayer to his God;
He filled it with music and beauty, his spirit
aspired to the sky,
While the dead, by whose pain it was fashioned, lay under the ground that he trod."

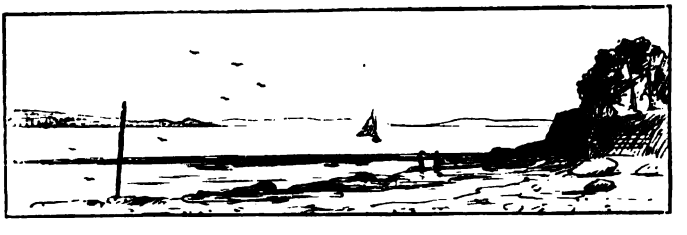
Space will not admit of further quotation, but the following lines are full of the true spirit of poetry, and these lines show this Canadian poet at his best, near to the ideal which he sets for himself:

EOTHEN.

"The immortal spirit hath no bars
To circumscribe its dwelling-place;
My soul hath pastured with the stars
Upon the meadow lands of space.
My mind and ear at times have caught,
From realms beyond our mortal reach,
The utterance of eternal thought,
Of which all nature is the speech.
And high above the seas and lands,
On peaks just tipped with morning light
My dauntless spirit mutely stands
With eagle wings outspread for flight."

"The Song of Triumph" is a splendid piece of alliterative rhythm, and the sonnets are, as before, sinewy, full of body, and of manly and varied thought.

Thomas Adams.



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COMMENT ON THE WAR.

HOW WAR WAS DECLARED.

(Literary Digest, N.Y.)

MINISTER WOODFORD informed our State Department, April 21st, that the Spanish Government had notified him (Senor Polo having withdrawn from Washington) that diplomatic negotiations were at an end, and that this notification reached him before he had an opportunity to make formal presentation of the ultimatum forwarded by this Government. Thereupon he received his passports, and our State Department announced that further diplomatic action on the part of the United States was rendered unnecessary. On the same date a semi-official note was issued in Madrid.

The time limit of our ultimatum did not expire until two days later, April 23rd. But accepting the attitude of Spain as equivalent to a declaration of war, the President issued a proclamation of blockade for Cuba, April 22nd. The United States navy signalized the opening of hostilities by capturing a Spanish merchant ship, and on April 23rd the President issued a call for 125,000 volunteers.

On April 24th the *Gaceta Official*, Madrid, printed a proclamation by the Spanish Government declaring that "a state of war exists" between Spain and the United States, and announcing that the treaty of 1795, the protocol of 1877, and all other conventions "are null and void."

In a brief message, April 25th, President McKinley reviewed the developments since the enactment of the Congressional resolutions, April 20th, calling "for the recognition of the independence of the people of Cuba, demanding that the Government of Spain relinquish its authority and government in the island of Cuba and Cuban waters, and directing the President of the United States to use the land and naval forces of the United States to carry these resolutions into effect," and asked Congress for a formal declaration of war, which was promptly given in the following form: "A bill declaring that war exists between the United States of America and the Kingdom of Spain. Be it enacted, etc. (1). That war be, and the same is hereby declared to exist, and that war has existed since the 21st day of April, A. D. 1898, including said day, between the United States of America and the Kingdom of Spain. (2). That the President of the United States be and is hereby directed and empowered to use the entire land and naval forces of the United States, and to call into active service of the United States the militia of the several States to such extent as may be necessary to carry this into effect."

TOO GREAT A HURRY.

(Journal of Commerce, N.Y.)

If we turn to the Congressional steps which have hurried us into the present situation, we find scarcely an incident that we can contemplate with national pride, or that offers promise for the future. The war party in Congress has been made up mainly of the political elements whose only influence is injurious, the enemies of public credit, the violent partizans, the political tricksters, the men of noise rather than reflection, the demagogues, all these have been for war and fearful lest war might be averted and Cuban freedom secured without. All measures of preparation for war they oppose or treat with indifference. It is impossible to use language too strong in denouncing the extremists in Congress, not so much for trying to drag the country into war as for their criminal indifference to the preparation necessary for war. Yet this sombre view does not do justice to the situation as a whole. We have seen no evidence of eagerness for war on the part of the people; we have seen little more than a cheerful determination to support the Government heartily if it involved the country in war, and with this there is a widespread doubt about the necessity of our imposing demands that can hardly be expected to fail of causing war.

UNJUST AND UNFAIR.

(Goldwin Smith, in Weekly Sun.)

The President was evidently for peace,



REAR-ADMIRAL DEWEY, U.S.N.

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FROM THE TORONTO "WORLD."

"LIKE FATHER, LIKE SON."

MR. BULL.—W'y bless my 'eart, Sammy, if you're not growin' more like your hold dad hevery day—'specially in the matter of happetite, my boy, 'specially in the matter of happetite.

though he had not force enough to hold his own and win for himself in the future a genuine crown. The war has been made by Congressional fire-eaters, who, in the midst of a debate on the Cuban question, fought like dogs on the floor of the House; and by Pulitzer and his colleagues in the sensation press, whose object is an extended circulation. Pulitzer's chief rival actually offered a large bribe to anyone who would fabricate for him evidence that the *Maine* had been blown up by the Spanish Government.

The Liberal Government of Sagasta offered an armistice, facilities for the relief of the Reconcentrados, a measure of self-government for Cuba on the Canadian scale, and submission of the case of the *Maine* to impartial arbitration. Why was not that offer fairly considered? Why was it met only with a peremptory summons to Spain to haul down her flag, which, if she had a drop of Castilian blood left in her veins, was war? That is a question to which a plain answer is required, if we are to judge rightly in this cause. Does anybody believe that the Spanish overtures would have been treated as they were, if Spain had been the equal in strength of the United States?

ANGLO-AMERICAN ALLIANCE.

(The Daily Globe, Toronto.)

The statesmen of Great Britain appear to be indifferent to the fact that their course is building up a powerful rival in a sphere where British influence is now paramount, or, rather, they seem to have deliberately accepted that result, staking much on the probability that the United States will be a friendly power. Two reasons may be assigned for this course. One is that the food supply of the British Islands comes so largely from the United States and from the rest of this continent and is likely to do so for a long period. Another may be that the desire of the people of Great Britain is to draw away from European politics and to find friendships in another quarter. There is little doubt that the people were profoundly disgusted with the proceedings of the "European Concert" and with the enforced inaction of Great Britain during the Armenian butcheries. American newspapers and politicians have tried British patience to the breaking point, but they have never succeeded in destroying the desire for a British-American alliance, and the faith that in a case like that of Armenia the sympathies of the British and American people would be on the side of the oppressed. The justification for intervention is not nearly as strong in the case of Cuba as in that of Armenia; but it is probable that the common feeling among the people of the British islands is that the cause is virtually the same.

American sentiment now seems to favour an alliance or a good understanding with Great Britain, and sentiment is the only factor that has hitherto been wanting. The substantial advantages of such an understanding are apparent. A British-American alliance so far as North America is concerned would be, in all human probability, invincible; the coasts of the United States and of Canada would be secure from attack by almost any conceivable combination of enemies, and the continuance of the commerce of the Atlantic would be virtually assured. Along the Pacific coast of Asia the combination, if not invincible, would be exceedingly powerful. For instance, even in the present state of the American navy it is difficult to conceive of any combination of European powers parcelling out the Philippine Islands among themselves in defiance of the wishes of Great Britain and the United States.

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THE HERO OF MANILA BAY.

(Harper's Weekly, N.Y.)

Commodore George Dewey, who will go into history as author and executant of the first great stroke of the war with Spain, was born in Montpelier, Vermont, on December 26th, 1837. He came of the best New England stock, his father being Dr. Julius Y. Dewey, one of the first authorities on life insurance in his day, and a man held in high esteem in the business community. At the age of seventeen, after a preparatory course in the Northfield Military School, young Dewey was appointed a cadet at Annapolis, in the class which was graduated in 1858. A practice cruise on the Wabash followed, and he was resting at home when the Civil War broke out. At once he was commissioned a Lieutenant and assigned to the *Mississippi*, a seventeen-gun steam-sloop of the old side-wheel type, under Commander Melanchton Smith. His first serious taste of war was when the West Gulf squadron, early in 1862, forced a passage up the Mississippi ahead of Farragut. How exciting this expedition was at times may be judged from the fact that in passing St. Philip the ship was so near the shore that the gunners aboard her and the Confederate artillery in the fortifications exchanged oaths as they discharged their volleys at each other.

A later enterprise on the same river resulted in the grounding of the *Mississippi* in the middle of the night, opposite Port Hudson, where she was riddled with shot and set afire by the enemy's batteries, so that officers and crew had to abandon her, and make their way, as best they could, to the other shore before the flames reached her magazine and she exploded. One of the crew recalls an order given by Dewey that night after the white-washing of the decks. The gunners were thus able to see to do their work, for until the ship was fired all lights were forbidden, the plan being to slip past the forts without being discovered. This reminiscence is of special interest now, in view of the way Dewey made his entrance into the harbour at Manila in the darkness a fortnight ago.

On reaching his Captaincy in 1884 he took charge of the Dolphin—one of the first vessels of the "new navy." From 1885 to 1888 he commanded the *Pensacola* then flag-ship of the European squadron; and this service was followed by a shore duty of considerable length, in the course of which he served as chief of the Bureau of Equipment at the Navy Department, and afterward on the Light-house Board for the second time. Two years ago he was promoted to be a Commodore and made head of the Inspection Board; and at the beginning of the present year he was given command of the Asiatic squadron, and the chance to distinguish himself which he has so brilliantly improved.



FROM THE TORONTO "TELEGRAM."

IN THE TEMPLE OF FAME.

UNCLE SAM—"Hi there, Nelse, get off the perch. I want that pedestal for my own boy, Dewey."

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MAP OF THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

Number of islands, over 400.
Area, 116,000 square miles.
Estimated population, 7,500,000.
Chief products: hemp, sugar, coffee, copra, tobacco, and indigo.
Exports in 1893 amounted to $30,500,000, of which sugar furnished $18,000,000 and hemp $10,000,000. Imports in 1893 amounted to $25,000,000, chief imports being rice, flour, wines, dress, petroleum, and coal.
Chief islands, two in number, Luzon and Mindanao.
Luzon: area, 40,024 square miles; population, about 4,500,000.
Mindanao: area, 36,000 square miles; population, 732,800.
Manila, chief city and capital of the Philippine Islands; population, (1887), 154,062.

MILITARISM IN AMERICA.

(Goldwin Smith, in Weekly Sun.)

Militarism everywhere rides rampant. We had hoped that it had been excluded from this continent, and that here, at all events, protective industry was to be honoured above the art of destruction; that labour was to eat the bread it earned untolled by the ambition of kings; and that the object of government was not to be aggrandizement, but the material welfare of the people. But now, behold an outbreak of militarism as violent as any in the old world, and springing in no small measure from a lurking desire to show off to the old world, and make it pay homage to the military greatness of the United States. The god of the hour is a commander who has destroyed a squadron and its crews by a cannonade at long range, going to breakfast, we are told, in the middle of his sport. Homage is paid to him such as would not be paid to a great benefactor of mankind. The war fever rages without limit; the organs of opinion breathe aggrandizement; increase of armaments is called for on all sides. Washington's counsels of moderation are spurned as obsolete, and the new world seems bent on vying with the madness of the Old Poor as are the victories gained over a foe so weak as to be almost helpless, military ambition is, of course, excited, and will seek to open for itself new fields.

How long will this last, and how far will it go? These are serious and interesting questions, not for the Americans only, but for the world at large. Will the people of the United States discard Washington's counsels, follow the lure which Olney and other aspiring politicians hold out, determine to take their place as one of the great powers, and henceforth to maintain large armaments in support of that pretention? To answer that question positively at present would be rash, but the negative answer is the more likely to prove true. In those regions of sensational excitement and varying impulse such waterspouts of opinion as the present form suddenly, and as suddenly break. When the war is over, when the ovations are ended, when the fireworks are burnt out, when the bill comes in, when the new pension list is filled, the sober sense, which at present is in a state of suppression, may again assert itself, and other counsels may prevail.

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FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

THE prevailing impression in this country and in Europe seems to be that the United States has captured the Philippine Islands from the Spaniards. True it is that the United States' Pacific fleet has destroyed the miserable Spanish fleet in the harbour of Manila and captured Cavite, an outlying fort of that Spanish city; but this is no reason for saying that the United States has taken possession of the Philippines. If the same United States' fleet had destroyed the British Pacific fleet and taken possession of Esquimault, we would not be led into saying that the United States had taken possession of Canada. Rear Admiral Dewey has possession of about one square mile of Philippine territory out of 116,000 square miles. He has killed or wounded a thousand men out of a population of seven million and a half. The greater part of this population is native, of course, and in a state of revolt against Spanish authority. But when the United States has driven out the Spaniards—and that will be no easy task—it will then have to reckon with the natives. What opposition the latter will offer is enigmatical.

Therefore, it is rather early for the United States to make plans for the governing of these islands, or for the trading of them to some European power in exchange for some American possession. It would almost seem useless to speculate as to their disposition until the United States forces have made more headway and until the attitude of Russia and Japan is determined. If Japan looked unfavourably on the annexation of the Hawaiian Islands to the United States, what will she think of the annexation of the Philippines? She may not object to a temporary occupation, but a permanent acquisition is a different thing. There is considerable history to be made before the United States becomes the recognized owner of an Eastern Empire, comprising over four hundred islands.

The rich and pedigreed men of the United States do not seem to be behind their more lowly brother-citizens in their anxiety to go to the front in this war. Theodore Roosevelt, who is a fairly rich man, is organizing a body of "Rough Riders," and two score of his men are gay New Yorkers. William Tiffany, one of these, is a grandnephew of Commodore Perry of Lake Erie fame. John Jacob Astor desired to raise a regiment but had to be content with an Inspector-Generalship with the rank of lieutenant-colonel. William Astor Chanler had a similar ambition, but has been made Assistant Adjutant-General with the rank of captain. Charles A. Whittier, a general during the Civil War, and the father-in-law of of a Russian Prince, has received a position similar to Mr. Astor's. Rufus Hatch, son of the famous financier who played the game with Jay Gould and Russel Sage, is an orderly in the Michigan militia. O. H. P. Belmont offered to build and equip a dynamite torpedo boat if he were made her commander; but, in spite of the fact that he is a graduate of the Naval Academy of Annapolis, and has served two years in the navy, the United States Government has refused the offer.

Such desires on the part of men with wealth or ancestry indicate the strength which the United States nation may develop. The oldest families cannot trace their republican family lineage beyond 1776, whereas, the oldest families in Europe have a history which covers five times that number of years. Nevertheless, the pride of ancestry, which is so strong a factor in preserving the stability and dignity of the European nations, is growing rapidly in the United States. In another hundred years it will have a wonderful effect on the national life. It is already

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having an effect, and it will do much during the coming century to infuse into the young republic that spirit of conservatism which prevents or crushes schism and revolution. With an aristocracy possessing birth, culture and wealth, the United States will be a country more noted for honour, dignity and common sense than it is at present.

Canada has a lesson to learn in the present position of Italy. The kingdom was founded thirty-seven years ago in a blaze of hope and glory, and immediately took her place among the first powers of Europe. Railroads were built all over the kingdom, even into desolate and arid provinces where little return could be expected. An army, a navy, a court and all the glittering ornaments of a modern nation were maintained at an enormous cost. Luxuries and extravagances of all kinds were indulged in, until it took one-half of the Italian revenue to pay the interest on the national debt, and nearly another half to keep up the army and the navy. Taxation has grown so high that about forty to sixty per cent. of a man's income goes to the government. Further, there are five dialects spoken in the kingdom, and those who know one dialect very seldom have sufficient education to speak the others. Intercourse is thus limited, and unity of thought and feeling prevented. Marion Crawford, the novelist, an authority on Italy, says that the members of parliament are divided into three equal classes—those devotedly loyal, those selfishly ambitious and those cynically corrupt. Extravagance, corruption and high taxation have again caused revolts in various portions of the kingdom. Milan seems to be the worst city in that respect. There seems to be little danger, however, that King Humbert's throne will be overthrown.

The annual Mining Review for 1897, issued by E. D. Miles & Co., mining agents, Charters Towers, Queensland, is a valuable document. Some of the information may be interesting to those Canadians who are interested in mines. The approximate value of the bullion produced last year was $5,000,000, the cyanide process having made a wonderful difference as compared with previous years. The "Brilliant" paid over $700,000 in dividends and the "Day Dawn" over $400,000. These were the two best mines. The output of bullion for 1898 is estimated at $6,500,000, and the profit at half a million sterling.

One very striking part of the report is the table showing the profit or loss on investments from January, 1897, to January, 1898. Seventeen of the companies paid dividends running from 460 per cent. (Moonstone Consols) to as low as 5 per cent., while exactly the same number of companies show a loss from ninety per cent down. The chances of mining investments in Queensland are thus about even. For every man who wins another loses. If it is true, as the American commercial agencies claim, that only five per cent. of the men who engage in business are successful, then mining in Queensland must be a rather good business. Mining on this continent would scarcely make as good a showing. Mr. Ogilvie has ventured the assertion that out of every ten men who go to the Klondike this year only one will be successful.

The Australasians are still considering the Federal Bill, of which no complete copy has yet come to hand. It provides for the federation of the postal and telegraph, defences, coastal lighting and quarantine; the Federal control of trade and commerce, and the levying of custom and excise duties; uniform duties must be imposed within two years; the Commonwealth will credit revenue, debit expenditure and pay the balances to the States; the Federal expenses shall not be greater than one-fourth of the gross receipts; there shall be one-man-one-vote; two houses; Senators, six years; Representatives, three years; not more than seven Federal Ministers; a High Court of Australia (like our Supreme Court); both houses are liable to be dissolved

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for the verdict of the people on their procedure (how the opponents of our Senate would like that—before the verdict at least !); a national market for national products ; State debts may be federalized ; the people may amend the constitution ; women may vote in any State which so decrees.

For twenty-five years they have been discussing this movement in Australasia. Now they have a Bill, and soon they will have a decision. As the Australian Reviews of Reviews says : "To reject the Federal Bill is to dismiss federation itself from the political horizon for at least a generation." The convention which drafted the Bill consisted of ten men from each of the five colonies, and the sittings were held at Melbourne.

British statesmen seem to have a penchant for making great speeches. On April 29th, in reply to an attack on the government's foreign policy by Sir William Harcourt, Mr. Balfour made an important and lengthy reply which attracted a great deal of attention. Then, on May 4th, Lord Salisbury addressed a great meeting of the Primrose League, at Albert Hall, and took occasion to review the domestic policy of the British Government during the past fifteen years and also the recent foreign developments. The Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, not to be outdone by the great nephew and the greater uncle, did, on May 13th, make and deliver another great speech in which he advocated an Anglo-Saxon Alliance. Such speeches could not be made nor delivered by Canadian statesmen because they have no such questions of world-wide interest to consider. The problems with which our statesmen deal are very small compared with the problems dealt with at the centre of the Empire, and, perhaps, that is the reason why Canada has two or less great statesmen.

For some time the people of Great Britain have felt that the British Foreign Office was outwitted in China by the managers of the foreign affairs of Russia. The Czar's soldiers occupied Port Arthur and the British people did not like it. In their addresses, Mr. Balfour and Lord Salisbury attempted to prove that the withdrawal from Port Arthur was not humiliating, and that the occupation of Wei-Hai-Wei was an equal advantage. Russia took Port Arthur—a possession which the British public over-estimated ; Great Britain received Wei-Hai-Wei—a possession which the British public under-estimated. This was their statement, and if it is true there is no ground for complaint. *The Times* is not fully convinced, nor are the Conservative Government's political enemies. The Liberals have just redeemed the constituency of South Norfolk, showing that Liberalism is gaining ground among the people who have been deserters for some time. The nation is not, apparently, fully satisfied that the British Lion is snarling as much as he ought. The speech by Mr. Chamberlain will perhaps reassure it to some extent. He said that the time had arrived to enlarge the policy of a United Empire into a policy of a United Empire and a united Anglo-Saxon race. The British Empire and the United States would, if united, be able to successfully confront a combination of any opposing powers. He denied that the Government's policy was " weak and vacillating," but that Great Britain's honour and interests were being and would be firmly maintained. He claimed that it was one of the most satisfactory results of Lord Salisbury's policy that at the present time there was a better understanding between the United States and Great Britain than had obtained at any time since 1776. Such an understanding would enable Great Britain to check Russian aggression in China, and French aggrandisement in West Africa.

This is a new note. Since the Crimean War, Great Britain has pursued a policy of non-alliance, of leaving all her doors open to the traders of the world instead of any one nation or set of nations. Russia is endeavouring to close Chinese ports ; France is en-

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deavouring to close African ports; Spain and Austria are in sympathy with France and Russia. To oppose the possible combination of these forces, a United Empire would scarcely be sufficient, a united Anglo-Saxon race would be a much stronger opposition.

The people of the United States seem to regard this alliance as a desirability. They have similar interests in the freedom of trade—which is the pivot of the whole question. They feel that without Great Britain's sympathy the United States would soon have Germany and France aiding Spain in the present war. Whether they will continue to regard the alliance favourably after they have defeated Spain remains to be seen. They have been twisting the lion's tail for a long time, and whether they can deny themselves the amusement is an open question.

Canada would, undoubtedly, be greatly benefited by such an alliance between the English-speaking races. Friendship between Great Britain and the United States would mean more friendly relations between the two North American peoples. Of course we are friendly now, but we bother each other as much as we can, and we occasionally take the opportunity to dilate upon each other's mental and moral weaknesses. It would be better if we did not do this, and if London and Washington remain friendly we would soon cease such unneighbourly conduct.

If any person had prophesied twelve months ago that Great Britain and the United States would now be falling on each other's neck and saying that the other fellow's heart was right even if his conduct had not always been exemplary, that person would have been regarded as insane. But this is an age in which it is a decided mark of ignorance to exhibit surprise. To be a good prophet one should decide what he thinks will happen and then predict the exact opposite.

Looking forward beyond Mr. Chamberlain's announcement that Great Britain would favour an Anglo-Saxon alliance, the question comes: "What next?" The first portion of the next political development would be the determination of the position of Germany and Japan. Germany is looking for alliances which will enable her to hold her foreign trade and her French conquests. With Russia, France and Spain united, Germany would naturally drift towards Great Britain. An enormous part of Germany's trade is with the British and the United Statesers. Moreover, she is more allied by speech and blood to these two peoples than to the Latin or Slav races. Japan, also, is looking to commercial development. If the ports of China remain open there will be a natural trade between the two countries. If Russia owned China, Japan would lose this commerce. Moreover, she would find herself just at the end of two of the prehensile arms of a great octopus, the head of which would resemble the Russian bear. Japan has everything to gain and nothing to lose by obtaining the friendship of the United States and of Great Britain. An alliance among Great Britain, Germany, the United States and Japan would not mean a general conflagration, but an extended peace.

This same Mr. Chamberlain who has so startled the world with his Anglo-Saxon proposal made a decided hit in the British House of Commons the other day on another subject. Some of the South African colonies, under the guidance of Cecil Rhodes, are offering a preference in their markets to British goods. John Morley and Sir William Harcourt interrogated the Government as to whether they intended that such a departure from Free Trade principles should be countenanced and encouraged. Mr. Chamberlain, in reply, suggested that South Africa was doing exactly what Sir Wilfrid Laurier had done in Canada, and Sir Wilfrid received as a reward the Cobden Medal. If the Cobden Club approved, it was not for Mr. Chamberlain to object! One can imagine the chagrin on the faces of Sir William Harcourt and Mr. Morley!

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EDITORIAL COMMENT

THIS issue contains some articles which should be of especial interest to Canadians at the present moment. "In case of War," by Captain William Wood, points out some of the weaknesses of our present military position. It should do away with much of our senseless opposition to military expenditure. That on "The Canadian Heroes of the War of 1812-14," by Dr. Bourinot, recalls many glorious memories of a struggle of which Canadians have every reason to be proud. The first of three articles on "Swiss Life and Scenery" will be found attractive. The author is a talented Canadian lady who has spent the last two years in the picturesque mountainous republic. The article on Mr. Gladstone is one of the best that has ever been written on England's lamented statesman, and points out very clearly the peculiar growth of his political and social views. The article was printed before the aged statesman passed away. For the illustrations we are indebted to Mr. Frank Yeigh, of Toronto, who has made a splendid collection of cartoons, photographs and other illustrations relating to Mr. Gladstone's life and times.

This Issue.

Mr. Gladstone passed away in the early morning of the nineteenth of May, but in the late evening of a busy and brilliant life. He accomplished much as a statesman, more as a scholar, and most as a man of sterling quality, with a love of truth and righteousness. His career as a statesman is singular, as has been pointed out by so many writers, in that his views on many political and social questions were the direct opposite in his later years of what they were in his earlier years. This change, however, reflected the spirit of the nineteenth century in its abhorrence of special privilege, and its desire to give every man or every section of men equal opportunity. When he commenced his political career, his views of liberty were as narrow as those of the age into which he had been born; when his career closed, they were as broad as those of any of his contemporaries. In the field of scholarship he also made his mark. He wrote on a very large number of subjects, his studies of Homer being perhaps the best known. His personal popularity attested the strength of his character; for he was worshipped by his own followers and loved by thousands who were politically opposed to him. His loss is a national one, and we as Canadians must share it. We bow our heads with the Britishers across the sea and mingle our tears with theirs.

Death of Gladstone.

As colonists we have little of a direct character for which we owe Mr. Gladstone any thanks. He never seriously felt, so far as we know, that the Colonies were destined to become an important part of the Empire, or that the Colonists should receive treatment such as was extended to the residents of the British Isles. He did not, however, actually oppose the growth of the Colonies. What he did was to share with the majority of British statesmen up to 1885 the feeling that a "Little England" was better than a "Greater Britain." He was simply neutral. Sir Henry Parkes, in his work on "The Making of Australian History," (Vol. ii., p. 103) writes: "I had a long conversation on the 23rd with Mr. Gladstone, in which I told him that he had often been charged in Australia, both in the newspapers and in speeches, with being indifferent, if not

Gladstone and Greater Britain.

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inimical, to the preservation of the connection between the Colonies and England. He was visibly surprised at what I told him, and said I was authorized to say that he had never, at any time, favoured such views." This denial does no more than assert the neutrality which we have claimed to be his attitude in regard to colonial development.

In March, 1837, Lord John Russell introduced his famous ten resolutions into the English Parliament, and refused to grant an Elective Legislative Council or to vest absolute control of the revenues in the Assembly of Lower Canada. Mr. Gladstone, then in his period of illiberality, supported the resolutions. Again, when the Rebellion Losses Bill, which had been passed in 1849 by a decided majority in the Legislature of the Province of Canada, and which had been assented to by Lord Elgin, came up in the British House of Commons we find Mr. Gladstone opposing it.

In 1846, when the Australian Colonies were struggling against the exportation of convicts from Great Britain to Australia, Mr. Gladstone successfully attempted to induce New South Wales to again open its doors to this class of immigrants, although he must have known the true feeling of the colonists. This is but a sample of his attitude towards Australia. His conduct towards South Africa cannot be put in a much better light. Speaking of the period from 1860 to 1885, Mr. Egerton, in his admirable work entitled "A Short History of British Colonial Policy," says, p. 367: "Moreover, during the period on which we are entering, the personality of Mr. Gladstone bulks large, and—whatever may have been on occasions his doubtlessly honest professions—most persons have instinctively recognized that his genius and the genius of Greater Britain stood opposed."

I have stated these few facts and opinions, not to detract from the character of the lamented statesman, but rather to show that he failed, as other British statesmen of the early Victorian period failed, to recognize the value and the true character of the colonies. It is not to be expected that Mr. Gladstone should exhibit conduct which is admirable from every point of view, for no man can be perfect. What we must recognize is, that whatever of perfection he did possess it lay in domestic rather than in foreign or colonial administration.

Millais' Painting.

On page 141 of this issue is a reproduction of a portrait of Mr. Gladstone by the late Sir J. E. Millais. On the evening of April 30th this picture furnished a piece of news which interested those who were present at the annual Royal Academy banquet in London. The president, Sir Edward Poynter, announced that Sir Charles Tennant, the present possessor of the painting, intended to present it to the nation. The portrait was exhibited in 1879, and is acknowledged by all to be the finest picture of Mr. Gladstone in existence, and to be among the three or four best portraits ever painted by Millais. It has a political history which adds to its value. At the time of the Bulgarian agitation it was painted for the Duke of Westminster, a strong sympathizer with the oppressed of the East, but when Mr. Gladstone became a Home-Ruler, the Duke was so disgusted that he sold or gave the painting to Sir Charles Tennant. Now Sir Charles intends to give it to the people, and it will grace some one of London's public buildings—probably the Parliament Buildings. Even in our reproduction of the picture one can easily see reason for Sir Edward Poynter's remark that this painting is "unrivalled in its rendering of the mind and spirit of the sitter, since the days of Rembrandt and Velasquez."

D'Alton McCarthy.

While the British Empire is mourning one of her greatest statesmen, Canada mourns one of her brightest parliamentarians. D'Alton McCarthy was a man with an ambition, a pride of honour, and a high moral sense equal to

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that of Mr. Gladstone himself. His rôle was played on a smaller stage, but it was played just as effectually. Of D'Alton McCarthy, just as well as of Mr. Gladstone, might have been written the words of Justin McCarthy: "To him a seat in Parliament was a matter of utter insignificance unless it enabled him to do some good for his constituents and for the country."

At the outset of his career Mr. McCarthy met with many difficulties. He was called to the Bar in 1858, and began to practice in Barrie. In 1879 he removed to Toronto, and was soon one of Canada's leading lawyers. All the difficulties in his profession he was able to overcome by his aptitude for hard work and by his bright, clear intellect. But it was in his political career that he met his greatest difficulties. Three times did he contest the constituency of North Simcoe, and three times was he defeated. His fourth attempt to enter Parliament was made at a bye-election in Cardwell in 1876, and this time he was successful. In 1878 he again sought election in North Simcoe, was victorious, and represented that constituency until his death.

But Mr. McCarthy will be best remembered by his opposition to the official recognition of Separate Schools, and the use of the French language in the northwest provinces and territories. He never ceased to labour to prevent what he thought to be inimical to the best interests of the people of that section of Canada. There may be two opinions as to the wisdom of his conduct, but there can be but one as to his honesty and sincerity. Had he been less a man and more a politician he might have been Premier of Canada.

Our frontispiece for this month is a picture of Mr. McCarthy. It is THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE'S tribute to the memory of the writer of the first and leading article in its first issue.

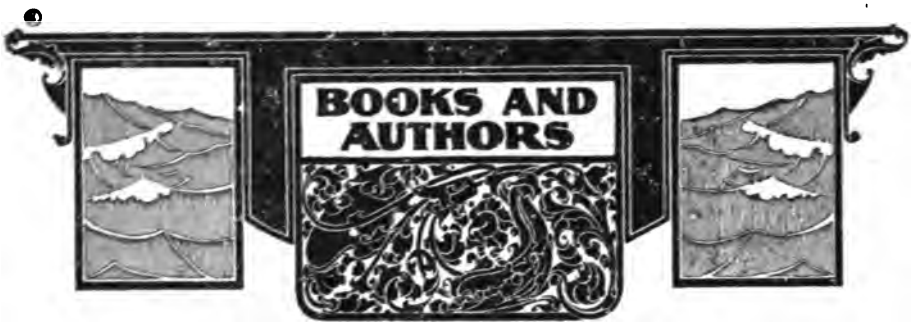
Summer Gayety.

Curling, skating and the theatre have already given way to summer gayety and pleasures. The noble race-horse has been brought from his winter quarters, and is furnishing sport for the multitude—genuine, exhilarating sport with much less meanness than is generally supposed to be attendant upon this particular pastime. The 39th running of the Queen's Plate, the greatest Ontario race, is now a matter of history. It was won, in the City of Toronto, on the 21st day of May, by Bon Ino, a beautiful beast, owned and raised by Mr. Seagram of Waterloo, amid the applause of senators, members of parliament, judges, and a multitude of the more common people. The bicycle has come into evidence with the warm weather, and counts even more worshippers than before. The lacrosse stick is being used by such youth of our land who have been taught that physical excellence is one of the elements of success in life. Baseball finds favour in many quarters; Canada has representative teams in two International Leagues, and hundreds of amateur teams in all parts of the country. The yachts and the canoes have been overhauled and repaired, and our lakes and rivers are already being visited by numbers of pleasure-seekers. The cricket bat and the golf stick are heard in the land, and the angler has fresh tales to tell of struggles with the speckled and other beauties.

We enjoy summer in Canada because of the decided change from our sturdy winters. Moreover, we are an athletic nation, fond of genuine sport, and filled with a spirit which is keeping the physical index of the nation at a high point. Like other Britishers, we take our sports rather seriously, but we take them moderately, and without the slightest inclination to ruffianism or brutality.

John A. Cooper.

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NOVELS IN GENERAL AND NEW.

Grant Allen has recently said that he looks upon the art of writing novels as altogether contemptible and frivolous. Some of Mr. Allen's novels prove that what he says is real conviction, for the stories therein are both contemptible and frivolous. A novel should amuse, entertain and inspire. It should amuse by leading the reader outside of himself and causing him to forget his own worries and troubles. It should entertain by describing life and nature in new ways. The picture which the powerful artist paints interprets nature or life better than the ordinary unskilled individual could interpret it for himself. Through the education and pleasure thus imparted to the individual, he finds entertainment. So, if the novelist enables his readers to see nature and life, in one or two phases, more clearly than before, he is entertaining that reader in a way which is certainly not "contemptible and frivolous." Again, the novel should inspire. It should arouse the reader's sympathies for certain people, or for certain phases of civilization or nature. The novels that inspire Canadians with a love for Canadian nature, Canadian life, Canadian people, or Canadian civilization, are just as important as the patriotic hymn, or the soul-stirring address or sermon.

There are good and bad novels, just as there are good and bad people, paintings, newspapers, systems of government, and methods of reasoning. The reader of novels is wasting his time if he reads novels indiscriminately or merely to satisfy a dumb craving for excitement. Many men are guilty of this, and more women. They never stop to ask "What did the author intend to accomplish in this novel? Was it written merely to amuse? Was it written to amuse and entertain? Was it written to amuse, entertain and inspire? What underlying principle is there behind the surface work of the author?" If such questions as these were asked after the reading of every novel there might be fewer novels read, but there would be much better results.

In a recent issue of The Homiletic Review, the Rev. Dr. D. S. Gregory gives three tests of the novel. It must be tested by the laws of the true, the good and the beautiful. First, the law of the true requires the novel to conform to reality; the life and person described must be such as are possible, not caricatures, as were most of Dickens' characters; "love with true home sentiments and honest heart-feelings, and not the puling sentimentality of the satanic press with its everlasting erotic developments." Second, the law of the good requires the use of noble facts, using lower facts solely, if at all, in the interest of the higher and nobler facts. Dumas and Du Maurier are not to be condemned for introducing a heroine of the demi-monde into their novels, but they are to be condemned for extolling their few virtues to such an extent that their vice is felt by the reader to be insignificant. Third, the law of

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the beautiful demands that each novel should be a work of art, or at least have some of the qualities of a work of art.

Such are the Doctor's arguments. Further, he does not believe in a novel with a purpose, as novelists cannot be instructors. What he means, probably, is that a novel should not aim to teach a particular doctrine, as some of Mrs. Ward's books evidently were; but it appears to us that if a novel conforms to the law of the true, the good and the beautiful, it must teach. As we have said above, the novel must make the reader love certain characters because of their virtues, or because of the predominance of their virtues over their vices; it must teach a love for nature, for the trees, the flowers, the rivers the mountains, the prairies ; and it must teach the reader what to do under certain circumstances, in which for his amusement and edification the leading characters are placed.

Yes, Doctor, the novel may conform, nay, should conform, to the laws of the true, the good and the beautiful, but it should also amuse, entertain and inspire.

We have just had a Canadian edition of two of James Lane Allen's earlier stories, A Kentucky Cardinal and Aftermath, published in one volume.* In these stories the author attempts to teach nothing in particular, yet he teaches much. His love for birds, wild animals and flowers is apparent everywhere—the Kentucky Cardinal is a bird. He teaches also a love for the sincere and the genuine, by exposing those who are merely a combination of tinsel. But, nevertheless, his novel conforms to the laws of the true, the good and the beautiful. He distinguishes between the poetry and the prose of life as follows :

"The longer I live here, the better satisfied I am in having pitched my earthly campfire, gypsy-like, on the edge of a town, keeping it on one side, and the green fields, lanes and woods on the other. Each in turn is to me as a magnet to the needle. At times the needle of my nature points towards the country. On that side everything is poetry. I wander over field and forest, and through one runs a glad current of feeling that is like a clear brook across the meadows of May. At others, the needle veers round, and I go to town—to the massed haunts of the highest animal and cannibal. That way nearly everything is prose. I can feel the prose rising in me as I step along, like hair on the back of a dog, long before any other dogs are in sight. And, indeed, the case is much that of a country cur come to town, so that growls are in order at every corner. The only being in the universe at which I have ever snarled, or with which I have rolled over in the mud and fought like a common cur, is Man."

This is a passage from a genuine love-story—accept that description of "A Kentucky Cardinal," until such time as you shall have read it yourself. Yet, would Dr. Gregory say that such a passage does not teach something? Would Grant Allen say that the writing of such a passage is either contemptible or frivolous? Yet there are dozens of passages in these two little tales by James Lane Allen which are as full of meaning and suggestion, of love and sweetness, as the one quoted.

There has recently been issued a new edition of "The Translation of a Savage," by Gilbert Parker. Frank Armour is engaged to a young lady in England. He comes to North America. Shortly afterwards the engagement is broken off by the young lady, to the ill-concealed delight of Frank's father and mother, General and Mrs. Armour. Frank is angry with his fiancée, and angrier with his family. In disgust and rage he determines on revenge. He marries Lali, the daughter of Eye-of-the-moon, and in one short month, accompanied only by a female attendant, she arrives in Liverpool. And on the other side of the Atlantic, Frank Armour, amidst trappers, traders, Indians and pioneers, chuckles over the sensation which Mrs. Frank Armour will create in the select circle in

*Toronto: G. A. Morang. Paper and cloth; illustrated.

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which the General and his wife and daughter move. Gilbert Parker entitles this chapter "His Great Mistake." But according to Dr. Gregory, the novelist should not teach !

Lali, the daughter of Eye-of-the-Moon, a worthy daughter of a noble race, is within a year content to go without a blanket or a buckskin suit. Her new relatives are at first angry, afterwards tolerant, and finally loving. Under their care Lali becomes an accomplished and graceful English-woman, and when in about three years she is introduced into London society, she is first a sensation and then a favourite. Just then her careless, dare-devil husband returns to see the woman whom he married in a moment of anger and malice, and the child of this same Indian wife. He is surprised to find her an equal, a beautiful mother, a London favourite. But she has learned the truth, and her love for her white husband has been converted into an intense hate. Frank falls in love with his wife, but her imperious wounded nature moves at his side untouched. He wooes in vain. Later on

"He had fallen into a habit of delicate consideration which brought its own reward. He had given up hope of winning her heart or confidence by storm, and had followed his finer and better instincts—had come to the point where he made no claims, and even in his own mind stood upon no rights."

Gilbert Parker seldom scintillates in vivacious dialogue, never writes a novel of preponderating dramatic interest ; but he always tells a story which pourtrays and explains some phase of life, past or present. His story may be commonplace but it is always true, and good, and beautiful. Beneath most of his work one can feel the throbbing of the heart of a man who would do good to his fellow man, who would elevate the ideals of his race not by set sermons but by descriptions of what will entertain and inspire. His work may be uneven, and at times flat, but he is the best Canadian novelist. He is our king until a new king arrives.

The Standard Bearer,* by S. R. Crockett, is a novel of a different character, but it exalts the love of women and the rectitude and unselfishness of men. Quentin MacClellan suffered much for his conscience' sake in the dark days which Scotland saw in the closing years of the seventeenth century and the opening years of the eighteenth. As the author says :

"A book iron-grey and chill is this that I have written, the tale of times when the passions of men were still working like a yeasty sea after the storms of the Great Killing. This is the story of that one man whose weak and uncertain hand held aloft the Banner of the Blue that I have striven to tell—his failures mostly, his loves and hates, his few bright days and his many dark nights. Yet withal I have found green vales of rest wherein the swallow swept and the cuckoo called to her mate the cry of love and spring."

While the delineation of the preacher's character occupies the main part of the story, the book is full of incidents of extraordinary interest.

OF HISTORICAL INTEREST.

The world of readers is divided into two classes—those who study history and those who do not. The first class have a knowledge which makes their conversation, their writings and their speeches worthy of being listened to or studied. The second class have but airy nothings to express, and they speak and write of scandals and gossip. The study of history adds to the interest one takes in life, and also to one's realization of its seriousness.

Mr. MacBeth's book on "The Making of the Canadian West"† is a historical volume worthy of much commendation. The author has treated of the

* Toronto, William Briggs. Cloth, 359 pp.

† Toronto, William Briggs. Cloth : 230 pp.

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events of 1870, of 1885, and of the peaceful years before and since in the light of what he himself has seen and experienced. He keeps his point of view admirably, and tells a story of thrilling interest. The text is accompanied by thirty-five illustrations, mostly portraits of the men who have been leading actors in the stirring scenes which have made the history of Manitoba, since 1869, so much more picturesque than the history of the other provinces. The wisdom of using pen and ink sketches instead of the original photographs may seriously be questioned. Even a good pen and ink artist loses much of the character in a face when he draws it. Then the book suffers from a lack of maps. Otherwise the volume does a great credit to Mr. MacBeth and his publisher.

E. M. Chadwick's piece of historical work, "The People of the Long House,"* is a very satisfactory contribution to the literature relating to our Indian tribes. The Six Nations, or Iroquois—the other two common names of these Indians—have a history of considerable antiquity, and one which during the last hundred and fifty years is a part of the history of British rule in Canada. Major Chadwick, himself a nominated Indian chief, gives much information concerning their laws and customs, with chapters on Indian names and Indian character. The book is uniquely bound and handsomely printed.

Blackie & Son's latest issues in their Victorian Era Series† are: The Free Trade Movement, by G. Armitage-Smith; and The British Colonies, by Rev. William Parr Creswell. The former writer is one of the leading economists of London, while the latter is best known here through his History of Canada. Armitage-Smith's work aims to give a complete history of the two principles, Free Trade and Protection—past and present, British and Foreign. It is apparently complete and exhaustive, besides being impartial. Creswell's work is not by any means exhaustive. His History of Canada showed that he knew very little about this country, and this book shows that added years have not greatly enlarged his knowledge. As giving a cursory glance over the growth of all the British colonies, his work has value—but that is the best the fairest critic can say.

PUBLISHERS' NOTICES.

Mr. Thomas Conant, of Oshawa, has arranged with William Briggs for the issue, during the coming autumn, of a volume of "Upper Canada Sketches," which promises much interesting reading. Mr. Conant, who comes of U. E. Loyalist stock, and traces his ancestry back to the Pilgrim Fathers, has much to tell of the experiences of the family in their removal to Canada and of life in the early settlements of Ontario, together with the author's own reminiscences of later events. A very striking feature of the book will be a series of illustrations, some twenty in number, specially prepared for the purpose by a clever Canadian artist. These illustrations are being lithographed in colours by Messrs. Barclay, Clark & Co., Toronto, and it is expected they will surpass anything of the kind yet attempted in Canada. It is the intention of the publisher to make the work in letter-press, paper and binding—as it undoubtedly will be in illustration—the handsomest volume ever issued from the Canadian press.

William Briggs has in the press a work of great interest and importance in "A History of Steam Navigation, and its Relation to the Trade and Commerce of Canada and the United States," by Mr. James Croil, of Montreal, a gentleman whose name is closely identified with the shipping interests of Canada, and who is qualified in every way for the preparation of a work of this sort. Mr. Croil

*Toronto: The Church of England Publishing Co.

† Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. Cloth, 75 cents.

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has given special attention to the illustrating of his work, having at much labour and expense gathered together what he regards as a larger and more valuable collection of engravings of steam-vessels, from the first rude craft down to the elegant floating palaces of the present day, than has ever yet been published. There will be in all about eighty half-tone engravings, of which fully twenty are full-page. It is proposed to put the book on the market in September.

In "Folks from Dixie, by Paul Laurence Dunbar (Toronto, George N. Morang), the reader will find negro life depicted in a series of bright, humorous and entertaining sketches, such as will instantly fix his attention. The complex character of the darkie, with its love of fun, its love of religious sensation, and, it may be said, its love for chicken and the delicate flesh of the "'possum," has afforded Mr. Dunbar a rare mine for literary endeavour. His book displays a sympathetic insight into coloured human nature which will gain him the approval of a large circle of readers. Nobody who reads "Anner 'Liser," for instance, can fail to admire the way in which the conflicting claims of love and religion in the handsome black girl's heart are shown in their various phases. "I's be'n tryin' to git 'ligion fu' fou' nights," says Anner 'Lizer, "an' I cain't do it jes' on yo' 'count; I prays, an' I prays, an' jes' as I's a'mos' got it, jes' as I begin to heah de cha'iot wheels a-rollin' yo' face comes right in 'tween an' drives it all away." In these twelve short sketches, with Mr. E. W. Kemble's clever illustrations, there is food for laughter and tears. Moreover, a high tone of moral earnestness pervades Mr. Dunbar's pages. A negro himself, he here shows that his race is no bar to the possession of true literary instinct and a high class of literary art.

The Bookman Literary Year Book 1898 (Toronto, George N. Morang) cannot fail to be interesting to all who love books, and are attracted by the personalities of those who write them. It is edited by James MacArthur, and is exceedingly well illustrated by numerous reproductions of photographic portraits of distinguished literary people. With each photographic presentation of these darlings of the public is a short biographical sketch which gives enlightening details as to the career of its subject. Among the most interesting are those of James Lane Allen, H. E. Hamblin, Alfred Henry Lewis, Charles G. D. Roberts and Israel Zangwill. As a matter of course, the older lions of the literary menagerie are duly photographed, adding both bulk and orthodoxy to a book which will no doubt find a convenient place on many a book-shelf. In addition to the notices of the leading authors of the year the book contains the obituaries of those who have passed away during that period, among them being a notable essay on the late Richard Holt Hutton, by T. H. S. Escott, and a large amount of information on literary matters. The somewhat miscellaneous character of the supplementary contents may be judged from the fact that they include not only a retrospect of Victorian literature, but a list of the hundred best books for a village library, from an English and American point of view respectively, and also the best set of directions for correcting proofs that we remember to have seen.

"Judith Moore," by Joanna E. Wood, the clever Canadian novelist, has been such a decided success that the publishers have decided to bring out a special edition of "The Untempered Wind," bound uniform with the previous book. "The Untempered Wind" was published in New York in 1894, and was pronounced by *Current Literature* and other New York literary periodicals to be the best work of fiction in that year. It has not, until the present time, been published in Canada. The cloth edition will be published at one dollar, and the paper edition at fifty cents.

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THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE

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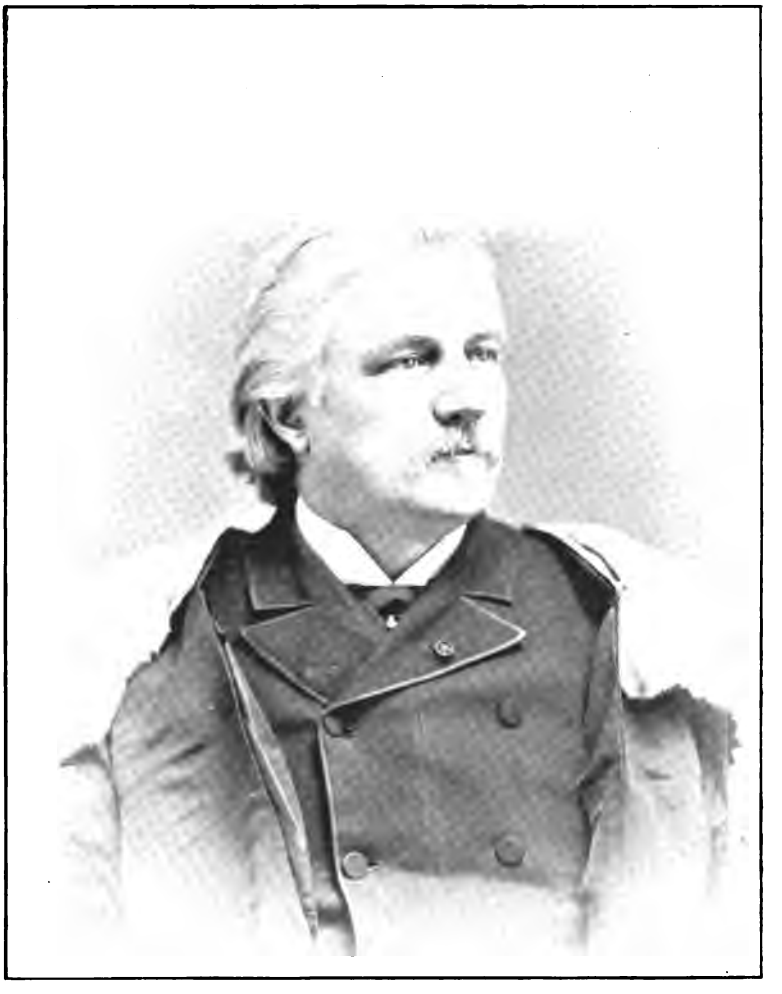
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THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

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JUL 5 1898

BANK RETURNS: WHAT THEY TEACH.

BY THE EDITOR OF THE "MONETARY TIMES," TORONTO.

"HOW is it," a foreigner once asked a great Englishman, "that I never hear in your Parliamentary Debates a word about the blessings of liberty and the glory of the British Constitution?" "Because, my dear sir," was the reply, "we take all that for granted." May not something like this be said of such things as Bank Statements and Returns in Canada? Who reads them? Does anybody study them? How is it we so rarely hear anyone but bankers quote them? Assuredly most people take them for granted; that they are of some use is admitted, yet their utility is not patent to the average man, and their meaning is perhaps rarely studied.

Banking is not a simple matter. It is a highly intricate and difficult form of business which cannot be successfully done by Rule of Thumb. It is dependent for its success on the observance of certain principles, and in pursuance of these principles experience has shown it needful to frame rules, prohibitions, necessities, without which a prosperous banking business cannot be done.

Many a one of a bank's customers, some even among a bank's staff, are unable to see why certain things are done or forbidden by the management or by the law of the land. Why, for example, should it be wrong for a bank to lend on land? And why is it deemed so imprudent to discount certain descriptions of paper? The answer is that trial has been made in these directions and experience has shown their unwisdom. A small banker should not attempt to take large accounts, we are told. Why? Because "many a time a bank, otherwise well administered, has been ruined by one large account."

That some check upon the operations of banks was necessary, some knowledge of their affairs and inner working desirable from time to time, had become evident from experience of the working of banks and observation of human nature as exhibited by bankers, who though able men as a rule are only human, and therefore liable to err. A Canadian does not need to look very far back in the history of Canada to find examples of private banking business wrecked by neglect of rules and precautions which no banker may disregard. Nay, not private banks alone, but chartered institutions. Not to go far back into the mouldy past it is sufficient to name the Exchange Bank in Montreal, the Federal Bank of Canada, the Bank of London, the Commercial Bank of Manitoba, whose failures have all come within the last twenty years. Speculation, irregularities, unwise advances, bad banking in short, charac-

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terized all these banks, the shareholders of which, who were doubly liable, had to suffer in pocket for imprudence in the management. Every few years when somebody projects a new bank, we hear the need of "Liberal Banking." That is to say, probably, the sort of banking that will give John James Jennikins, speculator, all the money he wants on his own note; or the Solar Eclipse Company a line of $100,000 discount to produce auroral light for the Sudbury Mines from Hudson's Bay petroleum. But "liberal" banking is not always safe banking.

The thing that a man wants to know about a bank is whether it is sound. If he is going to deposit money in it at interest, or if he intends to get accommodation from it by way of discount, he naturally desires in either case to deal with a safe concern. As it is with a man in such case so is it with a firm or a company.

But there is a disposition, in country places especially, to consider a bank safe merely because it is a "bank." And credulity seems to go even farther —and faster—in the case of a private banker, who is often entrusted by farmers with large sums of money in preference to a chartered bank, and for no better reason than that he will pay one per cent. or one-half per cent. per annum more interest.

It is to discover the condition of banks with respect to their safety or their weakness, and to protect the public from loss, that Government Bank Statements have been instituted. Each bank chartered by the Dominion is required to supply, according to a prescribed form, information about its resources and obligations. One of these forms it must fill in every month, for the information of the Deputy Minister of Finance. The questions or headings therein are framed to ascertain the state of the bank's affairs, and are supposed to be answered truthfully. But in case they are not answered truthfully the culprit may be detected by inconsistencies in the return itself. For example, where a bank borrows $50,000 or $500,000 from another bank, on the security of bonds or customers' notes, the borrowing bank does not always care to put this fact in the return, but leaves the space blank where it ought to be placed, namely, under the liability heading "Loans from other Banks in Canada." The bank which has lent this $50,000 or $500,000, however, has no object in keeping the transaction dark, and places the amount under the heading of assets "Loans to other Banks in Canada." Thus if the transaction appears on one side of the statement and not on the other, it is at once seen that somebody is playing arithmetical juggles with the truth.

With a proper statement in figures of a bank's position before him, a business man can tell whether it is in healthy shape, able to stand a stress of the money market and safe to deposit with, or whether it will likely have to curtail its commercial loans when a time of pressure comes to an extent which may seriously inconvenience those who have received advances from it—himself among the number.

The statement of banks rendered monthly to the Government is a barometer of the commercial and financial situation, showing in detail whether the savings of the people are increasing in the form of bank deposits; whether the circulation of bank notes is expanding or contracting; what amount and proportion of our bank resources are loaned in the United States. It also indicates the financial relations of the government to the associated banks by showing how much of government deposits the banks hold, or, on the other hand, how much the banks have loaned to the government of the day—often a very desirable thing to know. Coming to more specific or individual matters, the Bank Statement will make known what its relations are with other banks by way of debit or credit.

An examination of the Bank Statement will disclose how much of the assets of the banks are locked up in overdue debts, and whether or not these are secured; how much real estate they hold apart from their own

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bank premises, head office or branches; what mortgages they hold upon real estate which has come into their hands and been sold. "The best scheme of banking that can be devised," says a well-known writer, "will prove insufficient to guard against occasional losses and disasters." But it should be the aim of authority to lessen these losses and disasters.

It is also very desirable to know, at various times, in case an emergency should arise, what proportion of the bank's assets is readily available. We know, of course, that since it is a bank's business to lend money it cannot have all its resources in hand at any one time, else its very occupation would be gone. But in the changes and chances of local business; in the fluctuations of foreign markets, a time may come when the banks need to be exceptionally strong. Therefore they may have to call in their call loans made on collateral security; possibly their discounts may have to be curtailed.

Canada possesses a great advantage in the elasticity of its bank circulation. Bank notes flow out at certain seasons to industries and districts where they are needed, and their function being meantime over, they flow back again into the banks. In the United States, on the other hand, whose system has not a like elasticity, when pressure comes for money at harvest time, or at other times, high rates prevail, restriction is felt, there are even monetary spasms, and more or less financial derangement. About our Canadian bank notes, some one asks, "How are they secured?" We know, of course, that there is a fund of $1,500,000 or $2,000,000 deposited with government for securing the bank's circulation in case of trouble. But apart from this, "That portion of a bank's note circulation which is in excess of its specie reserve has for its basis the commercial paper in exchange for which it is given and the general credit and capital of the bank." Either the loss or the locking-up of a considerable share of a bank's capital may bring the institution into embarrassment—and either cause may be carried so far as to be fatal. It is of importance, therefore, that a good proportion of the assets of the banks should be of a character promptly available.

There is a necessity for providing for the redemption of the paper currency by paying specie on demand. This every reasonable man or prudent legislator admits. But not one man out of 100, perhaps not one out of 1,000, who receives bank notes requires to have them converted into gold. True, the note he gets is exchangeable for gold, but it is rarely that this quality is tested in practice. There is known to be a gold reserve behind the note, and that is deemed as a rule sufficient. Inconvertible notes, of the nature of assignats or fiat money, are a danger to which we in Canada are strangers.

A feature of Canadian bank assets which has come into prominence during quite recent years is the increased amount they deem it advisable—and perhaps profitable—to hold in Dominion and Provincial Government bonds, railway, municipal or other securities. In June, 1892, the aggregate so held was $18,400,000. By June, 1896, it had risen to $23,200,000, and by June, 1897, to $28,400,000, which is nearly nine per cent. of their total assets.

Placing side by side two monthly bank statements of widely different dates, one made in December, 1868, to the Auditor of Public Accounts by banks in Ontario and Quebec, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick (the Dominion was smaller then), and one in 1897, the contrast between them is marked. The first contains but thirteen headings. Under liabilities it demands to know (1) the amount of capital, (2) the circulation, (3) the cash deposits, and (4) the amount due to other banks. Under assets, the statement asks for returns of (1) coin, bullion and Provincial notes, (2) landed property owned, (3) Government securities, (4) discounts, (5) balances due from other banks, and (6) "other debts," the remaining headings being for

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totals. There was not much to be extracted from a statement like this as to the condition of a bank or its ability to stand a storm.

The 1897 statement blank, however, asks for returns under no less than forty-one headings. Like the Englishman of the *civis Romanus sum* order, who paralysed the lah-de-dah clerks of a government department with his audacious enquiries, this return "wants to know, you know," and insists on knowing, a great many things. In addition to the items given above, such a document of enquiry insists on knowing the amount each bank owes to or has borrowed from the government; the amount of balances for and against it in Britain and the States; the capital subscribed and paid, and the amount of the Reserve Fund or Rest, as the undivided profits are for the most part called. It is particular as to the deposits of the people, requiring each bank to show how much of them is withdrawable only on previous notice, and how much on call.

A very desirable and prudent set of enquiries are those relating to overdue debts. And although it is not exactly impossible for a bank to "doctor" these so as to lessen their apparent aggregate, it is interesting to remark how their amount rises and falls as times are bad or good. Banks are not permitted to do a mortgage-lending business on real estate, such as the loan societies do, though they may take real estate as collateral security for a loan already contracted. But when they have come into possession of landed property other than the offices they occupy, they are not prevented from securing themselves by mortgage for unpaid portions of the selling price.

Among the vital points to be kept in view in judging of a bank's position from the return are: Whether circulation is excessive, since for good reasons the Banking Act insists that circulation shall not exceed the amount of paid capital. The proportions to be kept on hand of specie and Dominion notes are likewise regulated by law. One has sometimes seen the smaller banks, and even banks not small, sailing in pretty shallow water, so to speak, in this respect. And the proportion of what are termed liquid assets held—meaning thereby specie, government notes, bank cheques and notes, railway and municipal bonds or debentures, and loans on call secured by collateral—is an important matter to be kept in view. The first three of these, of course, are cash, but the others may, except in times of unusual financial stress, be considered equal to cash, since they can be easily realized upon.

The amount of aggregate circulation of bank bills varies at different periods of any year in this as in other countries. As a rule it is lowest here in July, and highest in October. Canada's two greatest industries are lumbering and agriculture. When the lumbermen go into the woods in winter, hundreds of thousands, yes, millions of dollars are advanced by the banks to pay for the cutting of trees and the transport of logs to the banks of streams, down which they may be floated to the saw-mills. And when, the farmers having reaped their harvests, it becomes necessary to move the grain to market, the advances of money made by the banks for this purpose swell the circulation of bills by millions. As an instance of this, the year 1896-7 may be taken. At the close of July in that year bank circulation stood at $29,300,000. From that date it rose to $32,600,000 in September, and $35,900,000 at the close of October, declining slowly through the autumn and winter till the average of $31,000,000 was reached in April and May following.

What is the "Rest" of a bank or a loan company? is a question present to the minds of very probably more than the few who utter it. The Rest or Reserve Fund of a bank is that portion of the net earnings which is not paid out to shareholders in dividend. Say that a bank with a million capital in its first year earns a hundred thousand dollars over expenses and bad debts. It is resolved by the directors not to pay out

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the whole of this $100,000 as a ten per cent. dividend, but to pay in dividend $60,000, the remainder to be put aside as the nucleus of a reserve. The net earnings, it may be explained, are those that remain of the "gross" earnings after such expenses as interest on deposits, expenses of management and possible bad debts are deducted. It is when the "net" earnings of a company or a bank are ascertained that sensible directors or managers decide upon the dividend; and when the earnings do not suffice to pay a dividend it is again the sensible and honest directors who decline to pay any.

But I must not drift away from the subject this brief article aims to elucidate, "What Bank Returns are, and what they teach." Some of their teachings have, I hope, been explained. If anyone objects that more has not been done in this direction, it is sufficient to say that I do not here write for bankers. The general public is not minutely informed on banking subjects, although many persons have bank accounts, and although, as Hamlet put it, "Every man has business and desire, such as it is." And it is for the better information of Canadian Magazine readers that I have tried to make plain a few things respecting an extensive, and to many a mysterious, branch of business. It would not do to profess too intimate a knowledge of what an American writer—a compound of bank-clerk and poet—calls "our bank-note world." Still, it may help to justify the choice of the subject if I remind readers who have forgotten the fact, that the Canadian system of banking, founded as it is upon the Scotch system, is admitted to be unsurpassed in its suitability to the needs of this country. It is, indeed, admired, and even envied, by the best informed bankers of the United States.

James Hedley.

SALVAGE.*

CUTCLIFFE HYNE.

"THE boat's an old P. and O. lifeboat," said Mr. McTodd, "diagonal built of teak, and quite big enough for the purpose. Of course, something with steam in her would be better, because we're both steamer men, but that's out of the question. That would mean too many to share. So the thing is, can you buy this lifeboat and victual her for the trip? I'm no' what ye might call a capitalist myself just for the moment."

Capt. Kettle eyed the grimy serge of his companion with disfavour. "You don't look it," he said. "That last engine room you got sacked from must have been a mighty filthy place."

"'Twas," said McTodd. "But, as it happened, I didn't get the sack. I ran from her here in Gib, because I'd no wish to get back to England and have this news useless in my pocket. And, of course, I had to let slide the £8 in wages that was due to me."

"By James, it's beginning to look like business when a Scottie runs away from siller that he's righteously earned."

"Well, I'm no' denying it was a speculation. It's a bit of a speculation, if you come to reckon up, asking a newly-sacked sea captain to join in such a venture."

Kettle's face hardened. "See here, he said, "keep a civil tongue in your head, or go out of this lodging. I'm to be treated with respect, or I don't deal with you."

"Then let my clothes alone and be civil yourself. It's a mighty dry shop this, captain."

"I've no whisky in the place nor spare money to buy it. If we're to go on with this plan of yours, we shall

*Being one of this author's famous stories of Captain Kettle. Published by special arrangement.

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want every dollar that can be raised."

"That's true, and neither me nor 'Tonio have 10 shillings between us."

Kettle gave up pacing the room and sat himself on the edge of the table and frowned. "I don't see the use of taking either Antonio, if that's his name, or your other Dago. I don't like the breed of them. You and I would be quite enough to handle an open boat, and quite able to take care of ourselves. If the wreck's got the money on her, and we finger it, we'll promise to bring them back their share all right; and if the thing's a fizzle, as it's very likely to be, well, they'll be saved a very unpleasant boat cruise."

"It's no go," said the engineer, "and you may make up your mind to have them as shipmates, captain, or sit here on your tail where you are. D'ye think I've any appetite for Dagoes myself? No, sir, no more than you. I don't trust them no more than a stripped thread. And they don't trust me. They wouldn't trust you. They would not trust the Provost of Edinboro' if he was to make similar proposals to them."

"Then have you no idea where this steamboat was put on the ground?"

"Man, I've telled ye 'no' already."

"Seems to me you don't know much, Mr. McTodd."

"I don't. What I know is this: I come ashore here after a vera exhausting trip down the Mediterranean, just for a drink to fortify the system against the chills on the run home. Weel, I went to a little dark shebeen, where I kenned the cut-throat in charge, and gave the name of the ship I wanted sending back to in case sleep overcame me, and settled down for an afternoon's enjoyment. Ye'll ken what I mean?

"Weel, I'd just settled mysel' down to a good square drink at this Spaniard's shebeen, when out of a dark corner comes 'Tonio and the other dago, bowing and taking off their hats as polite as though I'd been an archbishop at the very least. It's extraordinary how the lower classes instinctively go to an officer when they need help."

"It is, Mac, it is."

"I'd met 'Tonio in Lagos. He was greaser on a branch boat there, and I was her second engineer. He's some English—coast English—and he did the talking. The other Dago knew nothing but his own unrighteous tongue, and just said see-see when 'Tonio explained to him what was going on, and grinned like a bagful of monkeys. I give Tonio credit; he spat out his tale like a man. He and his mate were in the stokehold of a Dago steamboat coming from the River Plate to Genoa, and calling at some of the western islands en route. One night they were just going off watch and were leaning over the rail to get a breath of cool air before turning in. They were steaming past some rocky islands, and there in plain sight of them was a vessel hard and fast ashore. There was no mistake about it; they both saw her; a steamboat of 1,500 tons. And what was more, the other Portugee, 'Tonio's friend, said he knew her. According to him she was the *Duncansby Head*. He'd served in her stokehold three voyages, and he said he'd know her anywhere."

"A Dago's word isn't worth much for a thing like that," said Kettle.

"Wait a bit. The pair of them stayed where they were and looked at the rest of the watch on deck. The second mate on the bridge was staring ahead sleepily; the quartermaster at the wheel was nodding and blinking at the binnacle; the lookout on the forecastle was seated on a fife rail, snoring; no one of these had seen the wreck. And so they themselves didn't talk. Their boat was running short of coal and so she put into Gib here to rebunker; and from another Dago on the coal hulk, who came aboard to help trim, they got some news. The *Duncansby Head* had shifted her cargo at sea, had picked up heavy weather and got unmanageable, and had been left by her crew in the boats. The mate's boat and the second mate's boat were picked up; the old man's boat had not been heard of. It

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was supposed that the *Duncansby Head* herself had foundered immediately after she was deserted."

"Yes; all that's common gossip on the Rock. Mulready was her skipper—J. R. Mulready; I'd known him years."

"Weel, poor deevil, it's perhaps good for him he's drowned."

"Yes, I suppose it is. He's saved a sight of trouble. D'ye know, Mac, Jimmy Mulready and I passed for mate the same day and went to sea with our bran new tickets in the same ship, him as mate, me as second."

"The sea's an awful poor profession for all except a shipowner that lives ashore."

"'Tis. Yes, that a true word. It is. And so Antonio and his mate told the other Dago that they'd seen the wreck?"

"Not much. They kept their heads shut. There was money in the idea if it could only be worked, and a Portugee likes a dollar as much as a white man. So there you have the whole yarn, except that they got to know that the *Duncansby* was on her way home after a long spell at tramping when she got into trouble, and carried all the money she'd earned in good solid gold in the chart-house drawer."

"It sounds like a soft thing, I'll not deny," said Kettle. "But why should Mr. Antonio and his friend come to you?"

"They ran from their ship here in Gib and laid low till she had sailed. It was the natural thing for them to do. But when they began to look round them in cold blood they found themselves a bit on the beach. They'd no money; there's such a shady crowd here in Gib that everything's well watched, and they couldn't steal, so there was nothing for it but to take a partner into the concern. Of course, being Dagos, they weren't likely to trust one of their own sort."

"Not much. And so they came to you."

"They knew me," said the engineer. "And I came to you because I knew you, captain. I'm no navigator myself, though I can make shift to handle a sailboat; so a navigator was wanted. I said to myself the man in all creation for this job is Capt. Kettle, and then what should I do but run right up against you."

"Thank you, Mac."

"But there's one other thing you'll have to do, and that's buy, beg, borrow or steal the ship to carry the expedition, because the rest of us can't raise a blessed shilling amongst us. It needn't be a big outlay. That old P. & O. lifeboat which I was talking about would carry us fine, and I think three five-pound notes would buy her."

"Very well," said Kettle. "And now let's get a move on us. There's been enough time spent in talk, and the sooner we're on that wreck the less chance there is of anyone else getting there to overhaul her before us."

It would be unprofitable to follow in detail the fitting out of a wrecking expedition upon insufficient capital, and so be it briefly stated that the old lifeboat (which had passed through many hands since she was cast from the P. & O. service) was purchased by dint of haggling for an absurdly small sum, and victualed and watered for eighteen days. The Portuguese, who still refused to disclose the precise location of the wreck, said that it might take a fortnight to reach her, and prudence would have suggested that it was advisable to take at least a month's provisions. But the meagreness of their capital flatly forbade this, and they were only able to furnish the boat with what would spin out to eighteen days on an uncomfortably short ration. They trusted that what pickings they might find in the storerooms of the wreck herself would provide them for the return voyage.

With this slender equipment, then, they sailed forth from Gibraltar bay, an obvious party of adventurers. They were bombarded by the questions and the curious stares of all the shipping interest on the Rock; they were flatly given to understand by a naval busybody (who had been bidden carry his inquisitiveness to the deuce) that they had earned official suspicion, and would be watched accordingly, and if ever

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ill-wishes could sink a craft, that ancient P. & O. lifeboat was full to her marks.

The voyage did not begin with prosperity. There is always a strong surface current running in through the Straits, and just then the breezes were light. The lifeboat was a dull sailer, and her people, in consequence, had the mortification of keeping Carnero point and the frowning rock behind in sight for three baking days.

At last, however, a kindly slant of wind took the lifeboat in charge and hustled her wetly out into the broad Atlantic, and when they had run the shores of Europe and Asia out of sight and there was nothing round them but the blue heaving water, with here and there a sail and a steamer's smoke, then Senor Antonio saw fit to give Capt. Kettle a course.

"We was steamin' froma Teneriffe to Madeira when we saw thosea rocks with *Duncansby Head* asho'."

"H'm," said Kettle. "Those'll be the Salvage islands."

"Steamah was pile up on de first. 'Nother island we pass after."

"That's Piton island, if I remember. Let's have a look at the chart." He handed over the tiller to McTodd, took a tattered Admiralty chart from one of the lockers and spread it on the damp floor gratings. The two Portuguese helped with their brown paws to keep it from fluttering away. "Yes, either Little Piton or Great Piton. Which side did you pass it on?"

Antonio thumped a gunwale of the lifeboat.

"Kept it on the port hand going north, did you? Then that'll be Great Piton, and a sweet shop it is for reefs, according to this chart. I wish I'd a directory. It will be a regular cat's dance getting in. But, I say, young man, isn't there a light there?"

"Lighta? I not understand."

"You savvy lighthouse—faro—show-mark-light in dark?"

"O, yes, lighta house. I got there. No, no lighta house."

"Well, there's one marked here as 'projected,' and I was afraid it might have come. I forgot the Canaries were Spanish, and Madeira was Portugee, and that these rocks which lie half-way would be a sort of slack cross between the pair of them. Manana's the motto, isn't it, 'Tonio? Never do to-day what you hope another flat will do for you to-morrow."

"Si, si, manana," said the Portuguese, who had not understood one word in ten of all this. "Manana we find rich, plenty too much rich. God save queen!"

"Those Canary fishing schooners land on the Salvages sometimes," said McTodd, "so I heard once in Las Palmas."

"Then there'll be fleas on the islands, whatever else there is," said Kettle. "I guess we got to take our chances, Mac. If the old wreck's been overhauled before we get there, it's our bad luck; if she hasn't been skimmed clean we'll take what there is, and I fancy we shall be men enough to stick to it. It isn't as if she was piled up on some civilized beach, with coast guards to take possession, and all the rest of it. The islands are either Spanish or Portugese; they belong to a pack of thieves anyway, and we've just as much right to help ourselves as any one else has. What we've got to do at present is to shove this old ruin of a lifeboat along as though she were a racing yacht. At the shortest, we've got 700 miles of blue water ahead of us."

Open-boat voyaging in the broad Atlantic may have its pleasures, but these, such as they were, did not appeal to either Kettle or his companions. They were thorough-going steamer sailors; they despised sails, and the smallness of their craft gave them qualms both mental and physical. By day the sun scorched them with intolerable glare and violence; by night the clammy sea mists drenched them to the bone. For a larger vessel the weather would have been accounted favourable; for their cockle shell it was once or twice terrific. In two squalls that they ran into, breaking combers filled the lifeboat to the

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thwarts, and they had to bale for their bare lives. They were cramped and sore from their constrained position and want of exercise; they got sea sores on their wrists and salt-grime on every inch of their persons; they were growing gaunt on the scanty rations; and in fact a better presentation of a boat full of desperate castaways it would be hard to hit upon. Flotillas of iridescent pink-sailed nautilus scudded constantly beside them, dropping as constantly astern; and these made their only company. Except for the nautilus the sea seemed desolate.

In this guise, then, they ended their voyage, which had spun out to nigh upon 1,000 miles, through contrary winds and the necessity for incessant tacking; and in the height of one blazing afternoon there rose the tops of the islands out of a twinkling turquoise sea.

These appeared first as mere dusty black rocks sticking up out of the calm blue—Great Salvage island to the northward, and Great Piton to the south and beyond—but they grew as the boat neared them, and presently appeared to be built upon a frieze of dazzling feathery whiteness. The lifeboat swept on to reach them, climbing and diving over the rollers. She had canvas decks, quarter-mast high, contrived to throw off the sprays; and over these the faces of her people peered ahead, wild and gaunt, salt-crusted and desperate.

Great Salvage island drew abeam, and passed away astern; Great Piton lay close ahead now, fringed with a thousand reefs, each with its spouting breakers. The din of the surf came to them loudly up the wind. A flock of sea fowl, screaming and circling, sailed out to escort them in. And ahead, behind the banks of breakers, drawing them on as water will draw a choking man, was the rusted smokestack and stripped masts of a derelict merchant steamer.

There is a yarn about an open boat which had voyaged 1,200 miles over the lonely Pacific, coming upon a green atoll, and being sailed recklessly in through the surf and drowning every soul on board, and the yarn is easily believable. Capt. Kettle and his companions had undergone horrible privations; here at last was the isle of their hopes, and the treasure (as it seemed) in full view; but by some intolerable fate they were barred from it by relentless walls of surf. Kettle ran in as close as he dared, and then flattened in his sheets and sailed the lifeboat close-hauled along the noisy line of breakers to the norrard, looking for an opening.

The two Portuguese grumbled openly, and when not a ghost of a landing place showed, and Kettle put her about to sail back again, even the cautious McTodd put up his word to "run in and risk it."

But Kettle, though equally sick as they were of the boat and her voyage, had all a sailor's dislike for losing his ship, whatever she might be, and cowed them all with voice and threats, and at last his forbearance was rewarded. A slim passage through the reefs showed itself at the southern end of the island, and down it they dodged, trimming their sheets six times a minute, with an escort of dangers always close on either hand, and finally ran into a rocky bay, which held comparatively smooth water.

There was no place to beach the boat; they had to anchor her off, but with a whip on the cable they were able to step ashore on a ledge of stone and then haul the boat off again out of harm's way.

It may be thought that they capered with delight at treading on dry land again, but there was nothing of this. With their cramped limbs and disused joints it was as much as they could do to hobble, and every step was a wrench. But the lure ahead of them was great enough to triumph over minor difficulties. Half a mile away along the rocks was the *Duncansby Head*, and for her they raced at the top of their crippled gait. And the seafowl screamed curiously above their heads.

They scratched and tore themselves

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in this frantic progress over the sharp volcanic rocks, they choked with thirst, they panted with their labor, but none of these things mattered. The deserted steamer, when they came to her, was lying off from the shore at the other side of a lake of deep water. But they were fit for no more waiting, and each, as he came opposite her, waded in out of his depth and swam off with eager strokes. Davit falls trailing in the water gave them an entrance way, and up these they climbed with the quickness of apes, and then with one accord they made for the pantry and the steward's store-room. The gold which had lured them was forgotten; the immediate needs of their famished bodies were the only things they remembered. They found a cheese, a box of musty biscuit and a filter full of stale and tepid water, and they gorged till they were filled, and swore they had never sat to so delicious a meal.

With repletion came the thoughts of fortune again, and off they went to the chart-house to finger the coveted gold. But here was a disappointment ready and waiting for them. They had gone up in a body, neither nationality trusting the other, and together they ransacked the place with thoroughness. There were papers in abundance, there were clothes furry with mildew, there was a broken box of cheap cigars, but of money there was not so much as a bronze piece.

"Eh, well," said Kettle, sitting back on the musty bedclothes, "we have had our trouble for nothing. Some one's been here first and skinned the place clean." McTodd pounced upon the counterpane, and caught something which he held between his black thumb and finger.

"Look," he said, "that's not a white man's flea. That's Spanish or Portuguese. And neither 'Tonio nor his mate brought it here, because they have been washed clean on the trip. You remember what I said about fishing schooners from Las Palmas, skipper?"

"By James, yes. And look on the floor there. See those cigarette ends? They're new, and dry. If the old man had been a cigarette smoker he wouldn't have chucked his butts on his chart-house deck, and even if he had done so, they'd have been washed to bits when she was hove down on her beam ends. You can see by the decks outside that she's been pretty clean swept. No, it's those fishermen, as you say, who have been here before us."

"Weel," said McTodd, rubbing his thumb tightly into his finger's end, "if I were a swearer I could say a deal."

"The Dagos are swearing enough for the whole crowd of us, to judge by the splutter of them. The money's gone clean; it's vexing, but that's a fact. Still, I don't like to go back empty-handed."

"I'm as keen as yoursel'. There's that £8 of my wages I left when I ran in Gib that's got to be made up somehow. What's wrong with getting off the hatches and seeing how her cargo's made up?"

"She's loaded with hides. I saw it on the manifest. There was Jimmy Mulready's scrawl at the foot of it. That photo there above the bed foot will be his wife. Poor old Jimmy! He got religion before I did, and started his insurance, too, and if he's kept them both up he and his widow ought to be all right—by James! did you feel that?"

McTodd stared round him. "What?" he asked.

"She moved."

"I took it for sure she was on the ground."

"So did I. But she isn't. There, you can feel her lift again."

They went out on deck. The sun was already dipping in the western sea, behind the central hill of the island, and in another few minutes it would be dark. There is little twilight so far south. So they took cross bearing on the shore and watched intently. Yes, there was not a doubt about it. The *Duncansby Head* floated, and she was moving across the deep water lake that held her.

"Mon," said the engineer, enthusiastically, "ye've a great head and a

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great future before you. I'd never have guessed it."

"I took it for granted she's beaten her bottom out in getting here; but she's blundered in through the reefs without touching, and if she's come in she can get out again, and we're the fellows to take her."

"With engines?"

"With engines, yes. If she's badly broken down in the hardware shop, we're done. I'd forgotten the machinery, and that's a fact. We'll find a lantern and I'll go down with you, Mac, and give them an inspect."

The two Portuguese had already sworn themselves to a standstill, and had gone below and found bunks; but the men from the little islands in the north had more energy in their systems; and they expended it tirelessly. McTodd overhauled every nut, every bearing, every valve, every rod of the engines, with an expert's criticism, and found nothing that would prevent active working; Kettle rummaged the rest of the ship; and far into the morning they foregathered again in the chart-house and compared results. She had been swept, badly swept; everything movable on deck was gone; cargo had shifted and then shifted back again till she had lost all her list, and was in proper trim; the engines were still workable if carefully nursed; and, in fact, though battered, she was entirely seaworthy. And while, with tired gusto, they were comparing these things, weariness at last got the better of them, and first one and then the other incontinently dropped off into the deadest of sleep.

That the *Duncansby Head* had come in unsteered and unscathed through the reefs, and, therefore, under steam and control, could go out again, was on the face of it a very simple and obvious theory to make; but to discover a passage through the rocks to make it practicable was quite another matter. For three days the old P. & O. lifeboat plied up and down from outside the reefs, and had twenty narrow escapes from being smashed into staves. It looked as if Nature had performed a miracle and taken the steamer bodily in her arms and lifted her over at least a dozen black walls of stone.

The two Portuguese were already sick to death of the whole business, but for their feelings neither Kettle nor McTodd had any concern whatever. They were useful in the working of the boat, and therefore they were taken along, and when they refused duty or did it with too much listlessness to please they were cuffed into activity again. There was no verbal argument about the matter. "Work or suffer," was the simple motto the two islanders went upon, and it answered admirably. They knew the breed of the Portuguese of old.

At last, by dint of daring and toil, the secret of the passage through the noisy spouting reefs was won; it was sounded carefully and methodically for sunken rocks, and noted in all possible ways; and the old P. & O. lifeboat was hoisted on the *Duncansby's* davits. The Portuguese were driven down into the stokehold to represent double watches of a dozen men, and make a requisite steam; McTodd fingered the rusted engines like an artist, and Kettle took his stand alone with the steam wheel on the upper bridge.

They had formally signed articles, and apportioned themselves pay. Kettle as master, McTodd as chief engineer, and the Portuguese as firemen, because salvage is apportioned pro rata, and the more pay a man is getting the longer is his bonus. On which account (at McTodd's suggestion) they awarded themselves paper stipends which they could feel proud of, and put down the Portuguese for the ordinary fireman's wages then paid out of Gibraltar, neither more nor less. For, as the engineer said, "There was a fortune to be divided up somehow, and it would be a pity for a pair of unclean Dagoes to have more than was absolutely necessary, seeing that they would not know what to do with it."

Capt. Kettle felt it to be one of the supreme moments of his life when he rang on the *Duncansby's* bridge telegraph to "half-speed ahead." Here

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was a bit of fortune such as very rarely came in any shipmaster's way ; not getting salvage, the larger part of which an owner would finger, for mere assistance ; but taking to port a vessel which was derelict and deserted, the greatest and the rarest plum that the seas could offer. It was a thought that thrilled him.

But he had not much time for sentimental musings in this strain. A terribly nervous bit of pilotage lay ahead of him ; the motive power of his steamer was feeble and uncertain, and it would require all his skill and resourcefulness to bring her out into deep blue water. Slowly she backed or went ahead, dodging round to get a square entrance to the fair way ; and then with a slam Kettle rang on his telegraph to "Full-speed ahead," so as to get her under the fullest possible command.

She darted out into the narrow winding lane between the walls of broken water, and the roar of the surf closed round her. Rocks sprung up out of the deep—hungry black rocks as deadly as explosive torpedoes. With a full complement of hands, and with a pilot for years acquainted with the place, it would have been an infinitely dangerous piece of navigation ; with a half-power steamer which had only one man all told upon her decks, and he almost a stranger to the place, it was a miracle how she got out unscathed. But it was a miracle assisted with the most brilliant skill. Kettle had surveyed the channel in the lifeboat and mapped every rock in his head, and when the test came he was equal to it. It would be hard to come across a man of more iron nerve.

Backing and going ahead, to get round right-angled turns of the fairway, shaving reefs so closely that the wash from them creamed over her rail, the battered old tramp steamer faced a million dangers for every fathom of her onward way ; but never once did she actually touch, and in the end she shot out into the clear, deep water and gaily hit diamonds from the wave-tops into the sunshine.

It is possible for a man to concentrate himself so deeply upon one thing that he is deaf to all else in the world, and until he had worked the *Duncansby Head* out into the open Capt. Kettle was in this condition. He was dimly conscious of voices hailing him, but he had no leisure to give them heed. But when the strain was taken off, then there was no more disregarding the cries. He turned his head and saw a half-sunk raft which seven men with clumsy paddles were frantically labouring toward him along the outer edge of the reefs.

Without a second thought he rang off engines, and the steamer lost her way and fell off into the trough and waited for them. From the first he had a foreboding as to who they were; but the men were obviously castaways; and by all the laws of the sea and humanity he was bound to rescue them.

Ponderously the raft paddled up and got under the steamer's lee. Kettle came down off the bridge and threw them the end of a halliard, and eagerly enough they scrambled up the rusted plating and clambered over the rail. They looked around them with curiosity, but with an obvious familiarity. "I left my pipe stuck behind that stanchion," said one, "and by gum its there still." "Fo'c's'le door's stove in," said another: "I wonder if they've scoffed my chest."

"You Robinson Crusoes seem to be making yourselves at home," said Kettle.

One of the men knuckled his shock of hair. "We was on her, sir, when she happened her accident. We got off in the captain's boat and she got smashed to bits landing on Great Salvage, yonder. We've been living there ever since on rabbits and gulls and cockles, till we built that raft and ferried over here. It was tough living, but I guess we were better off than the other poor beggars who got swamped in the other boats."

"The other two boats got picked up."

"Did they though? Then I call it beastly hard luck on us."

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"Capt. Mulready was master, wasn't he? Did he get drowned when your boat went ashore?"

The sailor shrugged his shoulders. "No, sir. Capt. Mulready's on the raft down yonder. He feels all crumpled up to find the old ship's afloat and you've got her out. She'd a list on when we left her that would have scared Beresford, but she's chucked that straight again, and who's to believe it was ever there?"

Kettle gritted his teeth. "Thank you, my lad," he said. "I quite see. Now get below and find yourself something to eat, and then go you forrard and turn to." Then, leaning his head over the bulwark, he called down, "Jimmy!"

The broken man on the raft looked up. "Hullo, Kettle, that you?"

"Yes. Come aboard."

"No, thanks. I'm off to the island. I'll start a picnic there of my own. Good luck, old man."

"If you don't come aboard willingly, I'll send and have you fetched. Quit fooling."

"O, if you're set on it," said the other tiredly, and scrambled up the rope. He looked around him with a drawn face. "To think she should have lost that list and righted herself like this. I thought she might turn turtle any minute, when we quitted her; and I'm not a scarey man, either."

"I know you aren't. Come into the chart-house and have a drop of whisky. There's your missis' photo stuck up over the bedfoot. How's she?"

"Dead, I hope. It will save her going to the workhouse."

"O, rats! It's not as bad as that."

"If you'll tell me, why not? I shall lose my ticket over this job sure, when it comes before the Board of Trade, and what owner's likely to give me another ship?"

"Well, Jimmy, you'll have to sail small and live on your insurance."

"I dropped that years ago, and drew out what there was. Had to—with eight kids, you know. They take a lot of feeding."

"Eight kids? By James!"

"Yes, eight kids, poor little beggars, and the missis and me all to go hungry from now onwards. But they do say workhouses are very comfortable nowadays. You'll look in and see us sometimes, won't you Kettle?" He lifted the glass which had been handed him. "Here's luck to you, old man, and you deserve it. I bought that whisky from a chandler in Rio. It's a drop of right, isn't it?"

"Here, drop it," said Kettle.

"I'm sorry," said Capt. Mulready. "But you shouldn't have had me on board. I should have been better picnicking by myself on Great Piton yonder. I can't make a cheerful shipmate for you, old man."

"Brace up," said Kettle.

"By the Lord, if I'd only been a day earlier with that raft!" said the other musingly. "I could have taken her out, as you have done, and brought her home, and I believe the firm would have kept me on. There need have been no inquiry, only 'delayed,' that's all; no one cares so long as a ship turns up some time."

"It wouldn't have made any difference," said Kettle, frowning. "Some of those lousy Portuguese have been on board and scoffed all the money."

"What money?"

"Why, what she'd earned. What there was here in the chart-house drawer."

The dishevelled man gave a tired chuckle. "O, that's all right. I put in at Las Palmas and transferred it to the bank there and sent home the receipt by the B. and A. mail boat to Liverpool. No, I'm pleased enough about the money. But it's this other thing I made the bungle of, just being a day too late with that blasted raft."

Kettle heard a sound and sharply turned his head. He saw a grimy man in the doorway. "Mr. McTodd," he said, "who the mischief gave you leave to quit your engine room? Am I to understand you've been standing there in that doorway to listen?"

"Her own engineer's come back, so I handed her over to him and came on deck for a spell. As for listening, I've

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heard every word that's been said. Capt. Mulready, you have my very deepest condolences."

"Mr. McTodd," said Kettle with a sudden blaze of fury, "I'm captain of this ship, and you're intruding. Get to Hamlet out of here." He got up and strode furiously out of the door and McTodd retreated before him.

"Now keep your hands off me," said the engineer, when he had been driven as far as the end of the fiddley. "I'm as mad about the thing as yourself, and I don't mind blowing off a few rounds of temper. I don't know Capt. Mulready, and you do, but I'd hate to see any man all crumpled up like that if I could help it."

"He could be helped by giving him back his ship, and I'd do it if I was by myself. But I've got a Scotch partner, and I'm not going to try for the impossible."

"Dinna abuse Scotland," said McTodd, wagging a grimy forefinger. "It's your ain wife and bairns ye're thinking about."

"I ought to be, Mac, but God help me, I'm not."

"Verra weel," said McTodd, "then if that's the case, skipper, just set ye doon here and we'll have a palaver."

"I'll hear what you've got to say," said Kettle, more civilly, and for the next half-hour the pair of them talked as earnestly as only poor men can talk when they are deliberately making up their minds to resign a solid fortune which is already within their reach. And at the end of that talk Capt. Kettle put out his hand and took the engineer's in a heavy grip. "Mac," he said, "you're Scotch, but you're a gentlemen right through under your clothes."

"I was born to that estate, skipper, and I no more wanted to see yon puir deevil pulled down to our level than you do. Better go and give him the news, and I'll get our boat in the water again and revictualled."

"No," said Kettle, "I can't stand by and be thanked. You go. I'll see to the boat."

"Be hanged if I do!" said the engineer. "Write the man a letter. You're great on the writing line; I've seen you at it."

"And, so, in the tramp's main cabin below, Capt. Kettle penned this epistle: "To Capt. J. R. Mulready:

"Dear Jimmy—Having concluded not to take the trouble to work *Duncansby Head* home, have pleasure in leaving her to your charge. We having other game on hand, have now taken French leave, and shall now bear up for Western Islands. You've no call to say anything about our being on board at all. Spin your own yarn; it will never be contradicted. Yours truly,

"O. Kettle, Master.

"N. A. McTodd, Chief Engineer.—O.K.

"P.S.—We take along those two Dagos. If you had them they might talk when you got them home. We having them, they will not talk. So you've only your own crowd to keep from talking. Good luck, old tintacks!"

Which letter was sealed and nailed up in a conspicuous place before the life-boat left en route for Grand Canary.

It was the two Portuguese who felt themselves principally aggrieved men. They had been made to undergo a great deal of work and hardship; they had been defrauded of much plunder, which they considered was theirs, for the benefit of an absolute stranger, in whom they took not the slightest interest; and finally they were induced "not to talk" by processes which jarred upon them most unpleasantly.

They did not talk, and in the fullness of time they returned to the avocation of shovelling coal on steam vessels. But when they sit down to think, neither Antonio nor his friend (whose honoured name I never learned) regard with affection those little islands in the Northern sea, which produced Capt. Owen Kettle and his sometime partner, Mr. Neil Angus McTodd.

Cutcliffe Hyne.

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SIR MATHEW BAILLIE BEGBIE, KNIGHT.

Late Chief Justice of British Columbia.

AMONG the chief factors in founding and extending the British Empire has ever been the independence and fearlessness of the Judges. The appointment being direct from the Sovereign, attachment to the person, as well as a patriotic regard for the Empire, has been the rule among the Judges. Dependent on no political party and holding lifelong appointments, they have been almost without exception free from corruption and political bias. Confidence in the firm administration of the law has played no small part in procuring submission and contentment among the aborigines in all parts of the Empire.

Perhaps among the Judges who have held Her Majesty's commission, no one has shown more individuality and courage than the late Sir Mathew Baillie Begbie.

He was born in Edinburgh in the year 1819. St. Peter's College, Cambridge was his *Alma Mater*, and in 1844 he was called to the Bar of Lincoln's Inn. He practised in England for fourteen years. His high qualities marked him out for Imperial employment, and in 1858 he was appointed Chief Justice of Vancouver Island. British Columbia was then confined to the mainland, but afterward the Island and mainland were united as one colony, with Begbie as Chief Justice of the whole, at a time, perhaps, the most critical in the history of the Province.

Gold in large quantities had been discovered. The news spread rapidly in all directions, and tens of thousands of gold seekers, hangers on, adventurers and swindlers soon arrived upon the scene, and exhibited a dangerous lawlessness in every mining camp. The Province being so large, and there being no railways, nor even roads of any importance, it was indeed a herculean task to keep order and enforce the law. A weak man at this time at the head of the judiciary would have been a calamity; but the Chief Justice proved himself to be a man of strong will, courage and daring; in fact, the very man for the times, and very soon the majesty of the law was asserted. Everybody was expected to obey, and protection was afforded to the weak, even to the wild Indians and Chinese. The miners had shot down the native inhabitants as if they had been deer or ducks, and enjoyed the fun; but they were brought to justice, and many a white man was hung for killing an Indian. When cases were brought before the Judge he made no difference in colour or race, but hung the murderer whoever he might be, and whoever might have been his victim.

According to the opinion of Bancroft:

"The Province owes an obligation to the memory of the late Chief Justice more than to any person, for the wise and liberal provisions of the Government, and for the almost unbroken reign of peace and order from the time of his appointment onwards. More than any person I have met in my historical pilgrimage from Darion to Alaska, he was the incarnation of justice; there was none to match him. He was an eccentric man, but his eccentricities always took a sensible direction. He was an ardent lover of music, and also of athletic sports."

The country over which he as Chief Justice presided extended for 500 miles either way; many parts were difficult of access; but when it was understood, by savage and civilized alike, that justice in his hands was sure, swift and inflexible, the battle was won. No one cared to kill; he was sure to hang for it. It was a scene worthy of notice which often presented itself, Judge Begbie and his Sheriff, Nicoll, each mounted on a mule, riding through the forests, and over the mountains into the mining camps. "Here goes old Begbie," said one. "Yes," said his

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companion, "he will hang you if you don't take care." A case of hanging by himself is said to have actually occurred. A man had committed murder, the case had been tried, and on the clearest evidence he had been found guilty by a jury; but in the absence of Nicoll, no sheriff could be found to perform the disagreeable duty. Nothing daunted, the Judge caused it to be known that on a certain day the culprit would pay the penalty of death. When the time arrived, at 10 a.m., Judge Begbie entered the cell, pinioned the man and led him to the gallows, and there and then the deed was done.

It was often refreshing to hear his fearless utterances on the Bench; one case may be mentioned. A man named Gilchrist was tried for murder. The accused was a gambler, and having lost, he shot the man he played with. The man was tried and the clearest evidence produced. The jury brought in a verdict of manslaughter. In passing sentence, turning to the prisoner, he said: "It is not a pleasant duty for me to have to sentence you only to prison for life; your crime was unmitigated murder, you deserve to be hanged. Had the jury done their duty I might now have the painful satisfaction of condemning you to death." Then, turning to the jury, he said: "You, gentlemen of the jury, permit me to say that it would give me great pleasure to see you hanged, each and every one of you, for bringing in a murderer guilty only of manslaughter."

Juries were often difficult to manage, because, to shield their countrymen or friends, they often brought in incongruous verdicts. In a clear case of shooting and killing an Indian, the jury returned a verdict that the deceased had been "worried to death by a dog." The verdict was refused; they then brought in a verdict that the deceased met his death by "falling over a cliff."

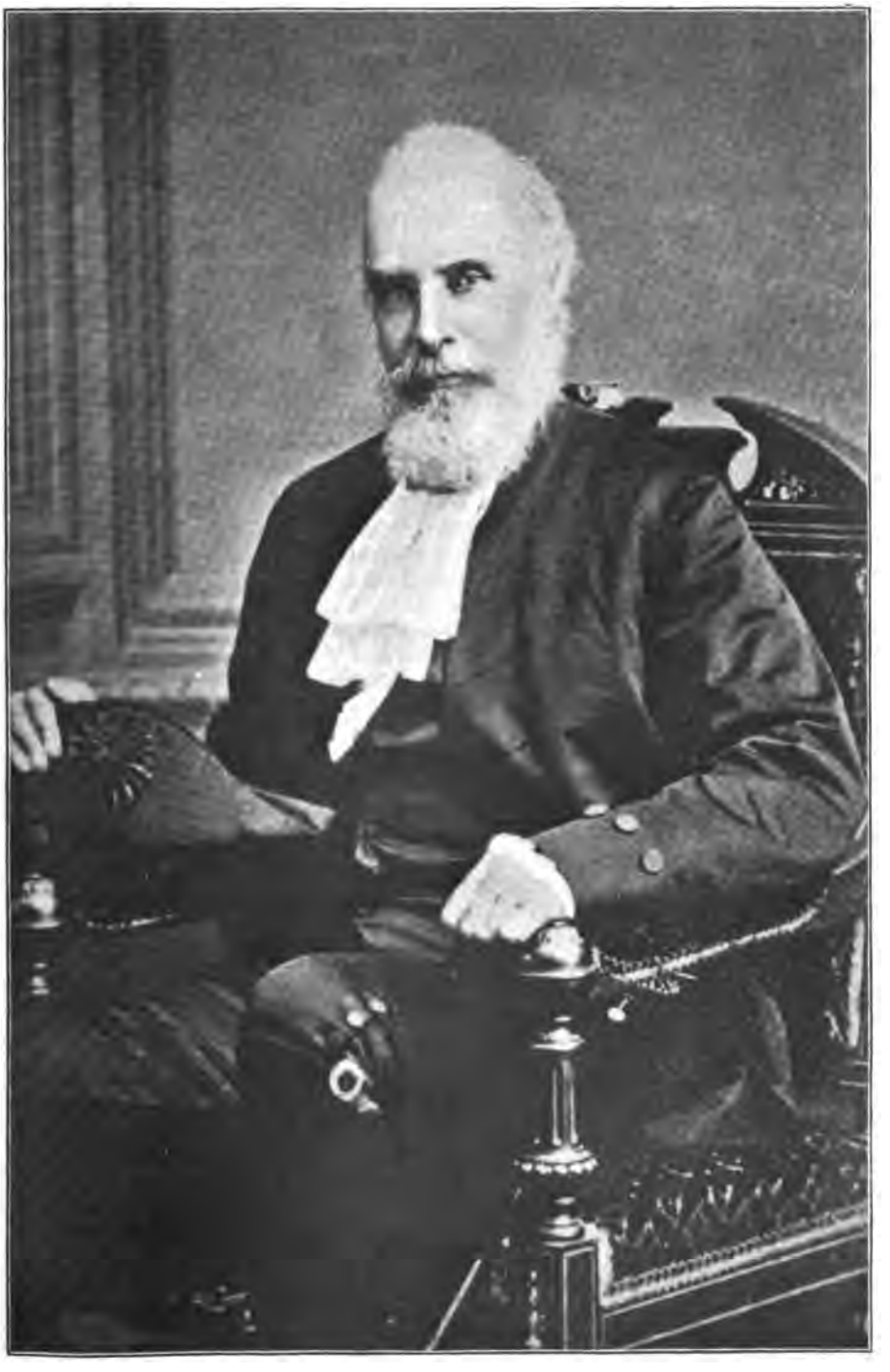
Lynching as it occurs in the States, and which is so abominally winked at, never but once occurred in the Province. Under the reign of Judge Begbie no lynching was allowed and none was needed. It is not too much to say that the determined course taken by the Chief Justice saved hundreds, if not thousands, of lives. Unless justice had been meted out there would have been constant reprisals, blood would have been shed in conflicts between the Indian and white population, and even between miners and mining camps.

The tawny aborigines knew they had a friend as well as a master in the Judge, and all matters were referred to him. The splendid exhibition of law and order in this wild western province was the admiration of sober Americans, as it is to-day at Rossland and other mining camps; but this is the result of the firmness displayed by the deceased Judge, and, indeed, following in his footsteps, of all the judges. Perhaps a milder regime may now be followed.

Circumstances are altered in many ways now, the temptation of murder and stealing not being so great. In those old times flour sold for a dollar per pound and other things in proportion. It was then no little matter to take care of the gold that had been won. Judge Begbie, writing in 1861, says: "The gold is a perfect nuisance, as they have to carry it to their claims every morning and watch it while they work, and carry it back again to their cabins; sometimes, as much as two men can lift; and watch it while they sleep." There were but few, if any, companies, every man worked for himself, and the temptation to plunder was great.

Judges have to take into consideration the particular temptation to which a man has been exposed, and to make allowance accordingly; and again, that some men, not bad at heart, but weak in will, are swayed by others stronger than themselves. The writer remembers a case which came before Lord Chief Justice Coleridge at an assize at Cornwall, England. Giles, a farm labourer had been tried and found guilty of bigamy. "Now, Giles," said his Lordship, "what have you to say for yourself before I pass a sentence upon you?"

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PHOTOGRAPH BY SHENE LOWE, VICTORIA.

SIR MATHEW BAILLIE BEGBIE.

Late Chief Justice of the Province of British Columbia.

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Giles made a profound bow, and as he had no hat upon his head he pulled at a lock of hair which hung on his forehead. "Please, sir," said Giles, pointing to his legal wife (for both women were in court) "that there woman was no good, her didn't get my dinners, and didn't wash my clothes, and arter all her runn'd away, but that there woman," pointing to the illegal wife, "seed what a plight I was in, and her was cruel kind to me; her made my pasties, and her washed my clothes, and I say her was cruel kind. Now, sir, what could I do? Why, nothing if I hadn't married the woman, and furder than that, sir, I be so easy laid away." The learned Judge, looking as profoundly grave as a Judge could look, said: "Giles, I have no doubt you speak the truth and you are easily led away; I see the temptation was great. I did intend to give you two years' imprisonment, but I will give you only three weeks." "Thankee, sir," said Giles, and the court rose.

It must not be presumed that a man so fearless as Begbie should be able to go through his work without making some enemies. It is related that on one occasion having rendered a decision displeasing to one of the parties, the disappointed man went from Cariboo to Victoria to see the Lieutenant-Governor for the purpose of having the Judge removed from the Bench. The man did not succeed, but returned baffled to Cariboo. Begbie was staying at that time in that part of the Province, and often went a fishing with his rod and line. Old Lowmaster, for that was his name, took care, if he could, to avoid meeting the embodiment of the law; but on one occasion he found himself face to face with the Judge on the banks of a stream of water. "Good morning, Mr. Lowmaster," said Begbie. "Good morning, Judge," said Lowmaster. "How is it that I have not seen you about lately? You don't seem inclined to speak to me. How is it?" "Well, sir," said Lowmaster, "as I tried to get you removed from the Bench, I thought you might have hard feelings towards me." "Nonsense," said the Judge, "you know I am fond of fishing, and when I throw the line, sometimes while holding the rod I find a mosquito light on my hand; I brush it away, and then another comes, and I let it alone; I say 'Never mind, he wants a dig at the old Judge.'" This was sarcasm easily perceived by Mr. Lowmaster, who at once said "Good morning," took to his heels and went away, muttering to himself: "The old fiend, comparing me to a mosquito, indeed; I'd hang him if I could!"

A story is told of the Chief Justice which shows his wisdom and acuteness. On a certain occasion he was holding a court in the interior when a case came before him in which two brothers, whom we shall call John and Robert Smith, were excited litigants. Their father had died and left them 160 acres of land as tenants in common, giving to each an undivided half part of the whole. As the brothers could not agree to go on together, they came to the court for the purpose of having the property divided. John was the grasping one, and insisted on having



THE COURT HOUSE AT VANCOUVER.

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THE NEW PROVINCIAL BUILDINGS AT VICTORIA.

the most valuable part, and was most persistent. The patience of the Judge was sorely tried, but at length a happy thought struck him. "Now," said he, "I will decide the matter in a minute." Pointing to John, the grasping one, he said: "You shall draw a line on the map before us dividing the land into two parts, and then your brother shall have his choice." "Very good, sir," said John, "I will do it," and went to the work with a light heart; but poor John found the operation far more difficult than he had anticipated. He hesitated and fumbled, but the learned Judge, with a twinkle in his eye, made him proceed. The perspiration burst from John's brow, and fell on the map. "What are you crying for?" said the Judge. "I am not crying," said John, "but I'll be jiggered if I know where to draw the line." "Draw it," said the Judge, and John drew it. The result was that Robert made his selection in five seconds; but, of course, John could not grumble, and so the litigation ended.

Sir Mathew had a fine memory. On the conclusion of the spring circuit at Barkerville he asked the hotel attendant for his bill. The proprietor of the hotel sided up to the attendant and in a hoarse whisper said: "Sock it to him." The account was paid without demur. On the Chief's re-appearance in the fall to hold the assizes, it happened that the same hotel-keeper was foreman of the jury in a criminal case. Towards the conclusion of his charge Sir Mathew said: "If, gentlemen, you have a reasonable doubt as to the prisoner's guilt, give him the benefit of it; but if the circumstances you have heard related permit of only one solution—that the prisoner is the guilty man—then (looking the foreman straight in the eye), 'Sock it to him, Sock it to him.'" The foreman afterwards in consternation said: "He meant it for me, and must have heard what I said when he was up here last time."

A man in the upper country was placed in the dock charged with murder; it was a clear case and of great

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brutality. No counsel appearing for him, the Judge told the accused he would see that he had a fair trial. The jury found the man guilty, and before passing sentence the Judge asked if he had anything to say. "Yes," replied the man, "I have not had a fair trial." "Well," said the Judge, "you shall have a new trial, but it shall be before another Judge. It shall be before your Maker." And the death sentence was passed.

Sir Mathew was fond of fair play. A man was tried for burglary. The prisoner had no counsel and pleaded not guilty. Sir Mathew said he would see that his interest should not suffer for the reason that he was undefended and suggested that the prisoner should hold his tongue, and he himself would cross-examine the witness. One of these (a policeman) was deposing to having seen the prisoner emerging from the house that had been broken into, when the accused shouted out, "You didn't, for I'd left the house before you came in sight." "There," said Sir Mathew to the prisoner, "did I not tell you to hold your tongue."

Sir Mathew held the scales of justice in an even balance for about thirty-seven years, having constantly before him cases of great importance, affecting both human life and property. Fearlessness on the part of a Judge is not always a sign of hard-heartedness; compassion for the victim as well as indignation towards the criminal may be a motive power impelling him to do his duty. No one ever rightly accused him of cruelty; there was nothing of the Judge Jeffreys in him, and not a man ever dared to breathe a suspicion that the Chief Justice ever took a bribe. His duty as settled in his own breast was his guide, and the memory of such a fearless, patriotic Judge should not be forgotten by those who now live in peace and security.

By his death, which took place in 1894, he surrendered his commission without a stain. On the day of his funeral, the Victoria Bar met and passed a lengthy resolution in which occur these words: "Plain and unassuming in manner, courteous and dignified in his speech, loyal to his companions, firm in his friendships, of a generous and sympathetic nature, he will be missed." Queen and country owe to him an obligation which they can now only discharge by saying, "Peace to his memory."

Edward Nicolls.



IN THE ROCKIES.

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OUR ANCIENT IRISH BARDS.

BY NORAH M. HOLLAND.

FROM the earliest ages of her history Ireland has been known as the land of poetry. The Milesian character with its admixture of Spanish blood has always been easily touched by the romantic and poetic side of life, and perhaps no country in existence has so large a store of national ballads, or so many wild legends clinging about the hearts of its people.

One of the most striking proofs of the Irish love of poetry is the number and age of the manuscripts which have come down to us through the centuries. The oldest English manuscript poem known dates backward to the days of King Alfred, but though, during many a long year, "Norse and Saxon and Dane have carried the brand and the blade from shore to shore" of the little isle of Erin, though her language has been proscribed and her bards hunted down and slain, she still can point proudly to the fragments of a literature unparalleled in beauty and antiquity; she still can show poems written while Rome was yet in her infancy, while the Saxon tribes still inhabited their wild German forests, and the skin-clad savage paddled his frail coracle along the foot of the steep chalk cliffs of Britain. Well indeed might Sir Philip Sidney say, "In Ireland the poets are held in devout reverence." From sire to son, from children to their children's children these manuscripts have passed, hidden in caves and dens of the rock, guarded with the lives of their owners, buried in the ruins of monasteries, or taken abroad and dispersed through France and Spain and Germany by many a flying exile. Much has been lost to us, much rendered unintelligible by the gradual dying out of the ancient tongue, but enough still remains to form a glorious inheritance for the Irish nation of the present.

Besides the manuscripts that have come to us, in the memory of the people, many an ancient poem and tradition still lingers, warped and distorted it may be by the variety of minds through which it has passed, but yet of incalculable value to the antiquarian who is, at last, slowly awakening to the fact that a rich store of literary and historical treasure is lying hid within the Irish coasts, a store which has been so long neglected as to suffer much to perish.

It is inevitable that, among the Teutonic and Latin nations, Irish poetry, emanating as it does from a people so radically different in character and temperament, and possessing an absolutely independent system of verse structure, should he received with but a scant measure of favour; yet long before the commencement of the Christian era we find the poets and philosophers of ancient Greece and Rome interesting themselves in the study and imitation of the complex models of Celtic versification. Sigerson has stated, and I think with good reason, in the scholarly introduction to his volume on "The Bards of the Gall and Gael," that the much abused lines of Cicero

Cedant arma togæ, concedat laurea linguæ;
O fortunatam natam me consule Romam!

are merely an imitation of the Irish method of verse structure, and if arranged as a quatrain fulfil all the most important of the Celtic laws of poetry.

Perhaps the earliest form of versification in Ireland is the "Rosg" or unrhymed stanza, which consists of a series of short, impetuous sentences, rhythmical though unrhymed, and which is generally used in the composition of war songs or poems designed to stir up vehement enthusiasm in the breasts of the readers. An example of

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this may be found in "The Triumph Song" of Amergin, which is perhaps the earliest specimen of blank verse to be found in Europe, being written some thousand years before the Christian era.

"I, the wind at sea,
I, the rolling billow,
I, the roar of ocean,
I, the rock-borne osprey,
I, the Spear for smiting foemen,
I, the God for forming fortune!
Whither wend by glen or mountain?
Whither tend beneath the sunset?
Whither wander, seeking safety?"

This form of stanza is earliest found in the poems of Amergin and his contemporaries, and to it is added the Conaclon verse wherein the most striking peculiarity is the rhyming of the last word of each line with the first word of the succeeding one. Sometimes this rhyme is complete even to English ears, sometimes only the vowels rhyme (a form of rhyme peculiar to Ireland alone); and in this versification alliteration is also common. This form of stanza is naturally rare in literature, but in more modern times it has been used by M. Marc de Papillon (A.D. 1597) and interruptedly by Samuel Lover in his "Fairy Child."

Following these came many other verse forms such as the introduction of end rhymes either assonant or consonantal as in English, the more constant use of alliteration, and the internal or inlaid rhyme, such as that shown in Sigerson's translation of "Fand's Welcome to Cucullin."

Blood drips from his lofty *lance*,
In his *glance* gleams battle fire,
Haughty high the victor *goes*,
Woe to *those* who wake his ire.

This inverse rhyme was introduced from the Irish into Norse, and at a later period we find it made use of sparingly in the works of Spenser and Shakespeare.

As early as the third century, also, we find Irish songs containing a burden or refrain, a form which we see in no other European literature before the end of the thirteenth or beginning of the fourteenth century.

Having thus drawn attention to the principal points in the Irish system of verse structure, we must proceed to give a short history of the most noted of the Celtic bards.

To the coming of St. Patrick to Ireland, and the subsequent conversion of the people, is due the destruction of most of the anti-Christian literature of the country, but the names of some of the poets, together with fragments of their verses, still remain to testify to the advanced condition of refinement in Erin even at that remote date. The earliest of these pagan bards was Amergin, who lived about one thousand years before the Christian era. Fragments of his poems are to be found in the Leabhar Ghabhaltus or Book of Invasions, an old historical record, a copy of which transcribed in the twelfth century from a more ancient manuscript is now in the Buckingham library at Stowe. These poems are written in the Bearla Feni or Fenian dialect, and are accompanied by a gloss which is in itself so ancient as to be almost unintelligible to a modern Irish scholar. The longest of these fragments is written in Conaclon verse, contains a description of the "beautiful shores of Ireland, fertile, sea surrounded, with fruitful spreading hills, and wide dropping forests, with showery falling rivers, and overflowing lakes, with tall ships and lordly cities, with noble princes and valiant armies," and concludes by wishing that the author and his companions may find comfort and delight while dwelling there.

Contemporary with Amergin lived Lugad, son of Ith, known in ancient chronicles as "Ceud laid h-Er," first bard of Erin. He wrote many poems, of which the principal one that has dessended to us is his "Lament for the Death of Fial," his wife, one stanza of which may be roughly translated as follows:

"I sit here on the shore
Stormy and cold,
O'erwhelmed with grief and pain
To my undoing,
Because of Death's victory
O'er thee, fair woman;

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Fial of the race of Fris,
Bright as the sun.
Quick Death has taken thee.
Matchless and holy,
Great is my grief there at
Even to my undoing."

Royné Filé (or the Bard) writing about four hundred years before Christ gives us a valuable historical poem describing the progress of the Gael from Egypt through Scythia and Spain to Ireland, the division of the island amongst them, and the names of their leaders. A century later we find a fragment by Feirceirtne addressed to "Ollamh Foddhla, brave and bright, mighty in battle, monarch of Tara." It extols him as the founder of the College of Learning, and Institutor of the Feis (or Synod) of Tara, and says that: "He ruled for forty years in peace and plenty, sole monarch of Ireland." It describes the reigns of six succeeding rulers of his race, also explaining the names of the great territorial divisions of Ireland, and is much prized by antiquarians both for its literary and historical merits.

For nearly six hundred years after the death of Feirceirtne no trace remains to us of poetic activity, but at the beginning of the second century literature revived, and many noble fragments testify to the fact. In the Book of Munster is preserved a poem of that date ascribed to Ciothruadh. It is dedicated to Con, the monarch of Erin at the time of its composition; and in the same reign was written Fingin's poem on the "Approaches to Tara," to be found in the Dinn Seanchas. Two curious poems of Dubthach, the only remaining pagan bard of any note, are to be found in the Leabhar na Cceart. One of these is an account of the privileges and duties of his order; the other, addressed to the King of Tara, reminds him of his rights and obligations. Later in life Dubthach was converted to Christianity, and a fragment of his "Hymn to the Redeemer," written after this event, is included in the "Felire Anguis," a poetical calendar compiled in the eighth century, and preserved in the Leabhar Breac.

The introduction of Christianity gave a higher impulse to the poetical life of the nation, and many were those who took advantage of this. Feich, the bishop, whose poem, translated by the learned Colgan, is known to every Irish scholar; Amergin, compiler of the Dinn Seanchas; Cinfæla, who revised the Primer of the Bards preserved in the Book of Ballimote; the holy Columcille; Dallan and Seanchan, are among the names found at this period. Of Dallan, Colgan says that he was better acquainted with the antiquities of his country than any other person. Fragments of his verses are found in an old tract entitled, "The Reformation of the Bards," in Trinity College, Dublin, but his prinicipal poem was written in honour of St. Columcille, and is very rare. A stanza composed by him upon the death of that saint is quoted by the Four Masters.

The Danish invasion again put a stop for a time to literary activity, but in 884 arose Maolmura, of Fathan, whose poems are preserved to us in the Book of Invasions. Contemporary with him is Flann, called by the Four Masters "The Liag," the Secretary of Brian Boru and head Professor of Ireland, who has left us many valuable works, including a life of Brian Boru, an historical treatise on the Wars of Ireland, and several poems. Of these remains Hardiman, no mean authority, says that: "No nation in Europe can produce so old, and, at the same time, so pure and perfect a specimen of its vernacular dialect as are these." He also characterizes this bard's verse as "distinguished for a peculiar ease and elegance of versification and pathetic to a high degree." Many graceful and highly-finished poems by Eochy O'Floinn (died A. D. 984) preserved in the Book of Lecan, Giolla Kevin in the tenth, and O'Cassidy, whose poem, "Sacred Erin, Isle of Saints," is widely known and admired, in the twelfth century, prove that the era of ignorance and darkness which had fallen upon the rest of Europe had not as yet reached Ireland. In the beginning of the twelfth century also we find a very curious poem entitled "A Vision of

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Viands," which appears to be a forerunner of some passages in the well-known "Land of Cokaygne." We give a verse from Sigerson's translation, which is in the original metre:

Ramparts rose of custard all,
Where a castle mustered all
Forces o'er the lake;
Butter was the bridge of it,
Wheaten meal the ridge of it,
Bacon every stake.

Ruddy warders rosily
Welcomed us right cosily
To the fire and rest,
Seven coils of sausages
Twined, in twisted passages,
Round each brawny breast.

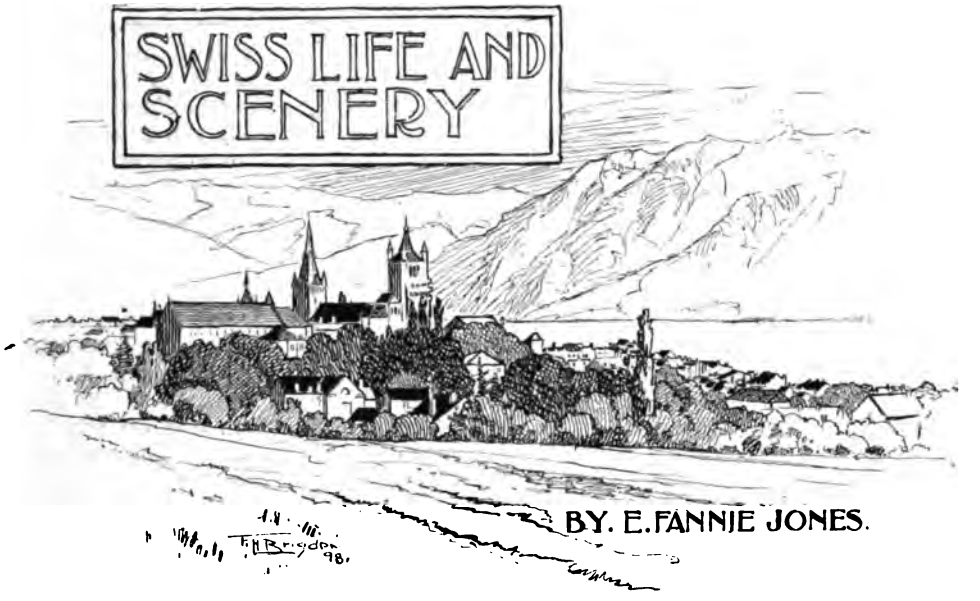
For many years after the invasion of Henry the Second, little of any worth has been preserved. The chains of English slavery which began to press so heavily upon Ireland, weakened, as loss of liberty always does, her poetic genius, but towards the close of the next century it burst forth again in renewed lustre. Donogh O'Daly (died 1260) called for the sweetness of his verse, "The Ovid of Ireland;" John O'Dugan (died 1372), who has left to us a valuable work upon the principal families of Erin at the time of the English invasion, Maolin Oge MacBrodin, O'Gnive of Claneboy, whose "Downfall of the Gael" has roused the spirit of patriotism once more in many an Irish breast, O'Mullory, MacDaire of Thomond, O'Clery of Donegal, and Teige Dall O'Higgin, whose poems are considered to be among the best in the language, form a glorious galaxy of names. Many more there are whom want of space has forbidden us to mention, but whose work is no less worthy of encomium; Spenser, Camden, and even the prejudiced Giraldus Cambrensus have spoken in words of high praise of the stately fragments of our ancient literature. That they are but fragments is due in part to the zeal of the early Christian missionaries, in part to the continual foreign descents upon our coasts, in part, alas! to our own neglect. Yet we may venture to hope that ere long a fresh day shall dawn for the genius of Ireland, and that a new literature, no less splendid and more complete thar the old, shall rise like the phœnix from the ashes of the past, bearing upon its wings a bright promise for the future.

(To be concluded next month.)



DUCK SHOOTING.

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BY. E. FANNIE JONES.

II.—IMPRESSIONS OF SWISS LIFE.

NO one is allowed to stay more than three months in one place in Switzerland without registering his name, age and antecedents, and paying the sum of three francs. Should he have come away without his certificate, some respectable Swiss must answer for his conduct. No doubt there are many strangers who in some way avoid complying with this little formality, but should you be living with Swiss people you will soon be informed of the regulation. So you may as well get your permit at once and avoid any unpleasantness. You will consider it comparatively a mere trifle when you have seen the paper which in some cantons must be filled up yearly by all householders, Swiss or foreign.

If I had space to give one of these papers verbatim it would be found amusing, but a few items out of a list that covers three pages of large foolscap must suffice. One can see the reasonableness of demanding an account of the number of cattle or of the quantity of grain, fruit and things of that sort owned by the citizen; but when one reads, "give the number of stools and camp-stools, irons, umbrellas and parasols (this item would puzzle some people who have forgetful friends), knives, forks and spoons, pillows, bolsters and cushions, dresses and coats, socks and stockings, handkerchiefs of various kinds, kitchen utensils," and so



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

A SWISS WOMAN SPINNING.

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FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

SWITZERLAND—A SHRINE IN THE WOODS ON A MOUNTAIN SIDE.

on; and then another list in which one is requested to give the quantities in the house of the following things: Potatoes, salt meat, nuts, flour, bread, coffee, sugar, fruit, jam, etc., one feels that the authorities are not lacking in curiosity. Strange to say, there is no mention made of pins.

But you have applied for your permit, be it supposed, and can attend to the question as to where and how you will live. You will find plenty of pleasant people in hotels and pensions. In any considerable Swiss town you will find an English quarter, so that if you want to go where you will feel at home, be called upon and invited to afternoon teas and literary clubs, it is here that you will have all these opportunities. But if you desire to see something of Swiss life, my advice to you is to keep away from the English and do what you can to make acquaintances among the people of the country. In our new land strangers invariably arouse at least a little curiosity, and if they seem likely to be in any way a desirable addition to our population we are ready to welcome them and do what we can to impress them favourably with the place where they have pitched their tent. But in Switzerland things are quite otherwise, and if you want to lead a solitary life, undisturbed by those around you, take an apartment in the French quarter and you will be left in peace. As the "stranger" is a creature of which the natives take no notice, if it is possible enter a French family, and then you will be in a position to see something of Swiss life.

And what have I seen during a nine months' visit? Many things that are to be admired, and others in which we Canadians seem to have the better way. The cherishing of family life is with the Swiss an exceedingly strong point; for him the home is everything, his own hearth the centre around which his life turns. The ties between parents and children are very strong. There seems to be but little social intercourse among the Swiss themselves. Young people do not live in a whirl of excitement, and there remains some of that spirit of wholesome leisure which on our side of the sea is looked upon as dull and behind the times. In Switzerland, a quiet daily half-hour's chat around the fire, or a stroll in the gar-

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den, is looked upon as a necessity, and there is no doubt that these simple pleasures aid much in making life sweet and profitable.

In social and family intercourse men here are still most assuredly "lords of creation," and the women their devoted slaves. I heard an eminent Swiss pastor lecture on America after having spent the summer there; his advice to all his countrymen was, "Go to America if you want to find the paradise for women." I had already expressed the same idea to several persons, and was glad to find my testimony borne out by an observant and thoughtful Swiss. Let me mention one or two points that I have noticed. In many of the homes the woman is the principal bread-winner, and often it is only by accident that one discovers that there is a husband who sits by and encourages her. In fact, a woman's capability to increase the yearly revenue seems often a point to be considered in choosing a wife. The men are quite content to receive all the devotion and attention which the women are ever ready to bestow upon them. I created quite a commotion as a female revolutionist by expressing strongly my opinion upon the duties of men at afternoon tea. Here the men bury themselves in the armchairs and expect the ladies to carry everything to them. What would Canadians think of that? Upon one occasion, an American girl and I insisted upon the men doing all the work at a tea in the woods, and it was most amusing to see what a novelty the new situation was for both ladies and gentlemen. It is no uncommon sight to see a man and woman walking together, the latter heavily-laden with milkcans or baskets, and the man with his hands in his pockets. It seldom occurs to a Swiss gentleman to offer to carry a lady's wrap. But it might be just as well, perhaps, not to give any more particulars for fear of putting bad ideas into the mind of the improved Canadian man, so let us talk of something else.



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

SWITZERLAND—A VIEW OF "DENT DU MIDI."

A word about the newspapers. The journalism of Switzerland must be commended. The newspapers are printed on excellent paper, in good type, and are of moderate size and easily handled. Four pages is the usual number. On the first page is an editorial on some question of the day, the latest impor-

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tant news, and a serial story, a chapter of which is published daily. On the second and third pages is found the news from the country itself, and, in a condensed form, that of the great outside world. There is no publishing the minute details of crime and scandals, so that young and old can read the papers without injury. It would be a happy day for Canada, as well as for other countries, if the Swiss style of journalism more commonly prevailed. The last page is devoted to death notices and advertisements of all kinds. The former, irreverent as it may seem, have been an amusing curiosity to me. Below are some examples copied from the Lausanne *Tribune*:



A SWISS ALLEYWAY—WOMAN WASHING.

"Mme. Gaschen-Beyeler and her child of Olten; M. Jean Gaschen, of Bugnon, and his sons, Louis and Aldred, and Mlles. Elise, Mary and Jeanne; Mme. and M. Pache-Gaschen and their children of Lausanne; the families Gfeller-Beyeler of Berne, Beyeler of Kisen and Geneva and their children; the families Gaschen-Marcatti (formerly receiver) of Bienne, Gaschen of Auet, Bourgeois and Mlle. Kohler of Bex, Villard of Montreux, Gashen of Barcelona, Console of Lugano, Chatelaine of St. Imier, announce to their relations, friends and acquaintances the cruel loss which they have just sustained in the person of

M. JEAN GASCHEN-BEYELER,

an employee of the S.G.B.

"Their dear husband, father, son, brother, brother-in-law, uncle, nephew and cousin, who died on the 4th November, after a long and painful illness, at the age of 31 years, 6 months.

"Funeral will take place on Sunday, the 7th of November, at 2 o'clock.

"Service at half-past one.

"Leave from Bugnon at one.

"This notice takes the place of an invitation. Visitors will not be received."

"Mr. and Mrs. Eugéne-Henri Decoppet, their sons Robert, William, Eugéne, Félix, Ernest, Marc, and their daughter Andrée Marie at Bretigny, have the sorrow to announce to their relations, friends and acquaintances the grievous loss which they have just sustained in the person of their daughter and sister, Eglantine-Adéle, taken away at the age of two months after severe suffering."

"Mme. widow Béboux-Béboux, Mme. widow Kuster-Béboux, Mme. and M. J. Charton-Pache and their children, M. and Mme. G. Pache and their son, M. F. Pache and his children, Alfred and Alice, the families Béboux of Belmont, Lausanne and Geneva, and Gaillard Béboux of Rolle, announce to their relations, friends and acquaintances the decease of

Mademoiselle LOUISA BEBOUX,

by profession a cook,

whom God hath called to Him in her fifty-seventh year.

"Please do not send flowers.

"Visits will not be received."

The longer the list of relations and connections the more honourable the announcement.

It must be a little awkward when there is a quarrel in the family.

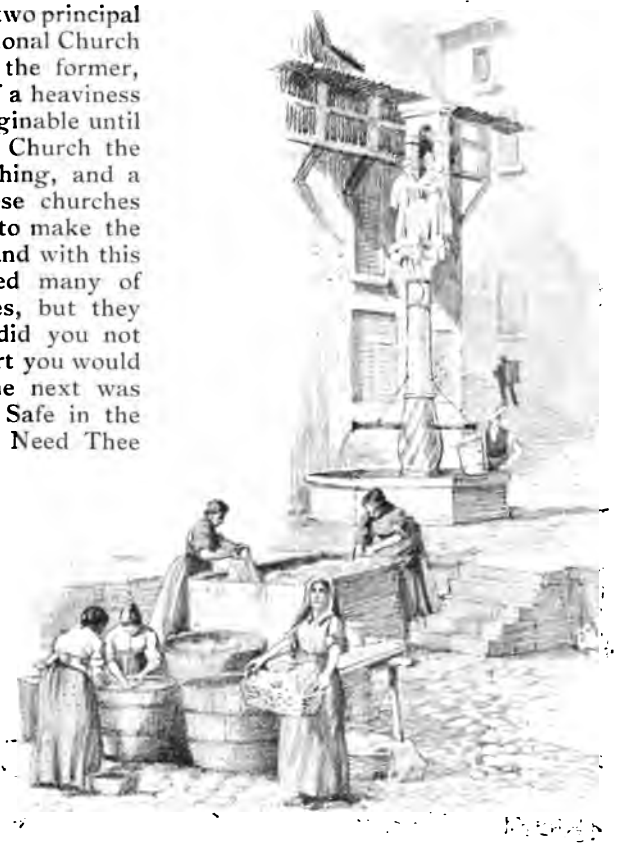
The churches in Lausanne are mostly Protestant, and a strict Puritan kind of Protestantism is in vogue. The grand old cathedral was built by the Roman Catholics about the 12th century, and is architecturally a magnificent building. But what an indescribable feeling of loss and desolation comes over one as soon as he enters. In the desire to get as far away as possible from anything resembling Roman Catholicism these Protestants have ruined this magnificent church. The chancel has been stripped of all its furniture and

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the communion-table has been handed over to a neighbouring Roman Catholic church as useless. The pulpit has been removed to the centre of the nave, thus blocking the view, while the beautiful, carved choir-stalls are stuck opposite it; in fact, the whole place looks as though some ruthless Goths had turned things upside down and no one had had the energy to try to restore a little order. As for attending service there, one would as soon think of sitting down to read in a room which was being house-cleaned. It would be impossible to sit quietly in one's pew. One would either have to try to do something or go to sleep. After all, this last would be easily achieved, for of all the services I have ever attended none equalled in dullness, dreariness and monotony the lifeless and soporific performances at Swiss churches. There are two principal Protestant bodies, the National Church and the Free Church. In the former, the service and music are of a heaviness and lugubriousness unimaginable until experienced. In the Free Church the sermon is the principal thing, and a long affair it is. In these churches the authorities have tried to make the singing a little brighter, and with this end in view have adopted many of Moody and Sankey's tunes, but they are sung so slowly that did you not already know them by heart you would forget one note before the next was sung. Such hymns as "Safe in the Arms of Jesus" and "I Need Thee Every Hour" are droned out like a funeral march, and a suggestion of singing them faster immediately marks one as an aider and abettor of the works of darkness. The Swiss lecturer before quoted said: "Something must be done to make our services more attractive, especially to the young people. The American churches have a power of which we know nothing."

Sunday seems to be almost an unmanageable day and the great question is what can be done to fill up the time. Any pleasures or pleasant duties are put on one side and kept for that day. It is often said, "It is a pity to do that to-day, we can do it on Sunday." On this principle the elections take place on Sunday, school feasts and distributions of prizes are held, and gymnastic exhibitions given. The following advertisement is from a Lausanne paper:

"Young People of Mont!
Grand Ball,
Sunday, January 23rd, 1898!
beginning at four o'clock,
at the Café Central!
Good Wine! Brass Band of Mont!
Beginners cordially welcomed."



DRAWN BY F. H. BRIGDEN.

SWISS WOMEN WASHING IN THE STREET.

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DRAWN BY F. H. BRIGDEN.

SWISS WOMEN WORKING IN THE FIELDS.

Very often miniature fairs with merry-go-rounds and bands disturb the peace of the day of rest, and as the cafés and beer-shops are open all day long the streets are anything but quiet, even up till midnight.

One of the things that strikes one most in the Swiss towns and villages is the immense number of saloons. It must be understood that a Swiss café or brasserie differs a little from our bar-room. It is said that in Switzerland these places are more like the old English taverns or coffee-houses, where men of all sorts and conditions meet to talk and read. Be that as it may, it is somewhat appalling to learn that if in Toronto, for instance, there were the same number of these places in proportion to the population as there are in a Swiss town of which I have the statistics, the Queen City of Ontario would have nearly two thousand instead of one hundred and fifty. Certainly drunkenness, from all I can learn, is one of the great vices of the Swiss people. Many are awakening to this fact, and are doing what they can to stem the tide of evil.

It is impossible, in a short account like this, to enter into many questions which in the details would be interesting, such, for instance, as the system of military service. There is no standing army in Switzerland, but every man is bound to take a course of drill. There are exceptions, such as the eldest sons of widows, the employees of the post-office, railway, etc., the clergy, teachers, and any men who are physically inca-



SHOPPING IN SWITZERLAND.

Every lady who goes to market is accompanied by a boy, her own or a hired one, who carries her purchases.

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pable or undersized; but all others, as soon as they are twenty years of age, are called upon to begin their course, which involves a few weeks' drill each summer for several years. Men of all classes take their drill together, living at the Barracks during that time. In this respect the Swiss are thoroughly democratic.



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

SWITZERLAND—A VIEW FROM BARMAZ.

There are many interesting points of comparison between Canada and Switzerland in the matter of wages, salaries, and so on. Dressmaking is not a very profitable business for those who are not experts in the art. For the sum of twenty-five cents one can get a woman to sew all day, and I once paid a bill for someone who had employed two women and a machine for a week, and the total amount of the account was $3.40. What would Canadian sewing-women say to that?



SWITZERLAND - A STREET-SPRINKLER.

I would recommend school teachers to stay in Canada. The public school board in Switzerland pay their women teachers from $160.00 to $180.00 a year, and the heads of the schools are supposed to be earning a large fortune when their salaries reach the magnificent sum of $500.00. One can easily understand why the custom of living in apartments is so prevalent, why cabbages are plentiful, and why there is not that luxury in dress and house furnishings which one sees in our country, where money circulates more freely. But this simplicity of life has great charms, and it is delightful to find a place where the modern god, the Almighty Dollar, is not universally worshipped. The Swiss are a happy, contented people, living near to Nature's heart, and finding their greatest pleasures among the mountains and valleys of their land of perennial beauty.

(*To be concluded.*)

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HAGAR OF THE PAWNSHOP.

BY FERGUS HUME,

Author of "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab," "Monsieur Judas," "The Clock Struck One," etc.

DIGEST OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS: Jacob Dix was a pawnbroker in the west end of London, whose gypsy wife had died leaving him a son, Jimmy. As the pawnbroker drew near the end of his life he was absolutely alone in the world, this lad having run away. A runaway gypsy niece of his dead wife came to him one day and asked to be allowed to live with him. The pawnbroker took a fancy to her, trained her in the business, and, when he died, left this Hagar Stanley all his wealth. Hagar advertised for the absent heir, administered the estate, and carried on the business of the pawnshop. Her adventures have been related, and this instalment narrates the closing events of the story.

XII.—THE PASSING OF HAGAR.

IT was now two years since Hagar had presented herself to the astonished eyes of Jacob Dix, and one year since the death of the old miser had left her in sole charge of the pawnshop. During all these months she had striven hard to do her duty, for the sake of the man who had taken pity on her poverty. She had toiled early and late; she had neglected no opportunity to make bargains; and she had lived penuriously the meanwhile. All moneys accruing from the business she had paid into the bank; and all accounts of receipts and payments she had placed in the hands of Vark, the lawyer. At any time that Goliath chose to arrive she was ready to hand over the pawnshop and property to him, after which it was her intention to leave.

As yet she had no idea in her head what was to become of her when the arrival of the lost heir would reduce her to the position of a pauper. It had, indeed, occurred to her that it would be best to return to her tribe again, and take up the old gipsy life. On account of Goliath she had exiled herself from the Romany tents; so when he came into his inheritance she would be free to return thereto. As a wealthy man, Jimmy Dix, *alias* Goliath would not care to spend his life in roaming the country with vagrants; and thus she would be relieved of his presence. Hagar was getting very tired of the shop and the weary life of Carby's Crescent; and often the nostalgia of the roads came upon her. Several times of late she had wished that Goliath would claim his heritage, and relieve her of the irksome task which she had taken on her shoulders out of gratitude to Jacob Dix. But as yet the absent heir had not made his appearance.

Hagar knew very well that Eustace Lorn was looking for him. Pursuant to the promise he had given her, and expecting the reward of her hand on his return, Lorn had been these many months on the trail of the missing man. All over England and Scotland had he tramped, inquiring of gipsy, vagrant, and town scamp, the whereabouts of Goliath; but all in vain, for Goliath seemed to have vanished completely. Indeed, Eustace began to fear that he was not in the United Kingdom, else he would certainly have heard of him, or the man would have seen in the newspapers the advertisement inquiring for his whereabouts. From time to time Eustace wrote to Hagar of his ill success, and received replies wherein she expressed her detestation of the shop, and requested him to continue his search; whereupon, encouraged to fresh exertions, Eustace would resume his wanderings. His adventures while thus engaged were many and various; and in the end his efforts were crowned with success.

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One day, while Hagar was seated rather disconsolately in the back parlour; the side-door, which had been used by Dix for his friends who wished to dispose of stolen goods—a form of business which Hagar had abandoned—was opened boldly, and a tall man strode into the room. Hagar rose indignantly to repel the intruder, who had no right to enter by that way, but—on seeing his countenance—she fell back a step.

"Goliath!" she said, with a pale face.

The tall man—he was almost a giant in point of height and size—nodded and smiled. He had closely-cropped red hair, and a rather brutal cast of countenance, by no means prepossessing. Again familiarly nodding to Hagar, who recoiled from him in aversion, he seated himself in a large armchair by the fire which formerly had been used by dead Jacob Dix.

"My father's chair," said he with a grin. "I have come to take possession of it, my dear."

"I am very glad to hear it," replied Hagar, recovering the use of her tongue. "Certainly it was about time, Mr. Dix."

"Don't call me Mister, or Dix, my dear! To you I should always be Goliath—your Goliath."

"Indeed you shan't!" retorted Hagar in a spirited manner. "I hate you now just as much as I did when you forced me to leave my people."

"That is uncommon cruel of you, seeing as you have been wearing my shoes all this time!"

"I have been wearing your father's shoes, you mean, and for your benefit solely. I did so simply because your father was good enough to take me in, after you had exiled me from the Romany."

"Oh, I know all about that, Cousin Hagar. We're cousins, ain't we?"

"Yes; and we are likely to continue cousins. But I'm tired of this sparring, Goliath. Where have you been all this time, and how did you learn that your father was dead?"

"Where I've been I'll tell you later," replied Goliath, rendered surly by the attitude of Hagar; "and as to how I knowed the old 'un was gone—why, a cove called Lorn told me just after I got out."

"Got out!" cried Hagar, noting the queer wording of the phrase; "so you have been in prison, Goliath!"

"You're a sharp one, you are!" grinned the red-haired man. "Yes, I've been in quod, though I didn't intend to tell you so yet. I was Number Forty-three till a week ago, and they ticketed me for horse-coping. I got two years, and was took just arter you gave me the slip in New Forest; so now you know how I didn't see your noospaper notice about the old 'un kicking the bucket."

"You might speak of your father with more respect!" said Hagar in a disdainful tone; "but what can one expect from a convict?"

"Come, none of that, cousin, or I'll twist your neck."

"You dare to lay a finger on me, and I'll kill you!" retorted Hagar fiercely.

"Yah! You're as much a spitfire as ever!"

"More so—to you!" replied the girl. "I hate you now as I did when I left my tribe. Now you have come back, I'll go."

"And who is to look after the shop?"

"That is your business. My task here is ended. To-morrow I'll show you all the accounts——"

"Won't you share the property with me?" asked Goliath in a wheedling tone.

"No, I shan't! To-morrow you must come with me and see Vark, to——"

"Vark!" echoed Goliath, starting to his feet; "is it that old villain who is to hand me over my tin?"

"Yes; your father employed him, so I thought——"

"Don't think! there ain't no time for thinking! Job! I'd better get my money afore the head of old Vark is stove in!"

"What do you mean?" asked Hagar, bewildered by his tone.

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"Mean!" echoed Goliath, pausing at the door. "Well, I was in quod, as I told ye; there I came across Bill Smith——"

"The mandarin customer?"

"Yes; we managed to talk—how, it don't matter to you; but I guess, when Bill Smith's out of quod, that Yark is bound for Kingdom-come. And Bill Smith *is* out!"

"What!" shrieked Hagar, alive at once to the danger which threatened the lawyer. "Out! Escaped?"

"That's the case. He got away last week, and they ain't got him yet. I'd best go and tell Vark to load his pistols. I don't want the old villain choked until I get my property square You come, too, cousin."

"Not just now. To-morrow."

"To-morrow won't do for me!" growled Goliath. "You come to-day, quick!"

"Oh," said Hagar disdainfully, "it is no use your taking that tone with me, Goliath. I must get ready my accounts to-night; and to-morrow, if you come here, I'll take them with you to Vark. When everything is set out to your satisfaction, you can enter into your property at once."

"Then you won't come now?"

"No; I have given you my answer."

"You'd best give me a pound or two," said Goliath crossly. "I'm cleaned out, and I need money to get a bed for the night. You are as obstinate as ever, I see; but if you won't come, you won't. But I'll go and see Vark myself and tell him about Bill Smith."

After which speech Goliath, with money in his pocket, went off to see the lawyer, cursing Hagar freely for her obstinacy. The man entirely forgot how she had devoted herself these many months to looking after his property; all he thought of was that he loved her now as much as he had done in the old days, and that she was still set on having nothing to do with him. Had she been an ordinary girl, he might have broken her spirit; but it was useless to attempt bullying with Hagar. She could give as good as she got; and this great hulking Goliath could only admire and desire this spirited gipsy girl who disdained him and his money.

"Well," said Hagar to herself as she saw the last of him, "I have had one unexpected visitor; so by all the laws of coincidence I should have another to-day I never knew one strange event happen without another following on its heels."

Hagar did not think precisely in so bookish a fashion, but the gist of her ideas was as above; and this proved correct before nightfall, at which time the unexpected second event duly occurred. This was none other than the arrival of Eustace Lorn, who entered the shop with a smile on his lips and a love light in his eyes. The girl knew his step—by some intuition of love, no doubt—and rushed to meet him with outstretched hands. These Eustace clasped ardently in his own; but as yet—so dignified was the attitude of Hagar—he did not venture to kiss her. His speech was warmer than his actions.

"Hagar! my dear Hagar!" he cried in rapture, "at last I have come back. Are you not glad to see me?"

"I am delighted!" replied Hagar, beaming with pleasure—"more delighted than I was to see Goliath."

"Ah! he has returned, then? I found him at last, you see; and I recognized him from your description."

"He did not tell me of your meeting, Eustace."

"Oh, it was in this way," replied Lorn, as they entered the parlour together. I had searched for him everywhere, as you know, but could not find him. Where he has been all these months I cannot say, as at our interview he refused to tell me."

"Perhaps he had a good reason for his silence," said Hagar, noting the fact that Goliath had kept quiet about his prison experiences.

"I dare say," laughed Lorn. "He looks a scamp. Well, I was down near Weybridge, resting by the roadside, when I saw a tall, red-haired man passing. Remembering your description of Jimmy Dix, I felt sure that it

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was him; and I called out the name 'Goliath.' To my surprise, instead of stopping he took to his heels."

"Ah, he had a good reason for that also."

"Not an honest one, I am afraid. Well, I ran after him, and in spite of his long legs I managed to catch him up. Then he showed fight; but when I explained who I was, and who you were, and how his father had died and left a fortune, Goliath grew quiet and friendly. He fraternized with me, accepted the loan of a few shillings—which was all I could spare—and took himself off to London. You have seen him?"

"Yes; and to-morrow I make up my accounts and give him over his property. Then I shall be free—free! Oh!" cried Hagar, stretching her arms, "how delicious it will be to be free once more—to leave this weary London, and see the sky and stars, sunrise and sunset—to hear the birds, and breathe the fresh air of the moors! I am going back to my tribe, you know."

"I don't know," said Eustace, taking her hand; but I do know that I love you, and I have an idea that you love me. In this case, I think that instead of going back to your tribe you should come to your—husband."

"My husband—you!" cried Hagar, with a charming blush.

"If you love me," said Eustace, and then was quiet.

"You leave the burden of proposing on me," cried Hagar again. "Well, my dear, I will not hide from you that I do love you. Hush! let me go on. I have seen but little of you, yet what I have seen I have loved, every inch of it. I can read faces and estimate character better than most, and I know that you are a true, good, honourable man, who will make me, a poor gipsy, a better husband than I dared to expect. Yes, Eustace, I love you. If you care I will marry you—"

"Care! Marry me!" said Lorn, in rapture. "Why, my angel—"

"One moment," interrupted Hagar more seriously. "You know that I have no money, Eustace. Jacob Dix did not leave me a penny. I refuse to take anything from Goliath, who wants to marry me; and to-morrow I leave this shop as poor as when I came into it two years ago. Now, you are poor also; so two paupers are foolish to marry."

"But I am not poor!" cried Eustace, smiling—"that is, I am not rich, but I have sufficient for you, and to lead the life we love."

"But the life I love is the gipsy life," objected Hagar.

"I also am Romany by instinct," said Eustace, joyously. "Have I not led the life of a vagabond these many months while looking for Goliath? See here, my dearest girl; when I left you I sold the Florentine Dante to a collector of books for a goodly sum. With the money I bought a caravan, and stocked it with books suitable for the country folk. All this time, my dear, I have been travelling with my caravan from town to town, earning my living by selling books; and I find it, really and truly, a very profitable concern. I ask you to be my wife—to share my caravan and gipsy life; so if you—"

"Eustace!" cried Hagar, joyfully, and threw her arms round his neck. That was all; the situation adjusted itself between them without further words. When the pair stepped out into Carby's Crescent to see the caravan—it was round the corner—they were already betrothed. For once in this world the course of true love was running smoothly. To marry Eustace; to live in a caravan; to wander about the country in true Bohemian fashion—Hagar could conceive of no sweeter existence. At last she was rewarded for her toils in the pawnshop.

"This is our future home, Hagar," said Eustace, and pointed at the caravan.

It was a very spick and span vehicle, painted a light canary colour, picked out with pale blue; and on either side was inscribed—also in azure—the legend, "E. Lorn, Bookseller." A sleek grey horse in brown harness was between the shafts; and the windows of

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the caravan were barred with brass rods and draped with the whitest of curtains. Hagar fell in love with this delightful Noah's Ark—as Eustace playfully called it—and clapped her hands. As it was about six o'clock and twilight, the street was almost emptied of people, and Hagar could indulge in her raptures to her heart's content.

"O Eustace, Eustace! 'Tis beautiful! 'tis perfect!" she cried. "If it is as neat within as without, I shall love it dearly!"

"You'll make me jealous of the caravan," said Eustace, rather uneasily. "But don't look inside, Hagar."

"Why not?" said she, stopping short.

"Oh, because, because——," he began in confusion, and then stopped. Hagar looked at the door of the caravan, and Eustace turned his eyes in the same direction. It opened slowly, and a face—a brutal white face—looked out. The man to whom this visage—it was covered with a hairy growth of some days—belonged peered out at Eustace; then his gaze wandered to Hagar. As the light fell on his sullen looks, she gave a cry; the man on his side uttered an oath, and the next moment, dashing open the door, he had leaped out, and, brushing past the pair, was racing down the street which led from Carby's Crescent into the larger thoroughfare. Eustace looked surprised at this sudden flight, and turned an inquiring look on Hagar, who was pale as sculptured stone.

"Why are you so pale?" he said, taking her hand; "and why did my friend run away at the sight of you?"

"Your friend?" said Hagar, faintly.

"Yes; for the first time being, at all events. He is only a poor tramp I found near Esher the other day. He was lying in a ditch half-dead for want of food, so I took him into my caravan, and looked after him till he got better. He asked me to take him up to London; and I was about to tell you about him when he ran away."

"Why did you not wish me to look into the caravan?"

"Well," said Eustace, "this tramp seemed rather nervous; I'm afraid a bad life has told on the poor soul. A strange face always made him afraid, and I thought that if you looked in suddenly he might be alarmed. As it is——"

"As it is, he was alarmed when he did see me," burst out Hagar. "He well might be, as I know him!"

"You know him—that tramp?"

"Tramp! He is a convict—Bill Smith—the one I wrote to you about."

"What! that blackguard that was engaged in the mandarin swindle!" cried Eustace, taken aback—"that stole those diamonds! I thought he was in prison!"

"So he was; but he escaped last week. The police are looking for him."

"Who told you this, Hagar?"

"Goliath. He was in prison also, for horse-stealing; but he has just been let out—a few days ago. Bill Smith—Larky Bill as they call him—broke out about the same time, and he wants to kill Vark, the lawyer."

"Then I have unconsciously helped him to escape justice," said Lorn in vexed tones. "I really thought he was a tramp; had I known who he was I would not have helped him. He is a brute!"

"He'll be a murderer soon!" cried Hagar, feverishly. "For heaven's sake, Eustace, repair your error by going to Scotland Yard and telling them that the man is in London! You may be able to prevent a crime."

"I'll go," said Eustace, getting on to the driving seat of the caravan. "I'll see about this to-night, and return to talk to you to-morrow. One moment"—he leaped down again—"a kiss, my dear."

"Eustace! there are people about!"

"Well, they didn't stop Bill Smith running away, so they won't object to a kiss between an engaged couple. Good-bye, dearest, for the last time. To-morrow we meet to part no more."

It was in a considerable agitation that Hagar returned to her pawnshop. The coming of Goliath, the arrival of

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Eustace, the unexpected escape of Bill Smith—all these events crowded so rapidly into her life—in the space of an hour, as one might say—that she felt unnerved and alarmed. She did not know what the next day might bring forth, and was particularly careful in locking up the house on this night, lest the escaped convict should take it into his head to enter therein as a burglar. The next twelve hours were anything but pleasant to Hagar.

With the daylight came more assurance; also Vark and Goliath. The lean lawyer was much agitated at the news of the escape, and feared—as well he might—that his miserable life was not safe from so bitter an enemy as Larky Bill. However, his fear did not prevent him from attending to business; and the whole of that morning Hagar was busy explaining accounts and payments and receipts to Vark and Goliath. The lawyer tried hard to find fault with the administration of Hagar; to pick holes in her statements; but, thanks to the rigid honesty of the girl, and the careful manner in which she had conducted her business, Vark, to his great disgust, was unable to harm her in any way. Everything was arranged fairly, and Goliath expressed himself quite satisfied with the statement of his property. Then he made a speech.

"It seems that I have thirty thousand quid," said he exultingly; "also a pop-shop, which I'll give the kick to. With the rhino I can set up as a gent ——"

"That you can never be!" retorted Hagar scornfully.

"Not unless you look arter me. See here, you jade, when I was poor you said naught to me; now I am rich you——"

"I say the same, Goliath. When you were an honest man I refused you; now you are a felon I——"

"Was a felon," corrected Goliath. "I'm out of quod now."

"Well, I won't marry you. I hate you!" cried Hagar, stamping her foot; "and indeed, if you must know, I'm going to marry Eustace Lorn."

"What! that puppy?" cried Goliath in a rage.

"That man—which you aren't! I'll live in a caravan and sell books."

Here Goliath broke out into imprecations, and was hardly restrained from violence, so enraged was he. He swore that for her years of service he would not give Hagar a penny; she would leave the pawnshop as poor as when she entered it.

"I intend to," said Hagar coolly. "I shan't even take the mourning I wore for your father. My red dress is good enough for the caravan of Eustace; and to-morrow I'll put it on, and leave the pawnshop forever."

This was all that Goliath could get out of her. He offered to settle the money on her, to go in a caravan round the country if she wished it; but all to no purpose. Hagar had surrendered her stewardship in such wise that not even Vark, who hated her, could find a flaw in the accounts. These things being settled, she declared that she was going away with Eustace, after one more night in the pawnshop. First the altar and the marriage service; then the caravan and the country; and from this programme Hagar never swerved.

That same evening Eustace came to see Hagar, and told her that he had given notice at Scotland Yard of Smith's escape, and that the police were now looking for him. While they were talking over this, Vark, pale and scared-looking, made his appearance. He told the engaged pair a piece of news which astonished them not a little.

"I went to the police about Smith," said he, rubbing his lean hands together, "and I found out that not only one convict escaped, but two."

"Two!" cried Hagar; "and the second?"

"Is Goliath—your friend Jimmy Dix. He got three years, not two; and he broke prison with Larky Bill."

"What a fool to come here!" cried Eustace, recovering from his surprise.

"On the contrary, I think he was very wise," said Hagar; only I knew him as Goliath, and under that name

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he was arrested and sentenced. As James Dix, the heir of Jacob, the owner of thirty thousand pounds, no one would suspect him of being an escaped convict. But how did he get rid of his prison clothes?"

"The police told me," grinned Vark. "The two broke into a house and stole suits to fit 'em. Bill Smith was caught in a steel trap, so hid in the ditch where Mr. Lorn found him. Goliath came up here boldly to get his money. If I hadn't heard his description at Scotland Yard I should never have suspected him."

"Did you tell them he was here?" asked Lorn sharply.

"No; but I'll do so unless he gives me half his money—fifteen thousand pounds. If he does, I'll smuggle him over to America. If he doesn't——"

"Well," said Hagar, "if he doesn't, you Judas?"

"I'll give him up to the police."

"You beast!" cried the girl furiously, "you low reptile! You make capital out of everything. Goliath has done nothing to you but kindness; why, he warned you about Smith, and so gave himself into your hands; yet you would betray him!"

"I thought you hated the man!" quavered Vark, astonished at this outburst.

"So I do; but I think you might let him enjoy his money in peace. If he has been in gaol, he hasn't deserved half so much as you."

"I want half his money," said the lawyer sullenly.

"What good will it do?" asked Lorn. "Bill Smith may kill you."

"I'm not afraid of him!" snapped Vark, turning pale nevertheless. "I have Bolker to stay with me at night, and I've got my pistols. Besides, the police are after Bill, so he won't come here."

"Yes, he will," said Hagar, throwing open the door; "he'll gladly give his own neck to twist yours. Get out of this place, Judas! You poison the air!"

Vark whimpered and protested, but Hagar drove him out and locked the door on him. When in the street he turned round and shook his fist at the house wherein dwelt the woman he now hated as much as he had loved. She had escaped his toils, she had run clear of the traps he had laid for her; and now, having discharged her trust towards the dead, she was going out into the wide world with the man she loved, poor indeed as regards worldly wealth, but rich in the possession of Lorn's honest heart. No wonder Vark was wrathful.

The house in which Vark lived was down by the river, and near that ruinous wharf whither Bill Smith on a certain memorable occasion had dragged Bolker. It was a gloomy, ramshackle mansion, which had seen better days in the early part of the century, but now it was given over to the lawyer, his deaf old housekeeper and the rats. On the present occasion Bolker was staying there also, by desire of Vark. The wretched solicitor, who had sold so many thieves, and who was now terribly afraid of one, insisted that the lad should stay by him, in case of need. But Nemesis was not to be tricked in in that way.

Passing through the gloomy streets on his way to this den, Vark, who had grown a trifle hard of hearing, did not hear the stealthy footfalls of one who stole after him; nor did he see a shadow gliding close at his heels. It was a windy night, and the moon was veiled on occasions by a rack of flying clouds. The lawyer walked slowly on, until he ascended the flight of worn steps which led to his hall door. As he did so, a black cloud swept before the moon, and lingered there so long that Vark could not find the keyhole. When he did so, the door blew open with a crash, and Vark measured his length on the stone pavement of the hall. Bill Smith saw his opportunity of entering the house unnoticed, and flew swiftly up the steps, and past the prostrate man, who was so confused by his fall that he did not know of the man flitting by. At this moment Bill could have killed Vark easily; but he judged that the hall, with the open

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door, was too public; moreover, he wished to get into the room where the lawyer kept his safe. Vark disposed of, Bill intended to open the safe with his keys, and then escape well laden with plunder. But of these dark plans against his life and moneys Vark was ignorant.

As he gathered himself up and closed the door, his housekeeper came down the stairs with a candle. Grumbling at her for being late, Vark made her precede him into a little room at the back, looking on to the river. Larky Bill took off his boots, grasped the knife he carried, and followed the old man and woman. When he looked through a crack of the door into the room, he started back and swore under his breath, for therein were Bolker and Goliath. Bill began to think he would not be able to kill Vark after all.

He hid in a dark corner as the housekeeper re-passed him on the way up the stairs, and then returned to his 'vantage point near the door of the room, where he could both hear and see. What ensued made him more resolved than ever to kill Vark. Such an ungrateful bloodsucker, thought Bill, did not deserve to live.

"I am glad to see you here," said Vark to Goliath, who rose at his entry. "You got my note asking you?"

"Yes, or I shouldn't be cooling my heels in this hole of yours!" growled Goliath savagely. "What do you want?"

"Fifteen thousand pounds," said Vark tersely.

"Half the money left by the old 'un! And why?"

"Because I know you bolted from gaol," replied Vark coolly, "and that the police are looking for you."

"Do you intend to give me up?" asked Goliath, grinding his teeth.

Vark rubbed his hands. "Why not?" he snarled. "I gave up Bill Smith and got the reward; but I'd rather have half your money than put you in gaol again.

"I've a mind to kill you."

"Oh, I'm not frightened," said Vark with an ugly look. "Bolker sits here, and Bolker has pistols. You can't kill me."

"No; I'll leave Bill Smith to do that," said Goliath cooll.y

"Bah! I'm not afraid of that ruffian!"

Before Goliath could reply there was a roar like an angry beast's, the door was burst violently open, and Bill Smith, knife in hand, hurled himself into the room. Vark yelled shrilly like a rabbit caught in a trap, and the next moment he was dashed to the ground by the infuriated convict. Bolker sprang past the pair crying for the police, and flew through the passage, out of the hall door, and into the windy night. His shrieks roused the neighbourhood.

In a flash Goliath saw a chance of gaining a pardon by saving Vark from being murdered. He threw himself on Bill, who was striking blindly with his knife at the struggling lawyer, and strove to wrench him off.

"Let be, curse you!" shrieked the convict. "He sold me; he said he'd sell you! If I swing for it, I'll kill him!"

"No, d—n you, no!"

Goliath plucked the wretch off the prostrate man like a limpet off a rock; and then commenced a furious struggle between the pair. Vark, wounded and covered with blood, had fainted away. The next moment, while Smith and Goliath were swaying together in a fierce embrace, the room was filled with policemen, brought hither by the shrieking Bolker. Seeing them enter, Bill, wrenching himself free of Goliath, snatched up a revolver that Bolker had left on the table when he fled, and fired two shots at the prostrate body of his enemy.

"Yah! Brute! Curse you!"

Then he returned to the window which overlooked the river, and keeping the police at bay with the pistol, he wrenched it open. Goliath sprang forward to seize him, but Bill, with a howl of rage, dashed the revolver in his face.

"Curse you for rounding on a pal!"

The next moment he had swung

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himself out of the window, and those in the room heard the splash of his heavy body as it struck the waters of the Thames.

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Two months after the foregoing event, a caravan, painted yellow and drawn by a grey horse, was rolling along one of the green lanes leading to Walton-on-Thames. It was the beginning of spring, and the buds were already running along the leafless branches of the trees, while the sharpness of the air was tempered by a balmy breath fore-telling the advent of the warm months of the year. Beside the caravan tramped a tall, dark man arrayed in a rough suit of homespun, and near him walked a woman with an imperial carriage and lordly gait. She wore a dress of dark red, much stained and worn; but her eyes were full of fire, and her cheeks healthy. The pair were of humble condition, but looked contented and happy. As the horse plodded onward in the pleasant sunlight, the two talked.

"So Vark died, after all, Hagar?" said the man gravely.

"As you know," she replied, "the pistol shots killed him; and Bill Smith was drowned in the river as he attempted to escape. He gave up his life to compass his revenge."

"I am glad Goliath was pardoned."

"Oh, as to that," said Hagar indifferently, "I am neither glad nor sorry. I think myself that he only strove to save Vark in order to gain pardon."

"Well, he got what he wanted," said Eustace reflectively.

"He wouldn't if the public hadn't taken the matter up," retorted Hagar; "but they made him out a hero. Nonsense! As if Goliath was the man to forgive Vark, who intended to sell him. Well, he is free now, and rich. I dare say he'll lose all his money in dissipation. He had much better have held on the pawnshop, instead of giving it up to Bolker."

"Bolker is very young to have a business."

"Don't you believe it," replied Hagar drily. "Bolker is young in years, but old in wickedness. He bought the pawnshop business with the reward he got from Lord Deacey for restoring the diamonds. Bolker will grind down the poor of Carby's Crescent, and develop into a second Jacob Dix."

"You are glad to be away from the pawnshop?"

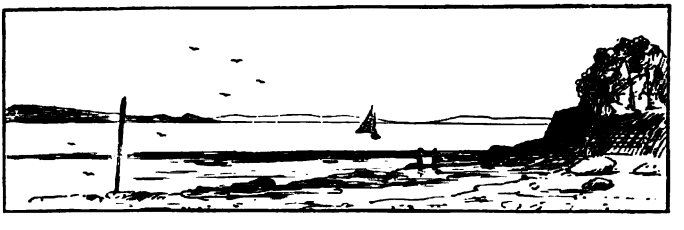
"I should think so!" she replied, with a loving glance at Eustace. "I am glad to leave dirty Lambeth for the green fields of the country. I am a gipsy, and not used to the yoke of commerce. Also, my dear, I am glad to be with you."

"Are you indeed, Mrs. Lorn?" said her husband, laughing.

"Yes! Mrs. Lorn," repeated Hagar very sedately. "I am Mrs. Lorn now, and Hagar of the pawnshop, with all her adventures, is a phantom of the past."

Eustace kissed her, and chirruped the horse onward. They passed down the lane, across the dancing shadows, and went away hopefully into the green country towards the gipsy life. Hagar of the Pawnshop had come to her own at last.

[THE END.]



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THE SIGN OF THE CROSS.

THE night was not a very tempting one, and I would gladly have remained indoors by my cheerful fireside, with my good pipe between my teeth. Newspaper men, however, have not much choice in the selection of their goings out, and as I was due at the office of the *Daily Chronicle* at ten o'clock to write out the notes of an afternoon meeting, I slipped into my waterproof; and then, lighting my briar, I stepped out into the street.

It was a wild, dark night in November. The wind, increasing in violence as the night grew on, swung the electric lights and swirled the dirty paper and dead leaves in the street in a most erratic manner. The fall rain, cold and pitiless, beat smartly into my face, but putting my head down I shouldered my way through the storm as best I could.

Instead of taking the main street to the office, I turned into a miserable lane that led to the office by a much shorter route. Few people were abroad. An occasional wretched woman or drunken man went muttering past. The flaring street lamps shed but a feeble light. I was used to the locality, however, and soon traversed half the length of the lane. I was passing a dilapidated-looking hovel when the door was suddenly thrown open, and a figure fell headlong down the steps and landed at my feet with a groan. I stooped down hurriedly, and by the uncertain light saw a young man, evidently a foreigner. Blood was streaming from a wound in his breast, and a hasty examination showed me that it was evidently mortal. The injured man tried to speak, but the attempt ended in a ghastly moan, and gently easing his head down on the sidewalk, I rushed to the nearest side street for assistance. Fortunately I soon found a policeman, and returning we together lifted the prostrate form to the steps. I seized the bell and gave it a sharp pull. The echoes sounded hollow and ghostly through the hall, but no one appeared in answer. By this time a curious knot of people had gathered around us, and the officer finally telephoned for the patrol and had the man conveyed to the nearest hospital. He was quite dead, however, upon his arrival there.

Well, I had a two-column story in the *Chronicle* next morning, and a "scoop" at that. A curious fact about the wound was that it was inflicted in an upward direction, and the thrust had evidently been given with a delicate blade, as the puncture was small, but very deep. An Italian, I thought. An Italian, I knew, always delivered a knife thrust with an upward blow instead of a downward stroke.

Next morning I was at the scene of the tragedy very early, in company with two detectives; but though a diligent search was made of the premises, the guilty party, or parties, could not be found. The neighbours could tell little or nothing. True, two men and a girl had been living in the house for a week or so previous, but nothing was known of their movements except that they remained indoors most of the day, and left the house about dusk, as a rule.

When leaving the house that morning I carelessly glanced at the sidewalk, with an involuntary shudder as I thought of the bleeding form that lay there a few hours previous. As I did so, I noticed for the first time a curious mark on the wood. Stooping down I saw that an attempt had been made to outline the letter "B," but the form was incomplete. The tracing had evidently been made in blood with the finger, and might have been performed while I was in search of the policeman. Looking more carefully I noticed a small cross, written with the same red fluid. A Romanist, poor fellow, thought I. He had evidently made

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this sign when Death was marching upon him. But why the letter "B"? I pondered long over the matter, and then the thought struck me that the wounded man had probably been trying to write the name of his slayer, and finding his strength failing had given up the attempt. The marks were well-nigh obliterated by the action of the rain the night before, but I studied them long and carefully, and while doing so noticed another mark just above the cross. It was in the form of a half-circle, but narrowing towards the ends. This still seemed to have no significance to me until, rising to my feet in great perplexity, I saw that the rude half-circle had the appearance of the upper part of a human head. This puzzled me still more, and, calling the detectives, I drew their attention to the markings. They were equally mystified, and we came to the conclusion that they were merely some written forms of religious worship.

The tragedy and the mysterious scrawl on the sidewalk kept the papers busy for a week or so, but gradually the excitement died away and was forgotten for a time. All the efforts of the detectives to ferret out the mystery were fruitless.

About six months after the occurrence I was assigned to write up a strike of miners in the district of H——, some two hundred miles distant. I arrived at my destination early in the evening, and after arranging for a room at an hotel I started out on a tour of investigation.

Seeing a crowd of men in miners' dress entering a well-lighted building, I strolled in and found myself in a room half-saloon, half-parlour; in fact, a veritable "Free and Easy."

The company was a mixed assemblage of Italians, Swedes and Poles, but the greater number appeared to be of the former nationality, and tough-looking customers they were. While standing near the bar my thoughts flew back to T—— and the mystery of six months ago. Somehow, as I found myself in that crowd of rough, swarthy-looking miners, I felt a tremour of fear run through me, though I am not a coward at heart. My eyes kept following a young man dressed in a rough suit of clothes, plentifully besprinkled with coal dust. They did not appear to suit him, however, as in complexion he was pale, and his hands, though grimy, were small and delicate. He leaned against the bar and called for a glass of spirits. While thus engaged, a young girl, with a dark shawl thrown over her head, opened the door quietly and looked in. Her dark eye quickly singled out the man I was so intently observing. Gliding up to him she exclaimed in a low voice, though loud enough for me to hear: "Beppo!" With an angry curse the fellow turned on her, then, recollecting himself, he consumed the rest of the spirits, and, seizing her by the arm, hurried her from the room.

Not knowing exactly what I did, or why I did it, I hastened after them, and caught them as they were at the door. Pretending the crowd around had jostled me, I managed to knock off his peaked cap. The flaring gas-jet over the door lighted up his swarthy features, and just where the black hair joined his forehead I saw an ugly, seared mark, in shape resembling a rude cross. The sight startled me to such an extent that I almost shouted aloud; but concealing my feelings as best I could I picked up his cap and handed it back to him, with a show of great humiliation. He took it from me with a growl of anger, then, with the girl on his arm, shuffled out into the night.

Turning up the collar of my coat hastily, and pulling down my hat, I waited for a moment until they were well out of the lights, then I quietly followed them. I saw them as I emerged from the building. They were just turning into an alleyway about one hundred yards from the saloon. Hurrying after them, and shielding myself as best I could, I watched them enter a house near the end of the alley. When I thought they were safely housed I glided softly up and took the number of the building, and just then I no-

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ticed a long, low shed at the other side. I slipped into it, and was glad I had done so, as from it I could see the window of the house into which they had entered. Seating myself on a bundle of old rags and papers I watched the window intently, eagerly. The blinds were down, but I could see the figures in an indistinct way. I must have been sitting there upwards of an hour, and was revolving in my mind what action to take, when I heard a piercing scream that came from the interior of the house. The sound almost froze my blood, but jumping to my feet I dashed at the door of the house, and with almost superhuman strength burst it open. As I did so I distinctly remember shouts in the street behind me, and heard running feet. I found myself in a darkened hall, but beneath a door at the end I saw a light. I opened this, and, with no other weapon but my stout stick, dashed in. A form lay on the floor of the room, wrapped in a black shawl. I had no time to think, however, as before I could collect my thoughts a man dashed at me, and I saw, flashing in his hand, a thin steel blade. I struck at him viciously, but missed, and then I felt him close with me. I struggled violently, and had him about winded when I felt a sharp, stinging sensation in my side. Then I lost consciousness, and knew no more, for some time at least.

When I recovered a police officer was pouring water upon me, and two others were in the room. Huddled beneath a black shawl were the two people I had followed to the house. The girl was quite dead when the officers burst into the room. They found me with a wound in my side, and the Italian (as he proved to be) standing at bay in the room. He resisted arrest, and attacked the officers with his stiletto in such a determined manner that they were obliged to shoot him. I turned back the shawl, as soon as I was recovered sufficiently to sit up, and looked at his face. His thin lips were compressed in a hideous scowl, and the cross on his forehead stood out more prominently than ever. But the secret of the mysterious tragedy died with him.

B. Kelly.

MIDSUMMER IN MUSKOKA.

HOW cool the breeze that sways the balmy pines,
And rocks our birch canoe beneath their shade,
While drifting idly where the bitterns wade
Toward their nests as day's red orb declines.
On yonder bank the wild-grape's tangled vines
Give forth mellifluence of some strange bird,
That pipes its vespers that they may be heard
Among the gods of all the island shrines.

O how delightful are the Northern Lakes!
How near to God in these His solitudes!
Let us forget Ambition's clamorous throng,
And pitch our tent nigh where the cascade breaks.
Here but the trapper or the deer intrudes,
For here is Paradise the summer long.

William T. James.

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THE MAKERS OF THE DOMINION OF CANADA.

A Series of Twelve Illustrated Papers on Famous Men and Incidents of Canadian History, from the Norse and Cabot voyages until Federal Union (986-1867.)

BY SIR JOHN G. BOURINOT, K.C.M.G., D.C.L., AUTHOR OF "THE STORY OF CANADA," AND OTHER WORKS ON THE HISTORY AND GOVERNMENT OF THE DOMINION.

IX.—THE FATHERS OF RESPONSIBLE GOVERNMENT (1792-1847).

IT has been already shown in the seventh paper of this historical series, that by the beginning of the present century there were representative institutions in the five provinces of Upper Canada, Lower Canada, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island. It was asserted authoritatively that the object of the Imperial Government was to give the colonial peoples a system as like as possible to that of England. So far as having a permanent head of the executive and a council to advise the governors and a legislature composed of two houses, there was some similarity between the English and Canadian constitutions. The essential differences, however, lay in the absence of any responsibility on the part of the executive councils to the people's assemblies, and in the little or no control allowed to the latter over the revenues, expenditures and taxation of the country. It would have been more correct to state that the Canadian system of those early times bore a likeness to the old colonial system in its latest phases when the Crown-appointed governors were constantly in collision with the representative bodies.

Up to 1838, when the Constitution of Lower Canada was suspended on account of political difficulties, the government of the provinces was administered by the following authorities, their power being, generally speaking, in the order we have given them :

A Secretary of State in England, who had the supervision of the Colonial Governments.

A Governor-General of Canada, and Lieutenant-Governors in the other provinces, the latter being practically independent of the former, and acting directly under Imperial instructions and commissions.

An Executive Council, appointed by the foregoing officials and owing responsibility to them alone.

A Legislative Council, composed for the most part of executive councillors appointed for life by the Crown, that is to say, practically by the governors.

A Legislative Assembly, elected by the people on a restricted franchise, claiming but exercising little or no control over the government and finances of the provinces.

In the provinces by the sea there was no formal division between the executive and legislative councils as in the upper provinces, but the legislative council exercised at once legislative and executive functions. The governing body in all the provinces was the legislative council, which was entirely out of sympathy with the great body of the people and with their immediate representatives in the assembly. It held its position by the exercise of the prerogative of the Crown, and possessed a controlling influence with the governors, not only by virtue of its mode of appointment, but from the fact that its most influential members were also executive councillors. In the contest that eventually arose in the working out of this political system between the governors and the

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assemblies for the control of the revenues and expenditures, and the independence of the judiciary, and other questions vitally affecting the freedom and efficiency of government, the legislative council in every province was arrayed as a unit on the side of prerogative, in opposition to the elected or popular body, which more than once became arrogant and even unconstitutional in its efforts to obtain greater power.

It is easy, then, to understand that in all the provinces, and especially in Lower Canada, to the very day of Papineau's insane revolt, the efforts of the popular leaders were chiefly directed to the breaking down of the power of the legislative council and to the obtaining from the Imperial authorities of a change in its constitution. The famous ninety-two resolutions of 1834, which embodied in emphatic phrases the real or fancied grievances of the popular majority of French Canada, do not directly or indirectly refer to the English system of having in Parliament a set of ministers responsible to and dependent on the majority of the popular house, but make a fierce onslaught on the upper chamber. Even in the Provinces of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, the opinion of the leaders of the popular body appears to have hesitated for a while between a change in the constitution of the legislative council and the creation of a responsible ministry. Mr. Howe, and other Liberal leaders, however, eventually recognized the fact that it was only by the adoption of the English system in its entirety that public grievances could be redressed and the constant strain on the public mind removed. In Upper Canada, also settled by Englishmen imbued with the spirit of English institutions, public men gradually found that unless the executive and legislative branches were brought into harmony by the adoption of such principles as had been broadly laid down after the revolution of 1688, and had been developing themselves in England ever since, no mere change in one branch of the legislature would suffice. Had William Lyon Mackenzie, the leader of the extreme Radical party, been content with legitimate constitutional agitation in this wise direction, and not allowed his personal and political passion to have mastered his reason, Upper Canada would have been spared much misery, and some unfortunate men, misled by a rash leader, would have saved their lives and probably taken an active and useful part under the happier condition of things that ensued with the concession of responsible government.

In Canada the people had to work the system of responsible government practically out of their own experiences. Until, however, the necessity of applying the system to the colonies became obvious even in the eyes of English statesmen, the governors of the provinces were from the very nature of things so many autocrats, constantly in collision with the popular element of the country. In some respects the governors of those days were to be pitied. Little versed, as many of them were, in political science, and more learned as they were in military than in constitutional law, they might quite naturally at times give expression to a little impatience under the working of a system which made them responsible to the Imperial authorities, who were ever vacillating in their policy, determined to keep the colonists in leading-strings, sometimes ill-disposed to sift grievances to the bottom, and too often dilatory in meeting urgent difficulties with prompt and effective remedial measures. The secretaries charged with colonial administration were constantly changing in those days, and little fame was to be won in England by the study and consideration of colonial questions. It is quite certain that, until the time of Lord Durham, no Governor-General or Lieutenant-Governor ever thoroughly appreciated the exact position of affairs in Canada, or even suggested in a despatch a remedy that would meet the root of the evil and satisfy the public mind.

The necessary change was brought about with rapidity when the difficulties

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of the long strained and neglected situation in Upper and Lower Canada culminated in the uprisings of malcontents in those two provinces. In Lower Canada, the conflict between the people's House, in which the French Canadians had an overwhelming majority, and the executive authority assisted by the Legislative Council, in which the official and English-governing class dominated, was intensified to a bitter degree by a war of races. Louis Joseph Papineau, unsafe and brilliant, excited a small number of his impulsive countrymen to take up arms. But the revolt was soon stifled by the energetic measures of General Colborne. In Upper Canada, where all power had been practically for years in the hands of a selfish, aristocratic clique of officials and their friends, William Lyon Mackenzie, who had little of the sound judgment and calmness of his canny race, attempted to seize the government, but he failed at the very outset and soon found himself an outlaw across the border of the American Republic, where in the course of time he alienated the sympathies of its citizens also.

It is not necessary, even if it were possible within the limits of this short paper, to review the salient features of that unhappy conflict between political parties which eventually ended in the shedding of blood and the destruction of much valuable property. For years in French Canada the struggle was notable for the attempted impeachment of judges by the popular House—always for political and inadequate reasons—the refusal to grant a permanent civil list to the Crown, the rejection of the supply bill and other measures by the Legislative Council, on the ground, sometimes well-founded, that they were in antagonism with the rights of the Crown and the existing constitution. Before the outbreak of the revolt the Imperial authorities had practically yielded to all the demands of the popular House for the control of the public funds and expenses, but Papineau and his friends were not even then prepared to listen to conciliatory propositions. They did not desire the constitutional remedy of an executive council responsible to the Legislature, and indeed had it been offered them it is doubtful if they would have understood its full significance. They were clamorous for an elective Upper House because they knew they could have a large majority in that body, as well as in the assembly, to obey their dictates. In their rash decision to grasp all power in their own way, they alienated a number of influential English-speaking people, who were on their side so long as they followed a course of legitimate and loyal agitation against positive public grievances. Many French Canadians of influence and discretion were also driven to oppose the rash action of their compatriots, and the same is true of the Bishops and clergy of the Roman Catholic Church.

In Upper Canada the financial difficulty never assumed such a troublesome phase as in the Lower Province, but was gradually settled on a satisfactory basis. The political situation, however, was aggravated by the existence of many abuses in the administration of public affairs. Partisan rancour was intensified by the favouritism that was shown to the Church of England, (notably by Sir John Colborne in the establishment of rectories) which claimed the sole right to the Reserves, granted for the support of a Protestant Clergy by the Constitutional Act of 1791. The majority of the aristocratic governing party, or "Family Compact," as it was derisively called on account of a connection by marriage or birth between some of its members—a connection, however, more imaginary than actual—had among its most influential members Bishop John Strachan, famous for a Scotch tenacity of purpose and a rigidity of Toryism which would not abate a jot or tittle of what he believed to be the just pretensions of his Church, and—which came next—his party. Some allowance must be made for the violent antipathy which was felt against—as they considered—republican and democratic

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principles, by the more prominent leaders and supporters of the dominant party, some of whom were descendants of the Loyalists who had suffered so severely during the American Revolution. Sir Francis Bond Head, when Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada, made use of this loyal sentiment by declaring British connection and British principles of government in peril, and brought about the defeat of the Reformers at a critical stage of the constitutional struggle. Consequently he created an intense bitterness of feeling, which culminated in the revolt of Mackenzie and a section of his party, who believed that they would expect no fair treatment whatever from the Imperial authorities or their representative. Lord Durham sympathized obviously with the moderate Reformers generally, and had only words of condemnation for the policy of the selfish oligarchy that controlled the Government, but at the same time he did not hesitate to describe the insurrection as having been "as foolishly contrived and ill-conducted as it was wicked and treasonable." We who know the political history of Robert Baldwin, of Peter Perry—a descendant of a Loyalist and the founder of the Reform party—and of other eminent Reformers, can well agree with the distinguished Liberal statesman that the insurrectionary movements which did take place were "not indicative of any deep-rooted disaffection," and that "almost the entire body of the Reformers of this Province sought only, by constitutional means, to obtain those objects for which they had so long peaceably struggled, before the unhappy troubles occasioned by the violence of a few unprincipled adventurers and heated enthusiasts."

Nova Scotia and New Brunswick had always pursued a constitutional agitation, and by the time of the arrival of Lord Durham, as a High Commissioner, authorized to enquire into public matters in the Canadas, Mr. Howe and his friends had succeeded in obtaining the redress of not a few grievances. Lord Durham and his chief adviser, Charles Buller, immediately understood that an elective Legislative Council was not the true panacea which would cure the body politic of its grievous sores, and the result of their inquiries was a report which, in its clear and impartial statement of the political difficulties of the country, and in its far-reaching consequences, must take place among the great charters and state documents that have moulded the English constitution. While urging the reunion of the Canadas, a revision of the constitution of the Legislative Council, the giving up of the Crown revenues to the legislature on the concession of an adequate civil list, the securing of the independence of the Judges by the tenure of good behaviour and security of income, the settlement of the clergy reserves and the initiation of money votes by the Crown; the authors of this able report recognized that these and other reforms would be incomplete except on the following fundamental condition of government:

"I know not how it is possible to secure harmony in any other way than by administering the government on those principles which have been found perfectly efficacious in Great Britain. I would not impair a single prerogative of the Crown; on the contrary, I believe that the interests of the people of these provinces require the protection of prerogatives which have not hitherto been exercised. But the Crown must, on the other hand, submit to the necessary consequences of representative institutions; and if it has to carry on the government in union with a representative body it must consent to carry it on by means of those in whom that representative body has confidence."

In Lord Russell's despatches of 1839—the sequence of Lord Durham's report—we can clearly see the doubt in the minds of the Imperial authorities whether it was possible to work the system on the basis of a governor directly responsible to the parent state, and at the same time acting under the advice of ministers who would be responsible to a colonial legislature. But the Colonial Secretary had obviously come to the opinion that it was necessary to make a radical change which would ensure greater harmony between

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the executive and the popular bodies in the provinces.

"Her Majesty," he states emphatically in one of his despatches, "had no desire to maintain any system of policy among her North American subjects which opinion condemns," and there was "no surer way of earning the approbation of the Queen than by maintaining the harmony of the executive with the legislative authorities." Mr. Poulett Thomson—at a later time Baron Sydenham—was the Governor-General expressly appointed to carry out this new policy. If he was extremely vain, at all events he was also astute, practical and well able to gauge the public sentiment by which he should be guided at so critical a period of Canadian history. He believed that the council should be one "for the governor to consult, and no more," and, voicing the doubts that still existed in the minds of Imperial statesmen, he added, the governor "cannot be responsible to the government at home," and also to the legislature of the province. Lord Sydenham, however, soon found, after he had been for a while in the country, and had frequent opportunities of consulting with the leaders of the popular party, who well knew the temper of the country at large, that if he wished to accomplish the union successfully he would have to temporize, at the least, and disguise his own conception of the best way of carrying on the government of the country.

When the Assembly met it was soon evident that the Reformers in the body were determined to have a definite understanding on the all-important question of responsible government, and the result was that the Governor-General, a keen politician, immediately recognized the fact that, unless he yielded to the feelings of the majority, he would lose all his influence. It is well known that the resolutions which were moved by Mr. Harrison—the Provincial Secretary in the Draper-Ogden Ministry—and eventually passed, in favour of responsible government, in amendment to those moved by Mr. Baldwin, had the full approval of Lord Sydenham before their introduction.

The close of the first legislature of Canada, after the union of 1841, saw responsible government virtually adopted in that province as the fundamental basis of its political system, although for a few years its development was in a manner retarded by the ill-advised efforts of Lord Metcalfe (who came fresh from India, where English officials were so many mild despots) to assert the prerogatives of the head of the Executive in the spirit of times which had passed away.

The critical period of responsible government in the Maritime Provinces, as well as in Canada, extended from 1839 to 1848. In New Brunswick Sir John Harvey, the Lieutenant-Governor, at once recognized in Lord John Russell's despatches "a new and improved Constitution"; and by a circular memorandum informed the heads of departments that thenceforward their offices would be held by the tenure of public confidence. Unfortunately for Nova Scotia there was at that time, at the head of the Government, a brave but obstinate old soldier, Sir Colin Campbell, who had petrified ideas on the sanctity of the prerogatives of the Crown, and honestly believed that responsible government was fraught with peril to Imperial interests. At last such a clamour was raised about his ears that the Imperial Government quietly removed him from a country where he was creating dangerous complications.

Nova Scotia had been making steady headway towards responsible government as a result of the changes that were made by Lord Glenelg (truly described as "one of the most amiable and well-disposed statesmen who ever presided over the colonial department") in the position of the legislative, council which was at last separated from the executive authority. But the executive council was very far from being in accord with public opinion, and its members had no political sympathy with each other. The Governor's friends predominated and acknowledged no responsibility to the

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LORD DURHAM.



LORD ELGIN.

assembly. When Lord Falkland was appointed Lieutenant-Governor in 1840, there was every expectation that he would exhibit that tact and judgment which were so essential at a time when a new system of government was in course of development, and it was necessary to respect the aspirations of the popular party. But the choice of Lord Falkland was in many respects unfortunate. He used every possible effort to oppose the development of responsible government, and in doing so threw himself into the arms of the party that had so long ruled in social and political life in Nova Scotia. The history of the contest in Nova Scotia became interesting as soon as the Governor began to develop his reactionary policy. The father of responsible government in Nova Scotia, Mr. Joseph Howe, was a poet as well as an orator, and it is curious to note that Nova Scotia has given birth to the few humourists that Canada can claim. Judge Haliburton ("Sam Slick") was a Nova Scotian, and Mr. Howe, who was the first to publish his writings, had also a deep sense of humour which was constantly brightening his speeches and writings. Some of the most patriotic verses ever written by a Cana-



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LOUIS J. PAPINEAU—AT AGE OF 70.

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WILLIAM LYON MACKENZIE.

dian can be found in his collection of poems; but relatively very few persons now-a-days in Canada recollect those once famous satirical attacks upon Lord Falkland which gave great amusement to the people throughout the Province, and made the life of that nobleman almost unbearable.

In the "Lord of the Bed-chamber"—an allusion to the position formerly held by Lord Falkland—we have a ludicrous report of an interview supposed to be held at a critical time, when votes were wanted, between the Lieutenant-Governor and one of his political friends. The latter at last suggests a method of settling matters quite common in those old times:

"Suppose," and his voice half-recovered its tone,
"You ask them to dinner," he cried,
"And when you can get them aloof and alone,
Let threats and persuasion be tried.

"If you swear you'll dissolve—you might frighten a few,
You may wheedle and coax a few more,
If the old ones look knowing, stick close to the new,
And we yet opposition may floor."

This advice was obviously palatable to his lordship.

"I'll do it, my D—dy; I'll do it this night;
Party government still I eschew;
But if a few parties will set you all right,
I'll give them, and you may come to.

"The Romans of old, when to battle they pressed,
Consulted the entrails, 'tis said;
And arguments, if to the stomach addressed,
May do more then when aimed at the head."*

* The writer has often thought that a very interesting chapter might be written on the influence of dinners in the politics of Canada. Cabinets, no doubt, have been sometimes moulded and changed as a result of a dinner or two at a house of some astute statesman. I remember well the frequency of dinners about the time it was necessary to bring obstinate Nova Scotia into confederation, and General Williams, of Kars, was sent to Halifax for the express purpose of accomplishing that object, so much desired by the English and Canadian Governments. I am quite sure that around that warrior's table, over the nuts and wine, more than one doubting member from the country felt his opposition to union waver, and the General was able to add a fresh chaplet to that he had won at the eastern fortress amid the thunder of cannon and the misery of famine. I often think that not a few



PHOTOGRAPH BY NOTMAN, MONTREAL

JOSEPH HOWE, IN 1866.

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In this way the political fighters of the Maritime Provinces diversified the furious conflict that they fought with the lieutenant-governors and the Tories, and it was certainly better that the people should be made to laugh than hurried into an insurrection.

Lord Metcalfe left the country a disappointed and dying man, and Lord Falkland was stowed away in the East, in Bombay, where he could do little harm; and with the appointment of Lord Elgin to Canada, and of Sir John Harvey, the hero of Stoney Creek, to Nova Scotia, and with a clear enunciation on the part of Earl Grey of the rules that should govern the conduct of governors in the administration of colonial affairs, the political atmosphere cleared at last, and responsible government became an accomplished fact. As Lord Durham, by his clear exposition of the necessity of responsible government, laid the foundations of the present system, so his son-in-law, Lord Elgin, a statesman of signal ability and discretion, perfected it during his exceptionably able administration of public affairs. Since those days Canadians have had a succession of governors who have endeavoured to carry out honestly and discreetly the wise colonial policy which was inaugurated at the union of 1841, and the difficulties which Lord John Russell anticipated have disappeared, or rather have never actually occurred, in the practical operation of a system of government which has proved itself the best safeguard of Imperial interests.

In the history of the past there is much reason to deplore the blunders of English ministers, the want of judgment on the part of governors, the selfishness of "Family Compacts," the arrogance of office-holders, the recklessness of Canadian politicians. But the very trials of the crisis through which Canada passed brought out the fact that, if English statesmen had mistaken the spirit of the Canadian people, and had not always taken the best



THE HON. ROBERT BALDWIN.

Canadian members of Parliament accustomed to early dinners, domestic habits, and early retirement attribute to the "bad ventilation of the Commons Chamber," what is probably the effect of the very elaborate *cuisine* which is now a well-established adjunct of our system of parliamentary government. In the course of time some of our high functionaries of State, like the famous Brillat-Savarin, may be best remembered, not for their knowledge of political economy, but for their skill in gastronomy.



HON. L. A. WILMOT, D.C.L,

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SIR FRANCIS HINCKS.

methods of removing grievances, it was not from any studied disposition to do these countries an injustice, but rather because they were unable to see until the very last moment that, even in a colony, a representative system must be worked in accordance with those principles that obtained in England, and that it was impossible to direct the internal affairs of dependencies many thousand miles distant through a Colonial Office, generally managed by a few clerks. These very trials proved that a great body of the people had confidence in England, giving at last due heed to the complaints, and that the sound sentiment of the country was represented, not by Mackenzie or Papineau, who proved at the last that they were not of heroic mould, but rather by the men of cool judgment and rational policy, who throughout this critical period of Canadian history believed that constitutional agitation would best bring about a solution of the difficulties which had so long agitated the provinces.

Of all the conspicuous figures of those memorable times, which already seem so far away from us, who possess so many political rights, there are several who stand out more prominently than all others, and represent the distinct types of politicians who influenced the public mind during the first part of this century. Around the figure of Louis Joseph Papineau there has always been a sort of glamour which has helped to conceal his vanity, his rashness and his want of political sagacity, which would have, under any circumstances, prevented his success as a safe statesman, capable of guiding a people through a trying ordeal. His eloquence was fervid and had much influence over his impulsive countrymen, his sincerity was undoubted, and in all likelihood his very indiscretions made more palpable the defects of the political system against which he so persistently and so often justly declaimed. He lived to see his countrymen enjoy power and influence under the very union which they resented, and find himself no longer a leader among men, but isolated from a great majority of his own people, and representing a past whose methods were antagonistic to the new regime that had grown up since 1838. It would have been well for his reputation had he remained in obscurity on return from exile, and never



SIR L. H. LAFONTAINE.

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stood on the floor of a united parliament, since he could only prove, in those later times, that he had never understood the true working of responsible government. The days of reckless agitation had passed, and the time for astute and calm statesmanship had come. Lafontaine, Morin and Cartier were safer political guides for his countrymen. He soon disappeared entirely from public view, and in the solitude of his picturesque chateau, amid the grove that overhangs the Ottawa River, only visited from time to time by a few staunch friends, or by curious tourists who found their way to that quiet spot, he passed the remainder of his days with a tranquillity in wondrous contrast to the stormy and eventful drama of his life. I have often seen his noble, dignified figure—even erect in age—passing unnoticed on the streets of Ottawa, when perhaps at the same time there were strangers, walking through the lobbies of the Parliament House, asking to see his portrait.



MAJOR-GENERAL SIR JOHN HARVEY.

"The Hero of Stoney Creek"; afterwards Governor of Newfoundland.

William Lyon Mackenzie is a far less picturesque figure in Canadian history than Papineau, who possessed an eloquence of tongue and a grace of demeanour which were not the attributes of the little peppery, undignified Scotchman who, for a few years, played so important a part in the English-speaking province. With his disinterestedness and unselfishness, with his hatred of political injustice and oppression, Canadians who remember the history of the constitutional struggles of England will always sympathize. Revolt against absolutism and tyranny is permissible in the opinion of men who love political freedom, but the conditions of Upper Canada were hardly such as justified the rash insurrection—for it never rose to the dignity of a rebellion—into which he led his deluded followers, many to misery and some to death. But even if allowance can be made for the desperate resolve which carried him into revolt at a moment of intense passion against the intrigues of the oligarchy led by Sir Francis Head, every one must condemn without reservation the want of patriotism and the spirit of revenge which he showed when he took his stand on the Niagara frontier, and encouraged bands of ruffians to invade the province where there was at no time any great body of people prepared to dissever their relations with the parent state. Mackenzie lived long enough to regret these sad mistakes of a reckless period of his life, and, like Papineau, he returned to Canada to find himself entirely unequal to the new conditions of political life where a large constitutional knowledge, a spirit of moderation and a statesmanlike conduct could alone give a man influence in the councils of his country. One historian has attempted to elevate Dr. Rolph at his expense, but a careful study of the times of those two actors in a stirring drama will lead most fair readers to the conclusion that even the reckless

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ness of Mackenzie was preferable to the double-dealing of his more wily colleague.

Joseph Howe, too, died about the same time as Papineau—after the establishment of the Federal Union. Unlike the majority of his compeers, who struggled for popular rights, he was a prominent figure in public life until the very close of his career. All his days, even when the spirit was sorely tried by the obstinacy and indifference of some English Ministers, he loved England, for he knew — like the Loyalists, from one of whom he sprung — after all, it was in her institutions his country could best find prosperity and happiness. It is an interesting fact that among the many able essays and addresses which the question of Imperial Federation has drawn forth, none in its eloquence, breath and fervour can equal his great speech on the Consolidation of the Empire. The printer, poet and politician, died at last at Halifax, the lieutenant-governor of his native province, in the famous old Government-house, admittance to which had been denied him in the stormy times of Lord Falkland. A logical ending assuredly to the life of the statesman, who, with eloquent pen and voice, in the days when the opinions he held were unpopular in the homes of governors and social leaders, ever urged the right of his countrymen to exercise that direct control over the government of their country which should be theirs by birth, interest and merit.



C. POULETT THOMPSON, LORD SYDENHAM.

One of the most admirable figures in the political history of the Dominion was undoubtedly Robert Baldwin. Compared with other popular leaders of his generation, he was calm in council, unselfish in motive, and moderate in opinion. If there is some significance in the political phrase "Liberal-Conservative," it could be applied with justice to him. The "great ministry," of which he and Louis Hyppolite Lafontaine — afterwards a baronet and Chief Justice--were the leaders, left behind it many monuments of broad statesmanship, and made a deep impression on the institutions of the country. Mr. Baldwin, too, lived for many years after his retirement from political life, almost forgotten by the people for whom he worked so fearlessly and sincerely.

Other notable figures in old Canada during the early days of responsible government were Mr. A. Norbert Morin and Mr. (afterwards Sir Francis) Hincks, who made a considerable impression on the material and political development of the country.

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In New Brunswick the triumph of responsible government must always be associated with the name of Lemuel A. Wilmot, the descendant of a famous U. E. Loyalist stock, afterwards a judge and a lieutenant-governor of his native province. He was in some respects the most notable figure, after Joseph Howe and J. W. Johnston, the leaders of the Liberal and Conservative parties in Nova Scotia, in that famous body of public men who so long brightened the political life of the Maritime Provinces. But neither those two leaders nor their distinguished compeers, James Boyle Uniacke, William Young, John Hamilton Gray and Charles Fisher, all names familiar to students of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick history, surpassed Mr. Wilmot in that magnetic eloquence which carries an audience off its feet, in versatility of knowledge, in humorous sarcasm, and in conversational gifts, which made him a most interesting personality in social life. He impressed his strong individuality upon his countrymen until the latest hours of his useful career.

In Prince Edward Island, the name most intimately connected with the struggle for responsible government is that of George Coles, who, despite the absence of educational and social advantages in his youth, eventually triumphed over all obstacles, and occupied a most prominent position by dint of unconquerable courage and ability to influence the opinions of the great mass of people.

In the working out of responsible government for the last half century there stand out, clear and well-defined, certain facts and principles which are at once a guarantee of efficient home government, and of a harmonious co-operation between the dependency and the central authority of the empire. In the first place, the misunderstandings that so constantly occur between the legislative bodies and the Imperial authorities on account of the latter failing so often to appreciate fully the nature of the political grievances that agitated the public mind, and, on account of their constant interference in matters which should have been left exclusively to the control of the people directly interested, have been entirely removed in conformity with the wise policy of making Canada a self-governing country in the full sense of the phrase. These provinces are, as a consequence, no longer a source of irritation and danger to the parent state, but, possessing full independence in all matters of local concern, are now among the chief sources of England's pride and greatness.

As a result of the system of responsible government, the Governor-General, instead of being constantly brought into conflict with the political parties of the country, has gained in dignity and influence since he has been removed from the arena of public controversy. He now occupies a position in harmony with the principles that have given additional strength and prestige to the Throne itself. As the legally-accredited representative of the Sovereign, as the recognized head of society, he represents what Bagehot has aptly styled "the dignified part of our constitution," which has much value in a country like ours where we fortunately retain the permanent form of monarchy in harmony with the democratic machinery of our Government. It would be a great mistake to suppose that the Governor-General is a mere *roy fainéant*, a mere ornamental portion of a political system, to be set to work and kept in motion by his council. Lord Elgin, the ablest of constitutional governors, has left it on record that in Jamaica, where there was no responsible government, he had not "half the power" he had in Canada "with a constitutional and changing Cabinet." This influence, however, was "wholly moral, an influence of suasion, sympathy and moderation, which softens the temper while it elevates the aims of local politics." If the Governor-General is a man of parliamentary experience and constitutional knowledge, possessing tact and judgment, and imbued with the spirit of his high vocation — and these high functionaries have been notably so since the com-

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mencement of Confederation—he can sensibly influence, in the way Lord Elgin points out, the course of administration, and benefit the country at critical periods of its history. Standing above all party, having the unity of the empire at heart, a governor-general can, at times, soothe the public mind, and give additional confidence to the country when it is threatened with some national calamity, or there is distrust abroad as to the future. As an Imperial officer he has large responsibilities of which the general public have naturally no very clear idea, and if it were possible to obtain access to the confidential despatches which seldom see the light except in the Colonial Office—certainly not in the lifetime of the men who wrote them—it would be seen how much, for a quarter of a century past, the colonial department has gained by having in the Dominion men no longer acting under the influence of personal feeling, through being made personally responsible for the conduct of public affairs, but actuated simply by a desire to benefit the country over which they preside, and to bring Canadian interests into union with those of the Empire itself.

Finally, to sum up the results of responsible government, the effects on the character of public men and on the body politic have been for the public advantage. It has brought out the best qualities of colonial statesmanship, lessened the influence of mere agitators and demagogues, and taught our public men to rely on themselves in all crises affecting the welfare and integrity of the country. Responsible government means self-reliance, the capacity to govern ourselves, the ability to build up a great Nation on the northern half of the North American continent.

(To be continued.)

WILSON BARRETT.

WILSON BARRETT has made more conquests and achieved more triumphs than usually fall to the lot of the average author, actor or playwright. While natural endowments have assisted, hard work has accomplished this pleasant feat. The early cultivation of his artistic traits made him what he is to-day, or rather laid a very solid foundation for it. Born in Essex, England, in 1846, he made his theatrical début at Halifax, and in 1874 became lessee of the Amphitheatre at Leeds. In 1879 he assumed the management of the Court Theatre, London, and two years later of the Princess Theatre. As may readily be supposed, he is a thoroughly capable manager and one of vast experience.

Mr. Barrett made his great popularity as Harold Armytage in "The Lights of London," playing this rôle for over 200 nights. He appeared as Wilfrid Denver in "The Silver King" for 300 consecutive nights. This, surely, is a record of which to be proud. His chiefest success, however, that which has come to him later in life and doubtless the more lasting, was accomplished in "The Sign of the Cross," of which he is the author. The energy, charm and fascination of this play are apparent, and it was the means of reconciling innumerable ministers of innumerable denominations to the theatre. It received its initial performance at St. Louis, on the 26th of March, 1895, and caused a tremendous sensation, although there were a few dissenting voices. Subsequently it was presented in Baltimore, Washington, Philadelphia and Memphis, creating unusual attention. Then across the water it was taken, and in August of the

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same year, at the Grand Theatre, Leeds, was seen in England for the first time. After a successful tour of the provinces, Mr. Barrett made his reappearance in London at the Lyric Theatre. Here the piece scored another enormous hit, ran for over a year, and this season was revived at the Shaftesbury Avenue playhouse. It has been translated into nearly every language, and was produced at Her Majesty's Theatre, Sydney, early last spring. Caroline Barrett, Wilson Barrett's niece, daughter of his brother Robert, has been playing the rôle of Mercia in one of the touring companies with marked success, it is said.



PHOTO. BY NOTMAN, BOSTON

WILSON BARRETT.

Among the countless expressions of admiration which the author has received is this warmly appreciative letter from Hon. W. E. Gladstone, who was himself a dramatic enthusiast :

HAWARDEN CASTLE, Aug. 8, 1896.

MY DEAR SIR,

We have just returned from witnessing the performance of your "Sign of the Cross" to a very crowded afternoon audience in the theatre at Chester, where we were received with the utmost courtesy and kindness.

I was aware that this was a daring operation on my part after ceasing to attend the theatre some years ago on account of the condition of my sight and hearing, but I was anxious to render this feeble tribute of acknowledgment to your important and high aimed effort. Both the acting and the rich mounting appeared to me, so far as I could judge, to do very high credit to the performers and the manager, respectively.

Though little weight can justly be attached to my judgment, I cannot but think the piece displays a strong dramatic spirit and a lofty aim, and much judgment and tact as well as force in the management of a difficult dialogue.

You seem to me to have rendered, while acting strictly within the lines of the theatre, a great service to the best and holiest of all causes, the cause of Faith. The audience, which showed remarkable self-government even in the smaller points, appreciated most highly the passages which were most directly associated with this service and with the fundamental idea of the piece.

And I rejoice to hear of the wide and warm approval which the piece has received, most of all because its popularity betokens sound leanings and beliefs in the hearts of the people, and show that you acted wisely as well as boldly in placing your reliance upon them.

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I offer you sincere congratulations, and thank you for making me, with my party, your guests to-day.

I remain, my dear sir,
Yours very faithfully,
W. E. GLADSTONE.

WILSON BARRETT, ESQ.

"The Sign," unquestionably, has proved a mascot to the author, for this success was followed by still another, when a novel founded upon the play issued from the press; and which, in the public mind, divides honours with the play. The sale of this work has been large, and the author received $5,000 outright, besides a royalty. The book has gone into its second edition, and the publishers have arranged with Mr. Barrett for a novel founded upon his drama, "The Daughters of Babylon." This piece contains no less than thirty-three characters, and was brought out at the Lyric early in the year, and although the advance booking was considerably in excess of $60,000, the expense in connection with it was such as necessitated its withdrawal from the boards in April. Public opinion is divided as to the relative merits of "The Sign of the Cross" and "The Daughters of Babylon." The latter play is powerful, vigorous and full of dramatic instinct. The dialogue, too, is forceful and interesting, while magnificent scenic effects and costumes in all the beauty of their Oriental gorgeousness lend an air of splendour rarely seen. The representation of the plains of Babylonia, dazzling in sunshine or pale in the brilliant starlight, is both artistic anu picturesque, which applies likewise to the entire drama.



WILSON BARRETT AS MARCUS SUPERBUS IN "THE SIGN OF THE CROSS."

Mr. Barrett, with Mr. Clement Scott, is part author of "Sister Mary," in which our own Julia Arthur played the title rôle some years ago. A later production is "The Wishing Cap," also written in collaboration. The dramatization of Hall Caine's celebrated novel, "The Manxman," made a telling production, and brought both fame and fortune. In a recent revised version of Sheridan Knowles' "Virginius" several important changes were introduced for the betterment of the piece, while at present Mr. Barrett is engaged on a new play, which has for

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its theme the story of "The Prodigal Son."

Personally Wilson Barrett is as attractive as he is clever, and in manner splendidly unassuming, a man, indeed, of exceptional grace and refinement. He possesses a combination of likeable and honourable characteristics, besides a pleasing personality, a gentle nature and superb talent. A fine generosity is his, and unfortunate actors have not a better or more willing friend than Wilson Barrett. He particularly likes Canada, and regrets he will not visit it again for nearly two years. Speaking of our Canadian troops, who made such a gallant showing in the Jubliee procession, he says :

"It would have cheered the heart of a Canadian to have heard the splendid ovation given to the Premier and the magnificent fellows Canada sent to represent her in the procession. They evoked and deserved tremendous enthusiasm. Canada may well be proud of such sons. England glories in such kinsmen."

Mr. Richard Le Gallienne, the poet and writer of those forcefully put "Retrospective Reviews," is at present at work on "The Stage Life of Wilson Barrett." This should make a distinctly interesting book. No higher tribute could be paid the distinguished Englishman than that which Mr. John Truron voices :

"To purify the stage, that the stage might raise men, to go straight to the source of high emotion, to bring together the old and the new natures till each told the truth of the other, to bring the 19th century face to face with the first,—this seemed to me heroic. And more so because great actors and good men said it was impossible, for the English playgoer was best caught with broad pieces and the things which he would condemn in the real life of his own home. Many a tragedian preferred the things that made for good, but their audience seemed of another mind. We only seemed so; at the bottom of our hearts all the time there was a scorn of base thoughts, and a kindling to whatever is pure and true and honourable and lovely, although we did not always know it. And when "The Sign of the Cross" reached us we knew its kindred touch, and the story found itself at home. So we thank Mr. Wilson Barrett for his work; his success seems to be ours. His success is the mother of plays that live, and ideas of life that make men live."

What need to say more? Only that the name and memory of Wilson Barrett will outlive even his greatest and most excellent good work.

Margaret O'Grady.



THE MORRO CASTLE, HAVANA.

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THE FIRST CANADIAN STAMPS.

Issued April 6th, 1851; 3d. red, 6d. purple or black lilac, 12d. black. The last is the most valuable of all Canadian stamps, a good specimen being worth from $300 to $400.

THE POSTAGE STAMPS OF CANADA.

THE difficulties of internal communication in British North America about fifty years ago can hardly be realized now by the person who has become accustomed to the use of the telephone, the telegraph, the railway, and our admirable postal system. Then the most expeditious method of sending messages or of travelling was by steamboat or stage coach in summer, and by sleighs in winter. In 1853 it took ten and a half days for a letter to go from Quebec to Detroit; in 1857, after the completion of the Grand Trunk Railway, it took but forty-nine hours.

The postal accommodation was poor and the rates of postage were excessive. Just previous to 1850 the rate on a single letter (without an envelope) not exceeding one half ounce in weight was 4½d. currency for 60 miles and under; 7d. for 60 to 100 miles, and it increased in about this proportion. The cost of sending a letter from Montreal to Toronto was 1s. 1½d. Between the Provinces and the United Kingdom the uniform charge was 1s. 2d. sterling, or 1s. 4d. currency per ½ ounce. For newspapers ½d. was the lowest rate. Notwithstanding the high rates charged, the revenue of the Post Office Department was comparatively small, because few letters were written and payment of postage was avoided by the sending of letters with friends travelling to the place to which the letters were addressed. The carrying of letters by private persons was punishable by a fine, but nevertheless it was extensively practised until the rates were lessened.

In February, 1837, Mr. (afterwards Sir) Rowland Hill published his famous pamphlet, "Post Office Reform." In it sweeping changes in the management of the Post Office Department of the United Kingdom were first *publicly* advocated. The most important recommendations were, a uniform rate of postage (prepaid) of one penny, within the United Kingdom, for letters not exceeding ½ ounce in weight; and that "stamped covers and sheets of paper be supplied to the public from the stamp office or post office at such a price as to include the postage." The general use of adhesive stamps does not appear to have formed part of the original scheme, but was a suggestion to obviate the difficulty that might arise from the use of unstamped paper. Stamped envelopes and adhesive stamps had been in use *locally* in the United Kingdom and the continent many years before 1837, but for national use stamped covers date from May 1st, 1840, when they were first used by the post offices of the United Kingdom. These stamped covers, known as the "Mulready envelope," were in a few days rejected by the public, and adhesive stamps almost wholly used.

At this time the post offices of the British North American colonies were under the control of the Postmaster-General of Great Britain, and neither the boon of cheap postage nor the use of postage stamps was granted to these colonies for some years although asked for. The initiative appears to have been taken by Nova Scotia. The post office commissioners of that colony,

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in 1844, recommended the use of postage stamps in the colony, and petitioned the Postmaster-General of Great Britain to issue them. This petition was unheeded, but when notice was again called to it, the Government of the United Kingdom refused to grant the request, giving as an excuse that the stamps might be forged, the forgers would probably escape and a loss would be incurred. It took more than a polite refusal to repress the public men of those days in their agitations for reforms, particularly when reform appeared so necessary, and the reason for not granting it so trivial. A few years later all the British North American colonies joined in a demand for colonial management of the Post Office, and offered to account to the Postmaster-General of the United Kingdom for all letters going to or by way of the United Kingdom. The combined requisition stirred the Imperial Government to action. The time was opportune. A new colonial policy was to be given a trial. The leading men in the Imperial Parliament were beginning to recognize the fact that to retain the affections of the colonies a greater measure of self-government would have to be granted them. Consequently when petitioned on post office affairs, an Act was passed by the Imperial Parliament in the twelfth and thirteenth years of the reign of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, entitled *An Act for enabling Colonial Legislatures to establish Inland Posts.*

After a great deal of correspondence between the various colonial governments, an agreement regarding post office management was arrived at, and an Act was passed by the legislature of each of the Colonies of Canada, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island on the lines of the agreement. The respective Acts were approved by the Imperial Government and became law in each colony in 1850 or in 1851.



THE JUBILEE DESIGN.

The main provisions of the Post Office Acts of each colony as to rates and stamps were as follows:—The rate of postage on all letters from one place to another within the four colonies to be 3d. currency for ½ oz. or under, and for a letter over ½ oz. and not over 1 oz. 6d., and so on at the same rate; letters posted in the colonies addressed to the United States, except to California and Oregon, to be rated at 6d. currency, or 10 cents per ½ oz.; to California and Oregon 9d., or 15 cents per ½ oz.; the rate to Newfoundland 7½d., 3d. inland and 4½d. packet per ½ oz.; from Nova Scotia the packet rate to be 5d.; the rate to the United Kingdom *via* United States by weekly closed mails 1s. 2d. sterling, and *via* Halifax semi-monthly 1s. per ½ oz. The equivalent currency rate was different for each colony. In all the above cases prepayment was optional.



THE SECOND ISSUE OF CANADIAN STAMPS.
The 10d. was issued in 1854, and the other two in 1857.

The Acts of all the colonies except Prince Edward Island, provided for the issue of postage stamps as an evidence of prepayment.

Sir Edmund Head, Governor of New Brunswick, suggested that the stamps of each colony should be of similar design. This suggestion was not follow-

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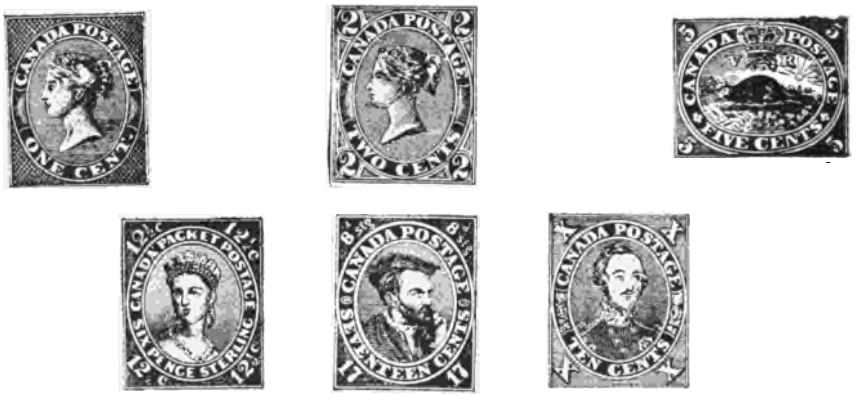
ed by Canada, but is a probable explanation of the likeness existing between the first issue of the stamps of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick.

CANADA.

The Act establishing the rates of postage previously enumerated was passed by the Legislature of the Canadas in 1850. The Act provided for the issue of stamps of three denominations, 3d., 6d. and 12d. They were issued to the public on April 6th, 1851. The 3d. is red or red-brown in colour, and is popularly spoken of as the "three-penny beaver." This stamp was designed by Sir Sanford Fleming, who, I believe, has the original proof in his possession. December 5th, 1854. The 10d. was issued to prepay postage to the United Kingdom, the rate per ½ oz. *via* the United States having been reduced to 8d. sterling, or 10d. currency. Although the letter rates per ½ oz. to the United Kingdom were reduced to 10d. *via* Cunard Packet and 7½d. *via* Canadian Packet in 1854, the public did not have the convenience of a 7½d. stamp until Aug. 1st, 1857. On this date a ½d. stamp was also issued.

These stamps were all imperforated and had to be cut or torn apart. In 1858 the ½d., 3d. and 6d. were issued perforated.

In 1859 the Decimal System of Currency was introduced, and this



THE FIRST CAANDIAN STAMPS UNDER THE DECIMAL SYSTEM.

The 6d. stamp is purple or black lilac in colour and bears the picture of the Prince Consort. The 12d. is black in colour and bears the picture of the Queen. Only about 1,500 of this last stamp were issued, and it is, consequently, the rarest and most expensive of all the Canadian stamps, a perfect specimen being worth from $300 to $400. The manner in which the value is expressed on it is not an error, as might be supposed, from it being officially called a "shilling." There were shillings of different values in circulation in various parts of the colony, and to more definitely describe the value of it "twelve pence" was used instead of "one shilling." This last stamp was withdrawn when the 10d. stamp was issued on necessitated a new issue of stamps in this system. They were of values: 1 cent, 5 cents, 10 cents, 12½ cents and 17 cents. These stamps were similar in design to equivalent values in the old currency, and do not call for any minute description. It is worthy of note though that the sterling designation is retained in the 12½ cents and 17 cents, from the fact that these stamps were used to prepay postage to the United Kingdom. On August 1st, 1864, a 2 cent stamp was issued similar in design to the 1 cent. It was used to prepay "prices current" and periodicals to the United Kingdom. These stamps were used until Confederation. Those issued then will be described after those of the other colonies.

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THE N.B. THREE PENNY.
ISSUED 1851.





THE N.S. PENNY AND SHILLING.

On February 10th, 1860, stamped envelopes were issued of the values of 5 cents and 10 cents. The post office authorities saw that the vital principle of the system of uniform postage was prepayment, and to secure this end they issued stamped envelopes and had recourse to a system of fines. Letters to the United Kingdom if not prepaid were fined 6d., that is, the receiver had to pay the regular rate and 6d. additional. Between any two points in Canada the rate per ½ oz., if prepaid, was 5 cents, but if paid by the receiver of the letter 7 cents was charged.

1851. They were of three values—3d., 6d. and one shilling. They are diamond-shaped and similar in design. These were the only stamps issued before the Decimal currency came into use.

For prepaying postage by stamps to the United Kingdom, Newfoundland, or United States, the device of bisecting the stamps on hand was resorted to. These bisected stamps are called "provisionals." The diagonal bisection of the 3d. was the most common.









SOME OF THE NEW BRUNSWICK ISSUES OF 1860.

NEW BRUNSWICK.

The Legislature of New Brunswick passed an Act establishing inland posts on the 26th April, 1850, and an additional Act on 15th March, 1851. These Acts were still further defined by regulations adopted on the 7th July, 1851, the date upon which the new Acts came in force. The stamps authorized by the Act were issued on 6th September, 1851. They were of three values—3d., 6d. and one shilling. They are diamond-shaped and similar in design. These were the only stamps issued before the Decimal currency came into use.

For prepaying postage by stamps to the United Kingdom, Newfoundland, or United States, the device of bisecting the stamps on hand was resorted to. These bisected stamps are called "provisionals." The diagonal bisection of the 3d. was the most common. This does not appear to have been authorized by the Post Office Department as in Nova Scotia, but the practice was evidently not discountenanced.

On April 9th, 1860, an Act changing the currency was passed; a clause in it specified that it was to come in operation on Nov. 1st. The Postmaster-General, Hon. Chas. Connell, anticipating the change, had ordered stamps of the values of 1 cent, 5 cents, 10 cents, 12½ cents and 17 cents. These stamps were received early in 1860, but it was









THE ISSUES OF VANCOUVER'S ISLAND AND BRITISH COLUMBIA.

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THE P.E.I. PENCE ISSUES.

found that the 5 cent stamp bore the portrait of Mr. Connell. This was considered irregular by the other members of the Council and the Governor, Hon. J. H. T. Manners-Sutton; consequently the Provincial Secretary, Hon. S. L. Tilley, on May 27th, informed the Postmaster-General that he had received notice from the Governor that the stamps should not be issued till approved of by the Governor-in-Council. The 5 cent stamp was not approved and a new one was ordered, to bear the picture of the Queen. On May 18th, a memo was addressed to the Governor by the Executive Council, asking him to approve of and to order to be distributed all the values but the 5 cent. This angered Mr. Connell and precipitated his resignation on May 19th, 1860. From what I can learn I believe that none of the "Connell" stamps were used regularly.



THE P.E.I. CENTS ISSUES.

In 1863 a two cent stamp was issued. This stamp was for the purpose of prepaying postage on a letter mailed and delivered in the same county, the rate having been reduced from five cents. All stamps of the cents issue were perforated and were in use until Confederation. The 10 cent stamp and the 2 cent stamp have been found bisected and used for half of the value of the whole stamp.

NOVA SCOTIA.

The Act establishing Inland Posts in Nova Scotia became law by proclamation on 17th June, 1851. Stamps were issued on Sept. 1st, 1851, of the values of 3d., 6d., and one shilling. These stamps are of the same diamond shape, size and design as those of the first issue of New Brunswick, and were printed on bluish paper.

In the first months of 1853 a 1d. stamp was issued to facilitate prepayment of postage on drop letters in Halifax, and to help to make up exact



THE FIRST ISSUE AFTER CONFEDERATION.

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amounts in prepaying postage to Newfoundland and the United States. In 1854, when the rate per half oz. to the United Kingdom was reduced to 7½d. currency, to save expense, no new stamp was issued, but authority was given to bisect diagonally the 3d., calling each half 1½d. Although the 3d. was the only stamp authorized to be bisected, the other values were similarly treated, and the 6d. and shilling were quadrisected.

These stamps were imperforated, and continued in use until one month after the introduction of the new stamps in the Decimal System, on Oct. 1, 1860. The new stamps were not ready on Jan. 1st, 1860, when the coinage was changed, and great confusion resulted from trying to adapt the old stamps to the new system. The issue of these stamps marks the introduction of compulsory prepayment of postage. The values of these stamps were 1 cent, 5 cents, 8½ cents, 10 cents, and 12½ cents.

On May 11th, 1863, "The County Postage Act" came in force; by it, the rate on letters mailed and delivered in the same county was reduced from 5 cents to 2 cents. On the above date a 2 cent stamp of the same design as the 5 cent was issued. The 5 cent and 10 cent are met with bisected. The cents issue were perforated, and were the last stamps issued by Nova Scotia.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

The Legislature of this colony passed "*An Act to Provide for the Transfer of the Management of Inland Posts*" on May 18th, 1851. As previously stated, the Act did not provide for the issue of stamps, and it was not until March 9th, 1860, that the Act was amended to provide for their issue. As a result a 2d. stamp, a 3d., and a 6d. were issued on Jan. 1st, 1861. The 2d. and 3d. were authorized to be bisected diagonally.

About May 1st, 1862, a 1d. and a 9d. were issued, and during the last months of 1867 a 4d. stamp.

On June 1st, 1870, the letter rate per half oz. to the United Kingdom was reduced to 3d. sterling, or 4½d. currency, and to prepay this rate a stamp of this value was issued. This stamp has a full-face view of the Queen's head, while all the others bear the profile view. In 1871 the currency was changed, and in 1872 a new set of stamps, in the decimal system, was issued of values of 1, 2, 3, 4, 6, and 12 cents. These were in use about a year, Prince Edward Island entering Confederation on July 1st, 1873.

It may be of interest to know that the original dies and plates of the 1d., 2d., 3d., 4d., and 9d., 1 cent., 3 cent, 4 cent, and 6 cent, were purchased at auction from the successors of Messrs. Whiting, who were the designers and printers of these stamps, by a Mr. Tuer, a collector of objects pertaining to printing. Mr. Tuer had large offers if he would sell unconditionally, but refused, and finally disposed of them to Messrs. Tilleard and Garth, who presented them to the London Philatelic Society. This is a guarantee to collectors that the dies will not be used for any illegitimate purpose.

VANCOUVER ISLAND AND BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Vancouver's Island was constituted a colony in 1849, and remained as a separate colony until 1866. In 1857 gold was discovered on the mainland, and in the next year a part of it was formed into a colony, called British Columbia. In 1856, Sir James Douglas, chief factor of the Hudson's Bay Company, was appointed Governor of Vancouver's Island; and in 1858, when British Columbia was made a colony, he was appointed Governor of that also. He held the dual position until 1864. That the executive of both colonies was practically the same accounts for the fact that the first stamp issued was for both colonies. Its value was 2½d., and bore the picture of the Queen's head in profile to the left, "British Columbia" above, "Vancouver's Island" below. It was issued in 1861, and continued in use until 1865.

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Some were imperforated and some perforated. From this date till their union in 1866 each colony had different stamps. Those of Vancouver's Island were a 5 cent rose and a 10 cent blue. The stamp in use in British Columbia was a 3d. blue.

After the union of the two colonies and the introduction of the decimal coinage, sheets of stamps printed from the same plate as the one last described were surcharged with the value in cents. These stamps continued in use until 20th of July, 1871, the date on which British Columbia became a Province of the Dominion.

It is rather a curious and interesting incident that any British stamp should do duty alongside of a United States stamp, but abundant evidences are to be seen of this. When in the early '60's, and before there was an all-Canadian route to the Pacific, letters were posted in British Columbia, via San Francisco, with British Columbia stamps; on reaching San Francisco they were again stamped with United States stamps and sent on their way, the San Francisco office charging British Columbia with this additional postage. In many cases the United States stamps completely covered those of British Columbia, and on old correspondence surprises sometimes result, for on removing Washington's picture one may possibly find that of our Queen beneath, the United States stamp having been pasted over the British stamp at San Francisco.

THE DOMINION OF CANADA.

The confederation of the Provinces of Canada, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia, on July 1st, 1867, was made the occasion of a new issue of stamps. The first Dominion of Canada stamps issued were, 1 cent for newspapers; 2 cents for "prices current" and periodicals for the United Kingdom; 3 cents for ordinary Dominion letters and those to Prince Edward Island; 6 cents for letters to United States; 12½ cents for letters by Canadian Packet; 15 cents for letters by Cunard Packet. Home talent was patronized in the production of these stamps. They were designed, engraved and printed by the British American Bank Note Co., of Montreal and Ottawa, and, although there is little variety of design, they are a very creditable production. These stamps were put in circulation in March and April, 1868. Shortly after this the ½-cent stamp was issued for the purpose of prepaying postage on periodicals sent singly, and less than one oz. in weight. The rate to the United Kingdom by Canadian Mail Steamers was reduced to 6 cents in 1870 and to 5 cents in 1875. To facilitate prepayment of this last sum a 5 cent stamp was issued on August 1st, 1875.

As the supply of those stamps was exhausted they were replaced by others very similar in design and approximately the same colours, but smaller in size.

The 12½ cent stamp was not replaced by another of the same value, as there was no necessity for it. In 1873 a 10 cent stamp was issued. In 1893 the registration rate to local points, to the United States, and to the United Kingdom was made uniform, 5 cents, and might be prepaid by any stamps whose total value was 8 cents, 5 for registration and 3 for postage. To facilitate prepayment by one stamp, an 8 cent stamp, not a registration stamp, was put in circulation.

In 1875 a 2 cent registration stamp, to prepay registration rate in Canada, a 5 cent to United States, and an 8 cent to the United Kingdom had been issued. The registration rate was additional to postage rate and could be prepaid by registration stamp only.

Postcards were first issued for the convenience of the public in 1871. Several designs and sizes, value 1 cent, have been issued since, and in addition a two cent card for writing to places in the United Kingdom has been in use since 1877. A double card (reply) for use between places in Canada has been in use since 1882.

Envelopes of the value of 1 cent and 3 cents have been in use since 1877. A few years ago, when the rate for letters, posted in cities to be delivered in the

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same city provided with a regular delivery system, was increased from 1 cent to 2 cents, an envelope of the value of 2 cents was provided. In 1893 letter cards of the value of 3 cents were issued, and later of the value of 2 cents. Comparatively few envelopes or letter cards were used, the public evidently not appreciating their convenience.

One cent wrappers for newspapers are more generally used than stamped envelopes and have been in use since 1875.

THE JUBILEE STAMPS.

In June, 1897, the close of the 60th year of the reign of Her Majesty Queen Victoria was celebrated. To commemorate this momentous event, Canada, as well as many of the other colonies, issued a new set of stamps. The stamps of Canada have the portrait of the Queen in 1837 and in 1897 in ovals. They are all of the same design. The values are:

½ cent	1 cent	2 cent
3 cent	5 cent	6 cent
8 cent	10 cent	15 cent
20 cent	50 cent	1 dollar
2 dollar	3 dollar and 5 dollar.	4 dollar

The honour of suggesting an issue of stamps to commemorate the Jubilee largely belongs to the Toronto Philatelic Club, which passed a resolution on the subject. Along with this resolution was transmitted a paper on the value of the study of philately and a suggestion that the designs of the various stamps should indicate the resources, the beauties, the emblems and the important events in the history of our country.

It is to be regretted that this latter suggestion was not acted upon as a memento and as a national advertisement. If it had been, the beauty and value of the stamps would have been greatly enhanced. To more fully recognize this it is only necessary to look at the Jubilee issue of Newfoundland, consisting of 14 stamps, ranging in value from 1 cent to 60 cents, each having a different design and each design commemorative of some historical event or personage, or indicative of some colonial sport or industry.

To minutely trace the gradual development of the postal system of Canada from Confederation until the present time would require the space in a large book. In matters of registration, transmission of money by means of money orders, the institution of a savings bank department, the free carriage of newspapers and other periodicals from the office of publication and the reciprocal arrangements with nearly every country in the world, the postal system has made giant strides. At the present time the Postmaster General's Department is one of the most important in the public service as regards the revenue produced and the wide grasp of the subject that the head of the service must have.

Taking a retrospective glance at the various stamps of Canada and associating them with the various circumstances that caused their issue, we cannot fail to recognize that each issue marked a distinct advancement in the facilities of communication between the people of the colonies themselves as well as between the colonies and the Mother Country. Macaulay has well said:

> "Of all inventions, the printing press and the alphabet alone excepted, those inventions that abridge distance have done most for the civilization of our species. Every improvement of means of locomotion benefits mankind morally and intellectually as well as materially, and not only facilitates the interchange of the various productions of nature and art, but tends to remove national and provincial antipathies and to bind together all branches of the human family."

The benefits to be derived from the recently proposed cheapening of the latter rate between all places in the British Empire are of vital importance to the Empire as a whole, and particularly to Canada. It is hoped that the promoters of the scheme will bring to a successful issue a plan so fruitful of good to the people of the Empire.

It is a remarkable fact that governments are very slow to move in any matter that tends to preserve in some form those things that throw most

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light upon the past events of the country. It is only of recent date that the archives branch was established at Ottawa by the Government of Canada. The irreparable loss sustained by not forming such a branch earlier is quite evident to anyone reading the able reports of the Archivist, Dr. Brymner. Good work is now being done by the Legislatures and the Government of Canada in collecting everything that is valuable in shedding light upon the past. I am not aware that the Government has done much in the way of preserving the various issues of stamps of the country. It is not yet too late to make a beginning, and it is hoped that an effort will at once be made by the authorities to get together a comprehensive collection of the various stamps issued in the Dominion of Canada for revenue and postal purposes.

A. C. Casselman.

THE GOLDEN GLORY.

MARK CAREY had tried a good many things during his twenty-seven years' sojourn on this sphere, but although they had brought him experience, many friends, and—he flattered himself—a wide knowledge of "men and things," unfortunately they had brought him little else. He was beginning to tire of the journalistic work upon which he had latterly been engaged with little lucrative result, when he received from England a totally unexpected legacy.

Then poor Mark's troubles began. Each one of his host of friends seemed to think it his special mission to invest and watch over that young man's inheritance, and Mark frequently found himself the silent, unconsulted, apparently only unimportant individual in a group of excited men all bent upon disposing of Carey's few thousands. Mark smiled and let them talk, but he kept his hand clasped tightly over the mouth of his money-bag and thought his own thoughts.

One afternoon he sauntered into the card-room of his club. An eager group of men were clustered round a table, almost devouring a chart which was spread out before them. They greeted Mark with noisy demonstrations of welcome, and all began to speak at once.

"Here's the thing for you, Mark," —Burke's voice rose above the rest— "We're all going into it; it's the best mine of the lot. See here, your thousands will be millions in ten years!"

Mark laughed, but before he could reply Sawyer interrupted, "I say, Carey, we're forming a joint stock company to buy out the entire mine. You must be in it—we'll make you president."

"Thanks awfully, I am sure I possess the total ignorance of the subject necessary for the position; but—'pon honour, gentlemen, I'm awfully sorry—I can't really accommodate you. My little store is already invested."

A bombshell projected suddenly into their midst would perhaps have created less astonishment. Then surprise turned to pity, for of course poor Mark's money was gone now. Poor fellow, why had he not consulted some of them!

"Did you put it in that Company I mentioned to you last week, because" —began Sawyer anxiously.

"Rest easy," Mark answered. "I know it's gone up—No, 'not there, my child, not there.'"

"That consolidated B. & C."—Burke hesitated—

"Has stopped payment, hasn't it?" finished Mark gently. "No, neither is it there, my child."

"I hope you didn't invest it in those railway shares I spoke of to you last month," cried another, "for it's too late now to realize anything out of them, as I said it would be. The stock fell to 51 to-day."

"Yes, so I read. My dear friends,

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I am sure my investment will meet with your universal approval. I have bought a mine in British Columbia."

"A mine!!"

"A mine—a poor thing, perhaps, but *mine* own."

"Mark, Mark," began Burke regretfully. "If you meant to invest in mining stock, why didn't you tell us and wait to go into this? What do you know about mines? And a whole one, all by yourself! My dear fellow, it's unquestionably barren ground, if it even exists—which is doubtful."

Mark laughed good-naturedly.

"I did not wait, old man, because it's not in my nature. I only heard of my mine last night, bought her this morning, and start this evening to go and claim her."

"This evening!"

"This evening. I just dropped in to say good-bye."

And thus it came about that Mark Carey shook the dust of Toronto from his feet, and arrived, one bright morning, at a desolate little spot high up in the Rockies.

"So this is the place, is it?" he asked of the man who had driven him the last twenty-five miles.

"Ay, sir, this is the Golden Glory station. It b'aint exactly what ye'd call a thickly-populated township, be it?" And a wide grin curled back towards the man's ears, dividing his broad, flat face neatly in the middle.

"That over there," he went on, pointing with his long blackthorn, "is the boardin'-house where the miners, when there be's any, puts up. There's nobody there now but old Gray and his wife as runs it. They were goin' too, but changed their minds when they heard you was comin'. Them ruins over there repersents the beginnin' and endin' of the workin' of the Golden Glory."

"And that?" queried Mark, indicating the remaining building, a low, square cottage among the trees.

"That belongs to the owner of the Golden Glory. It's his own private reserdence." Again the grin.

"Oh, that's mine, then," cried Mark, brightening visibly. "Just drive my traps over, will you? I'll take possession at once."

"Lots of time, Boss," said the man. "Wait till we've had our dinner. Here comes old man Gray now."

"You can speak to him. I'm going home first," cried Mark, and he set off briskly towards his "private residence."

It was a picturesque little place, with rich wild ivy straggling over it. A momentary flash of surprise swept over Mark as he perceived a thin stream of blue smoke curling out of the little chimney; then "Thoughtful of old Gray," he murmured, and increased his pace.

As he neared the door, which was slightly open, the sound of a low, sweet voice rang out clearly in the dear old lines of "Home, sweet Home." Mark stopped involuntarily—"Mrs. Gray making things comfortable, of course," he thought, "but gad, what a voice!" and he entered the little square room boldly. At the sound of his step a woman came from the inner apartment which completed the dwelling. She evidently expected to see old Gray, for a wave of startled surprise swept over her fair face as her eyes met Mark's, and she stopped abruptly.

So they stood for a minute silently confronting each other, speechless—she from amazement, he from bewilderment at her beauty. She was a dainty, graceful little thing, with luminous grey eyes and a wealth of rippling golden hair.

"The spirit of the Golden Glory," muttered Mark, then suddenly coming to himself, he doffed his hat with a certain native grace which was peculiar to him, and said gently:

"I beg your pardon for this intrusion. I am afraid I have startled you, but I never dreamed there was any one here." His chivalrous tone reassured the girl. She smiled a bright, sweet smile. "Don't mention it. I was foolish to be startled, but I so fully expected to see Mr. Gray when I heard your step; and strangers are an extinct species here."

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Just then a bell rang loudly.

"That is the dinner-bell," said the girl, "we had better go. Of course you are stopping at the Grays'?"

"Well, no, I hadn't thought," began Carey, as they emerged into the sunshine, then he paused abruptly. The girl evidently considered herself the rightful mistress of his house, and he did not wish to embarrass her.

"I'm afraid if you intend remaining here overnight you'll have to stop at Gray's," she cried merrily. "There's not a great choice of hotels here." He laughed, and then they fell to admiring the scenery. Neither asked any personal questions, but each was consumed with curiosity regarding the other's business in that lonely spot.

The Grays were a silent couple, who seemed to have become infected with the natural stillness of the place. During dinner not a word was spoken regarding the mine, although Mark and his fair companion kept up a continual clatter about every other subject under the sun.

When the cheese and crackers had been placed upon the table, Gray and his wife withdrew.

"Are you an engineer?" asked the girl.

"Why, no," said Mark, a little surprised at the sudden descent into personalities.

"Oh dear, I'm so sorry. Please forgive my abrupt question, but I thought you surely must be, and I was so glad."

"I wish I did know something about engineering; it would come in very handy just now, for I've come to look after my mine here. But may I ask why my being an engineer should make you glad?"

"Because I thought you might be able to give me some advice about *my* mine. I am so densely ignorant——"

"*Your* mine!" interrupted Mark. "Then we have a common interest. Is yours near the Golden Glory?"

The girl looked at him curiously.

"My mine *is* the Golden Glory," she said coldly.

Mark gazed at her in blank amazement. "Are there two Golden Glories then?" he managed to ask at last.

"I never heard of any but my own," answered the girl.

"And I never heard of any but *my* own," retorted Mark. "Pardon me, but may I ask your name? I am Mark Carey, of Toronto, and I bought the Golden Glory on the fourth of this month from one David Spence, of Vancouver."

"And I am Dora Merle. The Golden Glory was deeded to me on the ninth of this month by my uncle, John Merle, of Victoria, he having bought it on the fourth from John Brines, of Esquimault."

They looked at each other in silence for a minute or two; then the girl's mouth began to quiver, a dimple or two appeared, and suddenly she burst into a rippling flood of melodious laughter. In a second Mark had joined her, and the two laughed until the tears rolled down their cheeks. "It's the most extraordinary thing I ever heard of," gasped Mark at last. "So that's how you happen to be installed in my house?"

"Certainly, I took possession of *my* house as soon as I arrived," answered the girl, dimpling again. "Oh, what an interesting lawsuit this will make, for, of course, you will go to law about it! I have always longed to be in a lawsuit, it must be so exciting."

Mark laughed. I'd like to see your uncle about it. I suppose he came up with you?" The merry face sobered suddenly.

"My uncle died the day he gave me the mine," she said. "He was the only living relative I had, and he made me promise to see about the Golden Glory at once, so I came up immediately. Perhaps it was not quite the thing to do, but I never thought of *les convenances.* I only remembered dear old uncle's wish, and the Grays have been very kind to me."

Before Mark could reply, she jumped up and cried, with the sudden change of mood and manner which Mark found so charming: "Suppose we go and look at it now, though I assure you

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there is not much to see. I expected to find bars and strata of gold gleaming about everywhere, and I cried myself to sleep from disappointment the first night I came."

It was a dreary enough looking place, in truth, with the old, broken-down shaft, bits of decayed, ivy-grown wood everywhere, and here and there a rusty pick or bar of iron lying half-buried in the long, lush grass.

"The man who owned it first began to work it, but had to stop through lack of funds, and it was only this year that any one could be found to take it off his hands. But it really is a good mine, I believe," and the girl peered about a little doubtfully.

Then they seated themselves on a great boulder to talk the matter over.

"It's a very strange business," said Mark. "Clearly we are both entitled to the Golden Glory, since both your uncle and I paid out our golden sheckles for it."

"But we cannot both be really entitled to it. There can be only one legal title. There is nothing for it but to go to law."

"Law is so confoundedly expensive," remonstrated Mark, whose worldly goods were chiefly represented by the desolation before him. "It would probably end in neither of us having any title to anything. Suppose we effect a compromise," and Mark chewed a blade of grass reflectively. "One of us—you for instance—might furnish enough money to begin working it, and after it has commenced to pay I'll refund you half of what you invest, and we'll own it share and share alike. Come now, you couldn't get a better solution to the puzzle than that."

Miss Merle dug little holes in the ground with the tip of her shoe.

"It's not a bad idea," she said slowly," but you'll have to do the furnishing. Neither uncle nor I took that into account at all, and I have just enough money to live on for the next six months. After that we thought I should be living on the mine."

A curious expression stole over Mark's face.

"That's my position exactly!" he cried. "I never gave a thought to the working of the thing. I thought if I owned it that would be enough, as if I had bought a gold-patch where the metal grew on bushes. What a confounded ass I am!"

Miss Merle, representing a smile, straightened herself haughtily. "Please remember, Mr. Carey, that in passing judgment upon yourself, you are also condemning my uncle and me."

"Oh, I—I beg your pardon." He was searching through the papers in his wallet.

"What are you looking for?" asked the girl.

"For the—ah, here it is—my title-deed," and he drew it out. "Miss Merle, I have settled this matter finally. The mine without means to work it is worthless. I have no means, therefore it is worthless to me. I renounce my claim. The Golden Glory is yours, but if you will allow me I will act as your manager. I shall return to Ontario, where I am well known, and there I will talk the mine up among my friends, and sell a sufficient number of shares to start the working of it. In return for which you may give me either a salary or a few shares."

As he finished speaking he folded the deed, and was about to tear it across when the girl stopped him.

"Let me see it first," she said, and took it out of his hand.

She read it, folded it carefully and put it into her pocket. Then she turned to Mark, a sweet, graceful expression in her soft eyes.

"What you have been saying is nonsense, Mr. Carey; kind, generous nonsense, it is true, but nonsense nevertheless. Do you think I would permit you to do such a thing? The mine is rightfully yours or rightfully mine. If yours, I would certainly never accept it from you; if mine, your renunciation of it is meaningless and ridiculous. No, we must write to a lawyer to-night, get him to look into the title, and then abide by his decision, or, if one of us is dissatisfied, I suppose we can have a lawsuit over it. If it is mine, I shall

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accept your offer to be my manager with pleasure, and shall give you half the Golden Glory in payment. If it belongs to you, perhaps you might find me some humble position; I might direct your envelopes or write your letters," and she looked at him with such a bewitching expression of demure coquetry and merriment, and yet in the depths of her grey eyes such pathetic pleading, that Mark half-gasped and jumped up abruptly, that he might smother his sudden uncontrollable impulse to take her in his arms as one might take a tired, lonely child.

That night they wrote a joint letter to one of the best known lawyers in Victoria commissioning him to investigate the title of the Golden Glory as expeditiously as possible. Then they waited.

It was a beautiful spot, the site of the Golden Glory. When the sun was shining brightly, far down among the mountains one could see it raining in the valleys; dazzling rainbows would arch from peak to peak, and high above all towered the rugged, snow-crowned heights, looking as if the vast blue sky were resting on their mighty heads.

Two people looked and saw that it was good, and that the land was fair to dwell in.

One day a caravan came up the narrow mountain path. There were miners, mining implements, machinery, and well in front, riding tough little mountain ponies and waking the echoes with their enthusiastic shouting and merry chaff, were half-a-dozen gentlemen.

Mark went forward to meet them. The surprise was mutual when he recognized among the party Burke, Sawyer, and one Briggs, a mining engineer whom Mark had met in Toronto.

Burke explained. They had come up to start the working of their mine, which experts declared to be one of the most fertile in British Columbia. It had a good name anyway—the "Golden Glory." Didn't Mark think so? Mark did think so, and became quite skilful in parrying questions regarding his own investment.

They had fallen in with old Bill Jakes, who came up once a week with supplies and letters, when there chanced to be any.

There was one that day for Mark. It was from the lawyer in Victoria. He begged to say that the title of the Golden Glory had been carefully investigated. No such man as David Spence or John Brines had ever had the least claim to the mine. It had been owned for many years by one John Shanklin, who had recently sold it to a joint stock company whose headquarters were in Toronto, and whose manager was one Richard Burke. He begged to remain, etc., etc.

Then did Mark grow thoughtful for a space. That evening, as he smoked a cigar with the new-comers, he turned abruptly to Burke.

"Old man," he said, "my mining investment has turned out as you all so cleverly predicted. I shall soon be completely strapped, and I want to get married this month. Can you give me a situation as bookkeeper or something in your new company?"

Burke seized his hand. "My dear fellow, let me congratulate you. It's the pretty little golden-haired girl, isn't it? As for a situation, you dear old donkey, you can have it if you like, but as a part owner and director of the Golden Glory I'm afraid you won't have much time for—"

"A—a—what?" gasped Mark.

"A—part—owner—and—director—of—the—Golden—Glory!" roared Burke, with a pause between each word. "We heard all about your jolly old swindle, got it from his nibs in Victoria, who had been doing some legal jobs for us, and we put down your name at once. You needn't say a word, for it is there and it's going to stay. Besides, as far as you are concerned, you really bought out the whole business, and probably look upon all of us as robbers."

* * *

Mark is wont to say, as he strokes his wife's sunny hair, that of all his investments none equalled his mining venture, for by buying one Golden Glory he became shareholder and director of two.

Mabel Maclean Helliwell.

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LITERARY CRITICISM: ITS SCOPE AND EFFECT.

RUSKIN says, "A bad critic is probably the most mischievous person in the world." A bad critic is as bad a thing as can be; but, after all, his mischief does not carry very far. Otherwise, it would be mainly the conventional books, and not the original books, which would survive; for the censor, who imagines himself a lawgiver, can give law only to the imitative, and never to the creative mind. Criticism has condemned whatever was, from time to time, fresh and vital in literature; it has always fought the new good thing in behalf of the old good thing; it has invariably fostered and encouraged the tame, the trite, the negative. Yet, upon the whole, it is the native, the novel, the positive that have survived in literature. Whereas, if bad criticism were the most mischievous thing in the world, in the full implication of the words, it must have been the tame, the trite, the negative that survived.

Bad criticism is mischievous enough, however; and it may not be amiss to assert that nearly all current criticism as practised among the Canadians and Americans is bad, is falsely principled, and is conditioned in evil. It is falsely principled because it is unprincipled, or without principles; and it is conditioned in evil because it is almost wholly anonymous.

At the best its opinions are not conclusions from certain easily verifiable principles, but are effects from the worship of certain models. They are in so far quite worthless, for it is the very nature of things that the original mind cannot conform to models; it has its worm within itself; it can work only in its own way and by its self-given laws. Criticism does not enquire whether a work is true to life, but tacitly or explicitly compares it with models, and tests it by them. If literary art travelled by any such road as criticism would have it go it would travel in a vicious circle, and would arrive only at the point of departure. Yet this is the course that criticism must always prescribe when it attempts to give laws. Being itself artificial, it cannot conceive of the original except as the abnormal. It must altogether reconceive its office before it can be of use to literature. It must reduce this to the business of observing, recording and comparing; to analyzing the material before it, and then synthetizing its impressions. Even then, it is not too much to say that literature as an art could get on perfectly well without it. Just as many good novels, poems, plays, essays, sketches would be written if there were no such thing as criticism in the literary world, and no more bad ones. But it will be long before criticism ceases to imagine itself a controlling force, to give itself airs of sovereignty and to issue decrees. As it exists, it is mostly a mischief, but it may be greatly ameliorated in character, and softened in manner by the total abolition of anonymity. There should be no hesitation in saying that anonymous criticism is almost wholly an abuse, and it is not intended to confine the meaning here to literary criticism. Now that nearly every aspect and nook and corner of life is searched by print, it is intolerably oppressive that any department of current literature, or of the phase of literature we call journalism, should be anonymous. Every editorial, every smallest piece of reporting, that involves a personal matter, should be signed by the writer, who should be personally responsible for his words. Journalism has been included in this connection because journalism is criticism—the criticism of life, and therefore intimately associated with the criticism of letters. Literary criticism is only life criticism, dealing with the finished product instead of the raw material, and generally its manners are as bad when it is employed in the one way as when it is employed in

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the other. Except for the constant spectacle of its ferocity, incompetency, and dishonesty, one could not credit the fact. It would be safe to say that in no other relation of life is so much brutality permitted by civilized society as in the criticism of literature and the arts. No newspaper or publisher is above legitimate criticism, but because a criticism is made, it does not of necessity follow that the criticism is well taken. Criticism is itself the legitimate subject or object of other criticism. It sometimes happens that critics of written articles arbitrarily assume that a certain project is not for the public good, and from that standpoint they straightway proceed to denounce everybody who does not agree with them as being improperly influenced, including newspapers which consider such project a public benefit and legitimate business enterprise. The critic's judgment is often proven to be faulty, and he sometimes speaks from a no higher standard of responsibility than the author he criticises. In other words, it is frequently a question primarily of judgment, not of morals, and the critics of journalism are not infallible in their judgment, or impeccable in their motives.

Accepting the risk of being considered unkind, I must reproach literary criticism with the uncandour of judging an author without reference to his aims; with pursuing certain writers from spite and prejudice, and mere habit; with misrepresenting an article by quoting a phrase or passage apart from the context; with magnifying misprints and careless expressions into important faults; with abusing an author for his opinions; with base and personal motives. Any writer is in good luck if he escapes without personal abuse: contempt and impertinence as a writer no one will escape. Anonymous criticism is the enemy of mankind, and the man, or even the young lady, who is given a gun, and told to shoot at some person from behind a hedge, is placed in circumstances of temptation almost too strong for human nature. If anonymity is nothing worse than absurd, it is too absurd for endurance, and it ends in placing the journal which practises it in all sorts of ridiculous positions. We see the proof of this constantly in the glaring inconsistencies of which the party newspapers convict one another. With the changes of *personnel* which death, sickness, and other chances bring about in every newspaper come changes of opinion which a wary antagonist easily makes his prey.

The temptation for a critic to cut fantastic capers before high heaven in the full light of day is great enough, and for his own sake he should be stripped of the shelter of the dark. Even then it will be long before the evolution is complete, and we have the gentle, dispassionate, scientific student of current literature in place of the arrogant, bullying, blundering pedant, who has come down to our time from the heyday of the brutal reviewers. In his present state he is much ameliorated, much softened; but he still has the wrong ideas of his office, and imagines that he can direct literature, not realizing that literature can not be instructed how to grow, or not knowing that it is a plant which springs from the nature of the people, and draws its forces from their life. If it has any root at all, its root is in their character, and it takes form from their will and taste. The world of critics will not believe this, for it is still the prevailing superstition that literature is something that is put into life, not something that comes out of it.

Every now and then some idealist comes forward and declares that you should say nothing in criticism of a man's writings which you would not say to his face. But this is asking too much. Such a course would put an end to all criticism, and if it were practised literature would be left to purify itself. We ought not to destroy critics; we ought to transform them or turn them from the arrogant assumption of authority to a realization of their true function in the civilized state.

So it is not in the interest of author-

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ship that criticism is so strongly urged to throw off its mask, but in the interest of the reading public, which is corrupted by the almost inevitable savagery and dishonesty of the anonymous critic. We should not ask them to forbear everything they would not say of a letter under review in the author's presence. That may come yet, to the infinite gain of the critic's manners. But for the present it is not too much to ask them to stand fairly out in the open, and deliver their judgment for what it is worth as that of this or that man, and not advance upon the trembling writer in the obscurity, bearing the doom decreed by a powerful or influential journal. The editor cannot rightfully lend its authority to criticism he has not verified, and he has no right to lend it to an anonymous critic. Still less has he the right to deprive the reviewer of the praise that should come to him personally from a well-written, well-felt, and, above all, well-mannered criticism, and claim the advantage of it wholly for his publication. The only advantage which the publication ought to enjoy is the credit of employing an able, modest and courteous critic; and all else should belong to the critic, the honour and the cumulative repute which naturally remain with his name, and follow it to any other publication using him more wisely, and paying him better.

I. Cyrus Doull.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE WAR.

THE Spanish-American war is a small affair compared with the strange results that may possibly flow from it. Spain's decay, which has been going on since the days of Philip II., is the smallest of these. Those which appear most striking are the dominating and conquering spirit that the American people have shown under the intoxication of success, and the drawing together of the two great branches of what are called, for lack of a more precise term, the Anglo-Saxon family. Mr. Chamberlain's speech was astonishingly outspoken, and when we find even so "American" a paper as the *New York Sun* declaring that "the statesman on our side of the water who will not consider any proposition of this magnitude with an open mind is unworthy of his influence," we may well rub our eyes, indeed. But still more significant to my mind is the awakening of the desire for possessions among the American people.

The newspapers, with few exceptions, speak with scarcely concealed exultation of the fact that the Philippine Islands are in the hands of a United States fleet, and that the Stars and Stripes are supreme at Manila. Nor can the language used be interpreted as merely a note of triumph. There is in it the distinct pride of possession, and only the traditions of the Fathers, voiced particularly in Washington's farewell letter, serves to prevent an open avowal of a policy that if adopted and pursued might in time change the face of the world. Indeed, in some quarters an open avowal is not lacking. On all hands we hear it said that in future the United States must have a great navy, and that for a great navy a wide distribution of coaling stations is necessary.

Ex-Senator Ingalls has voiced this feeling by treating the ideas of the Fathers as absurdly antiquated and not at all binding on their sons of to-day, and he comes out squarely in favor of finding breathing room for the overflow of the American people. Our cities are overflowing, he says, and the lands available for settlement are exhausted, and it is time to look abroad for fresh fields of settlement. It will hardly be denied that a great fleet would be, to a large extent, in time of

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war confined to its own shores if it had no ports at which the fuel, indispensable to a modern fighting vessel, could be obtained. The position was well illustrated by the crux in which Commodore Dewey found himself. When turned out of Hong Kong harbour he had no choice but to fight. He could not afford to waste coal cruising about the ocean, even though, in his judgment, such tactics had been necessary. Should his coal bunkers become empty his fleet would be little better than derelicts on the ocean, 6,000 miles from a coal supply. This fact will be made to do great duty when the question of the relinquishment of the Philippines comes up for consideration, and those who stand out for the maintenance of a coaling port there will have strong arguments for their contention, and once the practice of establishing coaling ports is adopted the ice will have been broken and the maxims of the Fathers will fall on deaf ears. Mr. Ingalls explains the phenomenon by the statement that conquest and the acquirement of possessions is in the blood of the race, and needs but the opportunity to awake on this side of the water with more that its original strength and passion.

This is not a fanciful explanation after all, although it would be a mistake to suppose that our race is the only one that inherits this lust of territory. The chronicles of mankind show it to be an almost universal passion, and the history of the last twenty years exhibits it rushing into new channels and showing greater vitality than ever. The continent to which the epithet "dark" could have been applied since the beginning of time was suddenly illuminated through and through in obedience to the pangs of this land-hunger. Now the eyes of desire are turned on China, whose fatness attracts attentions which its valour is unable to repel. Is the United States about to join in the rush? While vigorously denying such intentions with one breath, the next reveals longings and aspirations that, once entered on, break down the bars that have so far confined the energies of the American people to the American continent. It is difficult to see how republican institutions could be made to fit such new conditions. There is no place in them for the colony, but it may be presumed that the political genius of the race could find a solution even for this problem. Indeed, the judgment just delivered on the Alaska prohibitory liquor law by the Supreme Court shows that Congress can govern a "territory" with unlimited powers.

The other matter fits this in a certain way. One can only wonder at the folly of the European powers who, by their fatuous management of affairs, have made an Anglo-American alliance possible. That British statesmen have long had such a combination in view is by no means a secret. The arbitration treaty was a straw indicating many things. There was, of course, an influential section of public opinion in the United States in favour of the treaty, but the section opposing it was sufficiently strong to defeat it. At the present moment the treaty would be passed with acclamations from all quarters, and if no change of sentiment takes place in the meantime President McKinley will likely have the honour, soon after the close of the war, of appending his signature to a document so worthy of the leaders of civilization. This has been made possible by the stupidity of foreign governments. While their sympathy has been utterly useless to Spain, it has been demonstrative enough to anger the American people. We have been told that Prince Bismarck favoured German intervention. If this is correct, most people will attribute his impolitic preferences to an intellect dimmed by age. Statesmanship is invariably ruthless when ruthlessness is the best course for the State which it guards, and Bismarck was by no means the man, from mere motives of sympathy, to identify himself with a waning power, while at the same time offending one that looms on the horizon as one of the great national

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forces of the world. What Bismarck would not have done, the ephemera who now govern Europe have fallen into as innocently as might have been expected. Europe is lacking, at this juncture, in great public men. The last of them departed with Crispi. The others have yet to be heard from. The Cavours, Metternichs, Thiers and Bismarcks have been succeeded by the Hanotaux, Badenis, Mouravieffs and Rudivis, who now guide the foreign policies of the great continental powers. One can scarcely keep even their names in memory, and their chief recent achievement is to make the Anglo-American alliance a possibility.

In the meantime, the people of the United States are glorying in Dewey's remarkable victory at Manila, and before this reaches the eye of the readers of the "Magazine" a still greater naval victory may have been added to their score. To carry on the war after that would be wholly mischievous and useless. If the Spanish fleet cannot hold the supremacy in Cuban waters, the capture of the island could only be a matter of a few weeks at most. Although the blockade of Havana has not been effected, it is not at all likely that much provision has reached the city, however, and in a very short time the garrison, as well as the unfortunate reconcentrados, will be feeling the pinch of hunger. With no prospect of relief from the fleet, Gen. Blanco could be forced to surrender without firing a shot. President McKinley has shown that he would prefer that sort of a surrender, though there is a deep feeling in the country for vengeance on those who are popularly supposed to be the authors of the disaster to the Maine and the cruel death of 269 American sailors.

In the meantime, American patriotism has made a noble response to the President's appeal for men. The 125,000 originally called for have been offered twice over. Here and there a man or a regiment is denounced for exhibiting unwillingness to join in the movement; but, as a whole, the citizens have responded with an encouraging enthusiasm. It is true that the great bulk of the men now hurrying to the front belong to the heedless, one might almost say the shiftless class, as is the case with armies all over the world. The solid citizen and his son want to be officers, if they have anything to do with the militia at all. The Seventh Regiment of New York, which is a species of social club, put such impossible conditions on its offer to serve that the war department could not accept of them. Officers and men have been subjected to considerable odium on account of it, and have endeavoured to reinstate themselves in public favour by making heroic offers to capture Havana single-handed, or do some other equally doughty deed. As an offset to this unpleasant view of the distinctions that exist, even in democratic States, we have several of the curled darlings of society joining the cowboy regiment which Mr. Theodore Roosevelt is organizing. This sign of patriotism from Fifth Avenue has filled New York journalists with unutterable emotions. It would be an interesting enquiry to ascertain how many of the sons of the Senators and Representatives, whose voice was still for war, are to be found among the privates who are hurrying to endure the privations and dangers of camp life in Cuba. This is said with no disposition to sneer at American patriotism, but merely as an indication of the writer's opinion that men who are not likely to be called upon to make any sacrifices in the war, except such as are involved in burning the midnight oil composing speeches about it, should leave most of the words to those who are determined to implement them with their deeds. I am prepared to applaud to the skies the patriotic speech of a full private just after a day's march with a sixty-five pound pack on his back. He is the only man who has a right to make it.

In the meantime the eternal colour question comes to the front. The negro soldiers think that if they are good

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RICHMOND PEARSON HOBSON.

Lieut. Hobson, U.S.N., and seven men, sank the "Merrimac" in the narrow mouth of Santiago Harbour. After performing their daring piece of work, under the hot fire of the Spanish forts, they escaped on a raft, but were finally taken prisoners by the Spanish. Lieut. Hobson's home is in Greensboro, Alabama. He is twenty-eight years of age and has had no sweetheart but his mother. He was educated at the Southern University, and the Naval College at Annapolis, afterwards studying at the Paris School of Naval Architecture. He was always known as an earnest and thoughtful young man.

enough to wear Uncle Sam's uniform they ought to be good enough to drink at a bar like a white man, and climb into the chair when the barber calls "next." Where they are usually stationed, at far western forts, these privileges are not denied them, but when they penetrated the States south of Mason and Dixon's line they were at once reminded of the badge of inferiority that the descendants of Ham seem fated to wear. Presuming to drink cheek by jowl with the white man, they were reminded that it could not be. They fumed and stormed accordingly. At Chattanooga it resulted in these dark warriors drawing their side arms, and in a discharge of revolvers. Wherever they have been stationed they have pressed this equality of rights, and again it has resulted in the effusion of blood. At Lakeland, Florida, where a coloured cavalry regiment is stationed, the question arose again, this time in connection with the right of a coloured trooper to be shaved in a white barber shop. The angry negro used his pistol and an inoffensive spectator was shot. The citizens of Lakeland, and even the white soldiers, were dangerously angry over this event, but there have been no other unpleasant consequences.

The eyes of the whole country, indeed, it may be said of the world, were during the early days of June concentrated on the proposed invasion of Cuba. For two months troops and munitions of war had been accumulating at Port Tampa, a considerable harbour on the gulf side of the State of Florida. In spite of the possession of an unlimited purse, it was found a colossal task to get the first expedition of some 16,000 men ready. That number is, of course, quite insufficient to subdue Cuba, but it is thought that they can make a place of landing for the troops which are to follow. Heavy complaints have arisen as to the treatment of the troops. They were put aboard the transports on the 6th and 7th of June, but the discovery that some Spanish men-of-war were in the neighbourhood caused delay. The men, in the stuffy transports, with field rations, suffered severely, and the complaints were loud and deep. War is no picnic, as these men are finding out, and it is to be hoped that the jingo orators of Washington will pay Tampa a visit and see what war means.

Tampa, Fla., June 13th. *John A. Ewan.*

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CURRENT EVENTS ABROAD.

SO far as Canada is concerned, the proposed Anglo-American Alliance, or *entente*, has been received with much favour. The signs of this are to be found in the discussions in Parliament, in clerical conferences and in the press utterances. The feeling is not that there is any likelihood of Canada gaining any concessions from the United States in the way of reciprocity or a relaxation of alien labour laws, but rather that we are practically the same blood as the people of the United States and hence should live in peace with them. We know the ways of their Government, we know the lack of political high-mindedness among their more active politicians, and we know the peculiarly popular character of their Government; and because we know these conditions better than the residents of Great Britain know them, we do not expect much out of all this talk. Nevertheless, we do not regret the exchange of society phrases which the statesmen and newspapers are now making.

Lord Salisbury's remarks on China, made in the House of Lords on the 17th of June, may prove to be memorable. Even the telegraphed précis of his speech shows that he has at last publically acknowledged that China will go to pieces unless some European nation reorganizes her navy and army, and that Great Britain hopes to be that European nation. Lord Salisbury said that negotiations respecting the reorganization of the Chinese navy were well advanced, and there was every hope that a distinguished British officer would be placed in charge of the reorganization. China, according to most thinkers, is doomed; her people have no national or military spirit and no patriotism. Yet Lord Salisbury thinks that, with European officers, something might be done. If Gordon had not gone to Khartoum!

Edward Bellamy and Henry George have passed away. They represented on this continent a sort of vague but intelligent socialism which had crossed from Europe. The vagueness of their preaching, and the intelligence of each man, prevented their work from being dangerous. In Europe, socialism is much more malignant. In Germany it is, according to the recent general elections, marching on steadily and constitutionally, but with a distinct hatred for the aristocracy, the military and the wealthy. In France it murdered Carnot; in Spain it killed Canovas; in Italy it has caused riot and bloodshed; in these three countries socialism is essentially anarchistic. As this great democratic feeling filters



A SPANISH IDEA OF ANGLO-AMERICAN FRIENDSHIP.
An Ornamental Initial from the Cadiz Alègre.

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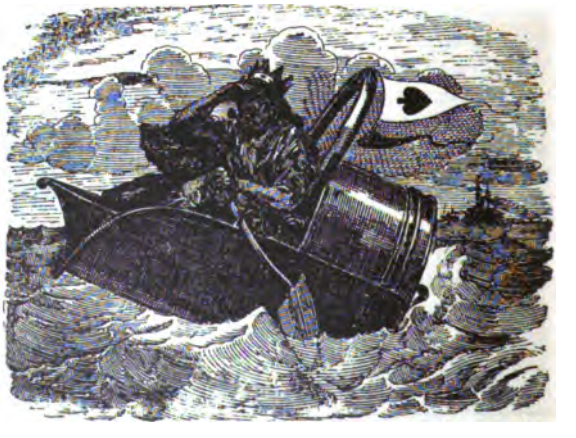
FROM THE NEW YORK HERALD.

COUSINS.

across the English channel, the soreness seems to be taken out of it; and when socialism appears in Great Britain it is mild and generous. Yet Great Britain has its engineering and its coal strikes, showing the latent feeling which agitators play upon so skilfully. Canada knows little of socialism. She has gone a great distance in granting manhood suffrage, and while this lowers the morality at election times, it keeps the poor people and the uneducated labourers more contented. Nevertheless, as we look across the sea, and perceive the troubles which socialism is sure to bring upon Western Europe during the next half century, we should be very thankful that we are in America.

The United States and Great Britain have decided to "commission" all outstanding disputes between Canada and the United States. During the last thirty years Canadians have been allowed to take a leading part in all discussions, conferences and settlements concerning British interests on this continent. British statesmen have by this concession bound Canada more firmly to the British Crown. The Canadian statesmen who engage in this work feel that they have behind them the sympathy and the power of the British Government. They recognize the value of this, and while willing to use it to secure concessions for their own country, they do not forget the debt of gratitude they owe to the Motherland for allowing them to plead their own case with full imperial support.

Canada wins in the first round — about the only time we ever held our own with Washington—in that she is not called upon to discontinue pelagic sealing. This was the preliminary condition insisted upon by the United States in 1896, and as Canada would not agree, no conference was held. The present arrangement for a commission seems to be partly, if not wholly, due to the friendly sympathy extended by Great Britain to the United States during the present war. The first meeting will be held at Quebec in Sept.



THE KING OF THE SEAS.

King Coal (loq.): "Aha! Peace or war they can't get on without me!"—"Punch."

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EDITORIAL COMMENT

The Late Sir J. A. Chapleau.*

THE Honourable Sir Joseph Adolphe Chapleau, one of the best known politicians of recent years, passed away last month. Striking and handsome in appearance, eloquent as a public speaker, and clever as a politician, his life must be pronounced a success—even if, as with most politicians, he sacrificed something to attain that success. He was born at Ste. Thérèse, in the Province of Quebec, on November 9th, 1840. He was called to the Bar in 1861, and in the year of Confederation entered the Quebec Legislature as member for Terrebonne. He was successively Solicitor-General, Provincial Secretary, leader of his party in opposition, and Premier of the Province. In July, 1882, he entered the Conservative Government at Ottawa, then under the leadership of the late Right Honourable Sir John A. Macdonald. He became Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec in 1892. In 1896 he was appointed a Knight Commander of the Order of St. Michael and St. George. He shared during many years with the late Count Mercier and Sir Wilfrid Laurier the honour of being one of the three most popular Frenchmen in the Province of Quebec, and at the same time he possessed a large number of warm friends and admirers throughout the other Canadian provinces.

Lessons from the South.

While the United States is learning many lessons from this war, or this attempt at war, a few of them are filtering through the press to the people of Canada. One of these is that the day of the soldier has not yet passed, and that the military training of a certain number of citizens is a necessity with all nations. Our weakness in this respect was very clearly pointed out by Captain Wood in last month's issue.

But as a sequel to that article it may not be amiss to dwell for a moment on the value of military training to the average citizen. General Miles spoke strongly upon this in a recent interview with a New York journalist, when he insisted that military service makes a man better fitted for the duties of life; it teaches him to concentrate his mind on what he is doing; it teaches him that there is a right method in the performance of every duty, and the right method is the best; it makes him quicker in his actions and more decisive in his speech; and, lastly, it polishes him as nothing else on earth can possibly do. Military training teaches a man the value of method and discipline—not only in undertakings where a large number take part, but in work which the man himself performs.

The Minister of Education for Ontario has recently formulated plans by which cadet corps will be formed in most of the high schools of the province. Those who control the educational affairs of the other provinces are said to be considering the advisability of similar regulations. This is commendable. The boys will not be made bloodthirsty and cruel by such training, but they will be taught a few of the elementary lessons of a soldier's life: erectness of bearing, dignity of carriage, neatness of clothing, respect to seniors, implicit obedience to orders, promptness and exactness, and the value of co-operation. When they have learned these lessons they cannot help being better citizens, so much are

* For portrait, see Frontispiece.

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we the creatures of circumstances, environment and training.

Canadian Art.

A much debated question among Canadians is again to the fore. Is Canadian life as a whole romantic and artistic, or is it commonplace? Some years ago, Edmund E. Sheppard, now editor of Toronto *Saturday Night*, wrote some descriptions of Ontario life, and one or two novels, of which the principal scenes were laid in Ontario, which indicated that a master-hand might show that Ontario civilization had its romance. Joanna E. Wood has done this more recently. So has Robert Barr in one novel and in some of his newspaper sketches. But no one novelist had stood forth pre-eminent as the exponent of Ontario romance, and as a consequence most Ontario people believe that the civilization of this province is essentially commercial and commonplace.

On the other hand, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Quebec and the North-west have the reputation of being more romantic. Numerous poets and novelists, chief among whom are Longfellow and Roberts, have dipped into the romantic history of Acadia, and have kept the people of the Maritime Provinces convinced that there is something in their life, their historical localities and their civilization, which is capable of artistic treatment. Similarly Kirby, Parkman, Drummond, Parker and others have exploited the romance of Quebec, but have made that romance, as in Nova Scotia, live in the traces of its French civilization. English Quebec and English Nova Scotia, like English Ontario, are thought to be commonplace.

The North-West lends itself to artistic treatment because of its rolling prairies, and its relics of the *coureurs-de-bois*, the Hudson's Bay Company and the Indian tribes. Manitoba is included in the North-West, while British Columbia shares a little of the same historical picturesqueness. But in addition, British Columbia has its large swift rivers, and the majestic Rockies.

Thus the parts of Canada which retain some touch of French or Indian civilization or barbarism are thought to offer a field in which the novelist may work, and the parts which are purely Anglo-Saxon do not. Such at least is the apparent general conviction. It confines our novelists, and it also limits our artists. The French-Canadian peasant is thought picturesque, but the English-Canadian is thought commonplace.

Personally, I cannot bring myself to share this general belief. I cannot convince myself that the English-Canadian life is not possessed of characteristics which are just as capable of artistic treatment as the French-Canadian life. To my mind, the novelists and artists who confine themselves to Indian and French-Canadian characters, historical and present day, and to such phases of our life as have been affected by Indian and French civilization, are doing only part of their work, and are misrepresenting us to ourselves and to foreigners.

Speaking of the present position of art in Ontario, Professor Mavor in a pamphlet asserts that the quantity and quality of artistic production is remarkable because of the disadvantageous conditions: "the unpaintable character of the atmosphere, and also of much of the landscape and of all domestic interiors." He admits that Homer Watson is an exception, and that his landscapes are good. But why should not Ontario have a dozen Homer Watsons? If one can find something to paint, cannot a dozen? It is rather difficult to accept the learned Professor's dictum that these "disadvantageous conditions" are insurmountable. Is it not possible that the root of the difficulty is the weakness of our artists and our novelists rather than the barrenness of our landscape and our English-Canadian civilization? The English-American life of the United States is finding its novelists and its artists, and surely we may be optimistic enough to believe that some day we will have a master, either a painter or

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a novelist, who will show us the artistic and romantic side of Ontario life.

This is a serious matter. If we are to go on believing that the life we are living is flat, inartistic and without colour, we will naturally become dull, sluggish, and depressed. If we see no beauty in our lakes, our rivers, our forests, our landscapes, and our mode of living, we are like convicts in cells, without energy, without enthusiasm, without ambition, without the mainsprings of progress. If we are to see no beauty in each other, or in each other's mode of life, then we might as well be chattering monkeys. Rob our lives of their artistic parts, and we would be mere animals. Take away our art and our literature, and we would be a nation of automatic imitators.

A near relative of Gilbert Parker recently told me this story of him. From his earliest youth he was very fond of pictures, and his parents encouraged this taste. In his home was a picture of Michael Angelo, which he admired very much. Once, when about fifteen years of age, he was lying in his chamber very ill. He asked his mother to bring him the picture of Angelo, so that he might look at it. She brought it up to his chamber and put it in such a position that he might gaze upon it. He was pleased and soothed, and forgetting his pain was soon asleep.

All children should be taught to love pictures and nature. What little artistic taste I possess I attribute to the art education which, while a boy of twelve or thirteen years of age, I received in two or three "terms" of lessons in pencil-sketching from a local artist. The education was limited, but it was sufficient to teach me to distinguish to some extent between what was beautiful and ugly, and to teach me that there were beauties in nature if I would learn to look for them. I remember another incident of my art education. While a small lad I was playing one evening with some neighbour boys, when our sport was suddenly stopped by the father of one of the lads calling him to see the beautiful sunset. I was much younger than this particular companion, and no person had as yet taken the trouble to point out to me the beauties of an Ontario sunset. That one lesson, though indirect, was sufficient; I have been partial to a purple and golden sunset ever since.

We teach drawing in our schools, but it is not art. Neither does it inculcate a love for what is artistic. It is all a barren beginning of straight lines and curves, with no middle and no end. Our children are taught everything at school except a love for the beautiful. They are worried with endless mathematical methods, chemistry problems and Greek and Latin roots which are never referred to in the ordinary avocations of this country, or which should be left to the teachers and professors who train specialists; but they are not taught to appreciate a water-colour, an oil, a pretty piece of sculpture or an example of fine architecture. It would be easy to insist on every high school adding to its equipment a few specimens by leading Canadian painters and sculptors, or, easier still, to place in our drawing-books reproductions of famous works of art.

Foreign vs. Native.

An earnest young man remarked to me the other day that the Canadian people had very little confidence in anything that is Canadian, whether it be a political destiny, a manufactured article or a new novel. He acknowledged that he had just passed the stage when to discover that a likely-looking article was Canadian was to prejudice him against it. He had grown, he declared, to know that some Canadian articles and some Canadian books were really worth purchasing. This would be amusing if it were not so true.

The other day I received a marked copy of a paper containing a notice of this publication; and these were the opening words: "One of the chief

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charms of The Canadian Magazine is that it is so thoroughly Canadian. It is with a feeling of positive pleasure and a sense of restfulness that a Canadian reader opens its pages, after being wearied and surfeited with the flood of American literature that inundates our store-windows and book-counters, crimsoning a peaceful and progressive country with the red line of war." "What a bright, discerning journalist" was my thought, and my heart grew lighter. I at once felt that another flower was to be relieved of that terrible state of blushing unseen. My eye wandered up the page, and all my new-born brightness fled as I read "The 'war number' of McClure's Magazine is an exceptionally good issue." When I had perused those lines I knew that the man had been writing "puffs," and in all probability had never read the number of The Canadian Magazine which he praised so highly.

That seems to be the attitude of the majority of Canadians. They believe Canadian productions to be good, or say they believe it; but they buy or read only those produced in London and New York, with the emphasis on the latter city. Many books that are published in New York or London are better than any that are issued here; so are many magazines, so are many other manufactured articles. Every person must recognize that. But on the other hand many of the articles sent out from these places are inferior to those produced at home. Why should not this be acknowledged with the same freedom?

What I should suggest is that Canadians should buy the best Canadian literature; and if, after that, they have any further desire or requirements, buy the best of that which is foreign. (I speak now of literature, because that is the article of commerce with which I am most familiar.) It is the Canadian who will not buy Canadian magazines, pamphlets and books, to any extent, who is the unpatriotic citizen. There are thousands of men and women in Canada—and I believe this is not an extravagant statement — who have never read a Canadian periodical (except the daily newspaper) or a Candian book since they left school.

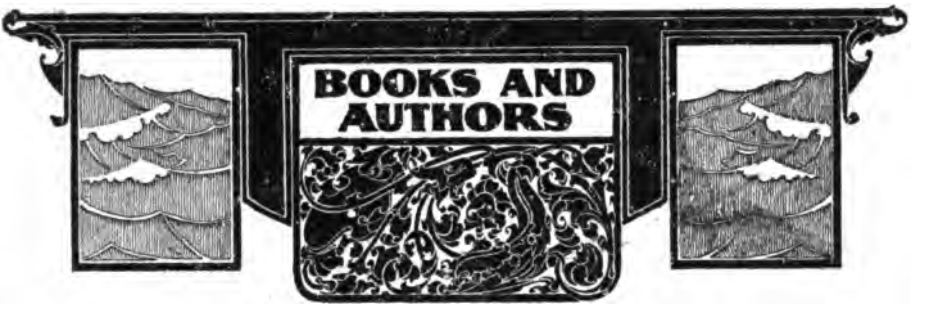
Canadian books and pictures have a value, as Canadian productions, over and above their value in the general field of literature and art. They analyze and reveal and illuminate Canadian life; and to the man who desires to thoroughly understand the national life in which he bears a part, they are indispensable.

Is Republicanism Dying?

France and the United States are the two great republics of the world. They have been wont to style themselves "sister republics." In France, republicanism seems to be on its last legs. A general election has just been held, and the republicans have but a bare majority over the monarchists, while the socialists hold the balance of power. Before five years France may again be a monarchy. In the United States the people with property and other vested interests have become afraid of Congress and the political system upon which it is based. They are endeavouring to discredit it in the eyes of the people, and are raising an army, so that, as in France, the turbulent representative bodies may be held in check.

For some years there has been in Canada a small body of able and energetic men who have been persistently urging Canada to throw off her British connection and her British Governor-General, and to establish a republic. They do not care whether it be an independent republic or an integral part of the United States Republic, so long as the connection with British aristocracy and monarchy is broken. It must be a sad blow to the hopes of these men to find the republican system being discredited, or at least placed under the ban of suspicion by the two greatest republican nations of the world! We have not heard very much from the little clique during the past year; now we shall probably hear less.

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PROFESSOR GOLDWIN SMITH.

HOWEVER much the Canadian people may disagree with Prof. Goldwin Smith's political views, they are not divided in their admiration of his literary work. He has written a large number of books, but it is doubtful if there is a half-dozen complete collections of his works in this country. Some of these volumes were published in England before his departure from that country; some were published in New York, and some have had the honour of a Canadian edition. Some of the earlier editions are very scarce. I saw one the other day for which a dealer asked four dollars, and I recently paid a good price to a New Jersey bookseller for a copy of "Pym, Cromwell and Pitt," published in New York in 1878. The world of scholars is awaiting with much expectation "The History of England to the Reign of William III." The learned ex-professor of Oxford and Cornell is now giving the finishing touches to this great work at "The Grange," his beautiful home in the city of Toronto. The Macmillan Co., of New York, who have published the Professor's recent books, has recently issued a new edition of his "Guesses at the Riddle of Existence, and Other Essays on Kindred Subjects." * This book is, without being agnostic, an attack on the accepted interpretation of Biblical doctrine and teaching.

RECENT FICTION.

The Macmillan Co. have just issued "Helbeck of Bannisdale," by Mrs. Humphrey Ward, author of "Robert Elsemere," "The History of David Grieve," "Marcella," etc. The author is a grand-daughter of Thomas Arnold, headmaster of Rugby. She is also a niece of Matthew Arnold, the famous son of Thomas Arnold, and a daughter of Thomas Arnold, a less famous son, who is most noted for his conversions to and from Roman Catholicism. With such hereditary influences and early environments, it is not to be wondered at that Mary Augusta Arnold (Mrs. Ward) should become a religionist and an author. As a literary woman she is in the front rank of the female writers of the century, for she writes nothing light and trashy. In her latest work, "Helbeck of Bannisdale," Mrs. Ward has to a great extent pourtrayed her own life, experiences and feelings. Laura Fountain is martyred between love and religion. Her lover, Allen Helbeck, is a Roman Catholic, while she is the daughter of an agnostic, nominally a Catholic, but secretly revolting against Catholic order and discipline. The story of her struggle and eventual suicide is a wonderful one, powerfully told.

Of an entirely different character is "The White-Headed Boy," by George Bartram.† It is an Irish tale, full of legends, fenianism, smuggling, secret dis-

* Toronto: Tyrrell's Book Shop. Cloth, $1.25.
† Unwin's Colonial Library.

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tilling, head-cracking and other Irish amusements. The story is briskly told, strong though rough, bright and interesting, though told in form which can hardly be classed with that of the best literature.

"A Bride of Japan,"* by Carlton Dawe, is the tale of a young Englishman who married a Japanese woman and afterwards repented it. After some years she elopes with another man, and the husband is left with the care of a young son, who greatly interests him, softens his heart and refines his life. The author has been living in Japan and in this book gives a clear insight into Japanese character. The style is very fair, and the interest well sustained.

RUPERT OF HENTZAU.*

The simultaneous publication in London, Toronto and New York of any novel is a tolerably sufficient indication of the popularity of its author, and of the intensity of the public expectation with regard to it. This is the position occupied by Anthony Hope's "Rupert of Hentzau." We have seen "special bulletins" in book-store windows, announcing that "Rupert of Hentzau" is coming out; cards of abnormal size have also appeared with Charles Dana Gibson's illustrations of the coming novel pasted upon them, while the press has teemed with notices to the effect that "Rupert" will shortly be published. It is understood that the advance orders for this book exceed all that is known in Canadian annals, and that from the woods and wilds, as well as from the cities, orders are being forwarded to the fortunate publisher. Why is this? Why is it that miners and farmers, ladies and lawyers, brokers and merchants want to know what Rupert of Hentzau did after he had concluded the series of brilliant escapades which Mr. Hope narrated in "The Prisoner of Zenda?" Well, for one thing, part of the interest thus excited is due to the fact that Rupert of Hentzau *is* a sequel. Whether it were an accident or not, Mr. Hope, in the finish of "The Prisoner of Zenda," left all his readers with the question on their lips—"What became of Rupert?" Everybody who read "The Prisoner" desired to know what that magnificent and audacious villain did afterwards. In "Rupert of Hentzau" everything is told. We are again introduced to the unsatisfactory king and his much-tried wife. The grizzled old soldier Sapt appears. So does the redoubtable Rudolph Rassendyll. In fact, we are back in an old environment among people we know. There is always a charm about that if the people are themselves. In Rupert they undoubtedly are. Mr. Hope has succeeded in breathing into his characters the breath of life, and we are just as interested in them as if they had actual existence.

For another thing, there is no doubt that "The Prisoner of Zenda" was a revival of the imaginative and romantic novel, and the public, having been satisfied by the long, demoralizing, and fruitless discussion of so-called sexual problems, were quite ready for it. Any sequel of such a popular book must necessarily be popular. Again, both "The Prisoner" and "Rupert" make large demands on the credulity of the reader. You have to determine to blink the improbabilities before you can enjoy either of them. If anybody doubts whether improbability is an element in the success of a book he has only to go back over the most successful fictions of the past quarter of a century, when he will find that incredible situations have, in clever and able hands, proved conducive to the most engrossing interest. Nothing is a greater mistake than to suppose that every novel must be a photograph of life. On the contrary, it should be a relief

* H. S. Stone & Co., Chicago and New York. Tyrrell's Book Shop, Toronto. $1.50.
* Rupert of Hentzau, by Anthony Hope. Toronto: George N. Morang.

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from its tedious reality. There is no doubt that "Rupert of Hentzau" performs this office to admiration. The reader is introduced to a fresh atmosphere, just as he is when he opens the enchanted covers of "The Arabian Nights." He is carried to a land where things are possible that are not possible amid the humdrum prose of to-day. At the same time, he is conscious of the art and skill with which the illusion is produced.

NOTES.

"The King's Jackal," by Richard Harding Davis, with illustrations and a striking cover design by Charles Dana Gibson, will be issued by the Copp, Clark Co. at once. Mr. Davis showed in his very successful "Soldiers of Fortune" that he could sustain through a long novel the same fascination which had so prominently marked his short stories, and this tale of a bankrupt king is as well drawn, as romantic, and as continuously interesting as anything the author ever wrote. The newspaper correspondent, who is the real hero, is one of Mr. Davis' finest creations, and all the characters of the drama are real and vital. The book will be issued simultaneously in the United States, Canada and England.

Rev. Dr. Dewart has ready for the press a volume of essays and papers that promise good reading. Of special interest to Canadian readers will be a study of Charles Sangster, the well-known Canadian poet, and a collection of Dr. Dewart's poems written since the publication of his "Songs of Life."

Dr. Rand has betaken himself to his delightful summer resort at Partridge Island, washed by the waters of the Stone Basin of Mines, and hard by Blomidon's lofty headland, truly a likely place to seek the afflatus divine. We understand Dr. Rand will spend much of his leisure this summer in a study of the Canadian poets.

"Kronstadt," by Max Pemberton, is a stirring romance of love, adventure and political intrigue. The interior of the gloomy fortress of Kronstadt, the Baltic, the Finnish Islands and London, furnish the background for swiftly moving scenes, which are tense with suspended interest, with the power of love, and with the stress of peril. Although a story of the present day, the pulse of adventure and romance throbs as strongly in these pages as in a mediæval tale.

A biographical series of much interest to medical men is now being published by T. Fisher Unwin, of London, England, under the general title of "Masters of Medicine." The volumes already issued are John Hunter, by Stephen Paget; William Harvey, by D'Arcy Power; Sir James Y. Simpson, by H. Laing Gordon, and William Stokes by Sir William Stokes. Other volumes are in preparation. The editor of the series is Ernest Hart, editor of the *British Medical Journal.* The volumes are large crown octavo, at 3s. 6d. each.

Mr. J. W. Tyrrell's "Across the Sub-Arctics of Canada," published in an English edition by T. Fisher Unwin, is having a good reception from the press. The reviewer in the *Times* suggests that other books of its kind might be published from time to time. This is a suggestion worth pondering by the topographical and scientific sections of the Government, and by Canadian publishers as well.

A second edition of Dr. Workman's "Old Testament Vindicated" has just been issued.

"John Marmaduke," by S. H. Church, is a stirring and captivating romance. Mr. Church's biography of Oliver Cromwell evidenced his ability as an historian, and his story of the English invasion of Ireland in 1649 has proved his skill as a

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writer of romance. The Canadian edition, to be published by the Copp, Clark Co., is almost ready.

J. F. Herbin, B.A., of Wolfville, N.S., said to be the only descendant of the exiled Acadians now living in the land of his fathers, has placed with William Briggs for publication a "History of Grand Pré," to be illustrated with several pretty views of the Evangeline country.

Among the new books which The Copp, Clark Co. are about to issue are "Leddy Marget," by Mrs. L. B. Wanford; "The Gods Arrive," by Annie E. Holdsworth; "Outlaws of the Marches," by Lord Ernest Hamilton, and "Helbeck of Bannisdale," by Mrs. Humphrey Ward.

The second annual issue of "Musical Toronto," compiled by H. H. Godfrey, is to hand. It is a charming souvenir of the music halls, choirs and individual artists of the Queen City, illustrated from photographs of public buildings, churches, colleges, military bands and individuals. The frontispiece is an admirable reproduction of a portrait of Beethoven. (Published by the author, 32 King St. West, Toronto, at 25 cents.)

"The Anglican Church in Canada" is the title of a pamphlet published in Toronto by Thomas E. Champion. The text comprises the three excellent historical articles recently published by this writer in The Canadian Magazine. (25 cents.)

A very valuable appendix to the Report of the Ontario Bureau of Industries for 1896 has just been issued. It contains four articles: Political and Social Arithmetic by S. Morley Wickett, Fellow in Political Science at Toronto University; The Growth of Municipal Institutions in Ontario by C. R. W. Biggar, Q.C.; The Municipal Government of Ontario and The Development of Agriculture in Ontario by C. C. James, M.A. The articles are brief, but full of facts and very readable.

"The School System of the State of New York," as viewed by a Canadian, is a work just issued by the Minister of Education for Ontario. The author is John Millar, B.A., the deputy, a forcible writer and a patient investigator. It contains about 200 pages and is neatly bound in cloth.

The Quartier Latin is the title of a very interesting magazine published by J. M. Dent & Co., 29 Bedford St., London, England. It is an exponent of advanced art in literature and illustrating, and is especially interesting to those who admire oddities. The May number contained four reproductions of the last drawings from life of Mr. Gladstone. These were made at Bournemouth Church in March by A. S. Forrest.

The Ontario Publishing Co., Toronto, have just issued the first Canadian edition of "The Untempered Wind," by Joanna E. Wood. The book has already run through several editions in the United States, and is perhaps without a peer among Canadian novels. "Current Literature" (New York) pronounced it the greatest book of the year 1894.

George H. Dobson, of Halifax, has issued a pamphlet entitled "Ocean Routes and Modern Transportation: Canada's Splendid Opportunity." (Price, 25 cents; printed by The Herald, Halifax.)

Raoul Renault, of Quebec, is developing into a publisher. One of his recent issues is "John and Sebastian Cabot," by N. E. Dionne, Librarian of the Legislative Library of the Province of Quebec. This is a fifty page pamphlet printed on heavy paper with wide margins—in fact, a pamphlet showing taste and artistic sense, such as one never sees in Ontario publications.

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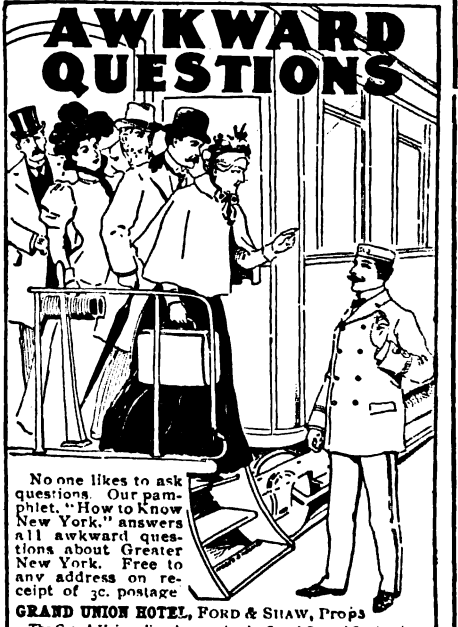
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CANADIAN MAGAZINE

AUGUST, 1898.

PUBLISHED BY THE ONTARIO PUBLISHING Co. LIMITED TORONTO

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DISRAELI: THE MAN AND THE MINISTER. By A. H. U. Colquhoun.
WHAT I SAW AT TAMPA. By J. S. O'Higgins. Illustrated.

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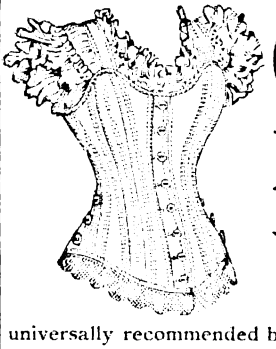
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JUL 27 1898
THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. XI. AUGUST, 1898. No. 4.

DISRAELI: THE MAN AND THE MINISTER.

"WELL, well, poor fellow," Carlyle is recorded as having said of Disraeli, at the close of a petulant criticism, "I dare say if we knew all about him we should have to think differently." No statesman of the Queen's reign was subjected to such vehement attack extending over so many years. None won a more conspicuous success, or enjoys a more enduring fame. His strangely brilliant career is even yet only half understood, and the inscrutable personality remains to be fathomed and explained.

In his will Lord Beaconsfield provided that all his letters, papers and documents should be handed over to his confidential secretary. And "as many of the said documents are connected with my official and public life, and contain matters bearing on the character and conduct of contemporary statesmen, and on affairs which it may be of importance to the public interest should not be prematurely or indiscreetly disclosed," nothing was to be divulged that would injure the public service, or inflict needless pain on the living or on the families of the dead. The private correspondence with the Queen was not to be made public without special permission.

The seal which guards these documents from a generation devoted to gossip and tattle has not been broken during seventeen years. The intimate friend and secretary, Lord Rowton, has been faithful to the trust. The biographers and essayists who have vainly undertaken to interpret the man and his career, drew upon the printed records which are accessible to all. Froude, it may be, had the access to some of the unpublished materials allowed by the will at Lord Rowton's discretion. But even the experienced historian, with this possible advantage, did not succeed where others failed. We lay down all the books with a feeling that the real Disraeli is still unknown to us. The phrase of Hamlet, which Froude selected for a text:

> He was a man, take him for all in all,
> We shall not look upon his like again,

he supplements by little that would illumine its favourable applicability to Lord Beaconsfield. At the hands of Froude he suffered the fate he once deplored for Canning—the tender mercies of a candid friend. During the lifetime of Gladstone, during the present reign perhaps, the appearance of the dead statesman's correspondence could hardly be looked for. Without it a career, difficult beyond the ordinary to comprehend, remains in many respects an enigma and a mystery. Too much, doubtless, has been made of the romance and the mystery. The attempts to expound his entire political creed by copious draughts upon "Vivian Grey," and "Coningsby," and "Sybil," to regard him as an alien to his country, to depict his subtle sagacity as a kind of inherited Eastern magic, have been greatly overdone. Yet the rise of Disraeli must always seem a marvel to the vulgar and the credulous.

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That a man of Hebrew parentage, without wealth, high social position, aristocratic connections or early political influence should have become the acknowledged leader of the proudest aristocracy in Europe, twice Prime Minister of England, and the idol of the masses, sounded like a fairy tale. But that was years ago. Now, nothing is clearer than that intellect, boundless ambition, character and popularity can carry the humblest man to the ruling place in the crowned republic of England. "What is your ambition in entering politics?" was the patronizing enquiry of Lord Melbourne, when the young wit and dandy was presented to him in 1835. "To be Prime Minister, my lord," a reply which amazed the holder of that office. This reply was a sarcastic rejoinder, but Disraeli meant it. He also meant his significant defiance to the House of Commons, when his first effort in debate was laughed down in contempt and derision: "I will sit down now, but the time will come when you will hear me." It was not idle vanity and impudence which produced these answers, but profound conviction that he possessed the requisite powers and was determined to exercise them. His early novels are full of what was passing in the young man's mind. In the letters to his sister the superb self-confidence is almost laughable. He tells her of a debate in Parliament, wherein some of the most noted men of the day took part, and adds: "Between ourselves, I could have floored them all." Doubtless some of this sublime egotism was reflected in his manner, and produced some of the criticism which met him so early, and pursued him through life. He dressed in the extreme of fashion. On one occasion he is described as wearing a gorgeous waistcoat embroidered with gold flowers, patent leathers, and a great profusion of gold chains. The rest of his attire was not so remarkable, but he carried a white stick with a black cord and tassel, and was accustomed to wear rings outside of his gloves. Years afterwards he took the trouble to write to the press denying that he had ever worn green trousers. His dandified appearance, and reputation for biting satire must have mainly accounted for the hostile demonstration in Parliament which greeted his maiden speech.

Disraeli thought seriously of marriage as a means of advancement in life. Not that he was a mere fortune-hunter, but his philosophy pictured an alliance with a congenial companion as the best realization of wedded happiness. "As for love," he wrote to his sister, "all my friends who married for love and beauty either beat their wives or live apart from them." His union with Mrs. Wyndom Lewis, the rich widow of his former colleague in the parliamentary representation of Maidstone, gave him an assured position and enabled him to devote all his talents to public affairs. His affection for his sister, his tender regard for his wife, and the propriety of all his relations with the other sex, acquit him of reproach in his attitude towards women. One of the keenest joys of his life was being able, in 1868, to confer upon his wife the peerage he declined for himself. His domestic life was evidently a source of unalloyed comfort and satisfaction. After the famous division on the Reform Bill of 1868, when Gladstone's amendment was defeated, and the delighted Tory members urged him to go to the Carlton Club for supper, Disraeli preferred to join his wife, and, as she triumphantly related, went home to "half a raised pie and a bottle of champagne." But his respect for the sex did not incline him to accept a rebuke even from a great lady. When Prime Minister for the second time, he sat at dinner next to the wife of one of the powerful nobles of the land. With the confidence of high position, she began to lecture him for not adopting a stronger line of conduct on the Eastern question, adding: "I cannot imagine what you are waiting for!" Disraeli's retort was calm and dignified: "At this moment, madam, for the potatoes."

When Disraeli entered politics, the

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fortunes of the Tory party were at a low ebb. The reaction after the passage of the Reform Bill of 1832 had not yet set in, and the Tory leaders saw with some dismay the young Queen's perfect confidence in her Prime Minister, Lord Melbourne. The Duke of Wellington's melancholy reflection is historical: "I have no small talk, and Peel has no manners." Disraeli offered himself as a Radical candidate because he distrusted the Whigs; he drifted towards the Conservatives from motives that are not discreditable, though they laid him open to the crime of inconsistency, a charge he was inclined to regard lightly. "The truth is, gentlemen," he told the electors of High Wycombe in 1834, "a statesman is the creature of his age, the child of circumstances, the creation of his times. A statesman is essentially a practical character, and when he is called upon to take office, he is not to inquire what his opinions might or might not have been upon this or that subject." Elected to Parliament as a supporter of Sir Robert Peel, Disraeli identified himself henceforth with principles which formed the basis of all his theories of government for England: the preservation of the landed interest, the cause of the Church of England, the idea that the Tory party, if a party at all, should represent the national feeling of every class in the country. Some of the Young England members in the House, among whom Disraeli after his first oratorical mishap became a shining light from his fluency of speech and felicity of style, chafed under the cold disdain of the Treasury Bench. It was felt, indeed, that "Peel had no manners." On more than one occasion Disraeli had shown symptoms of mutiny. When Peel first alarmed his party by his general policy, and then capitulated to Free Trade with a sharp turn which confused and enraged a large section of his followers, the member for Shrewsbury (which seat Disraeli represented after the election of 1841) pronounced the series of phillipics which made him famous, and which cannot be read, after the lapse of half a century, without a sense of the passion they expressed, or the bitter resentment they awakened.

The Tory squires were choking with a wrath they lacked the oratory to voice. Peel's majority had been given him to uphold Protection, and he had betrayed it! It was betrayed by a trusted leader, and the personal note in Disraeli's speeches accounted for their success. His phrases will live for ever in the records of parliamentary controversy. The withering irony and caustic satire sent arrows into the quivering flesh of the great Minister.

"The right honourable gentleman caught the Whigs bathing, and walked away with their clothes. He has left them in the full enjoyment of their Liberal position, and he is himself a strict Conservative of their garments. I look on the right honourable gentleman as a man who has tamed the shrew of Liberalism by her own tactics. He is the political Petruchio, who has outbid you all." (Feb. 28, 1845.)

"For my part, if we are to have free trade, I, who honour genius, prefer that such measures should be proposed by the honourable member for Stockport (Mr. Cobden) than by one who, through skilful parliamentary manœuvres, has tampered with the generous confidence of a great people and of a great party. For me, there remains this at least—the opportunity of expressing thus publicly my belief that a Conservative Government is an organized hypocrisy." (March 17, 1845.)

"Let us in this House re-echo that which I believe to be the sovereign sentiment of this country; let us tell persons in high places that cunning is not caution, and that habitual perfidy is not high policy of State." (April 11, 1845.)

"I belong to a party which can triumph no more, for we have nothing left on our side except the constituencies which we have betrayed. I care not what may be the position of a man who never originates an idea—a watcher of the atmosphere, a man who, as he says, takes his observations, and when he finds the wind in a certain quarter, trims to suit it. Such a person may be a powerful Minister, but he is no more a great statesman than the man who gets up behind a carriage is a great whip." (Jan. 22, 1846.)

"The right honourable gentleman has traded on the ideas and intelligence of others. His life has been one great Appropriation Clause. He is a burglar of others' intellect. Search the index of Beatson from the days of the Conqueror to the termination of the last reign, there is no statesman who has committed political petty larceny on so great a scale." (May 15, 1846.)

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FROM A PAINTING BY SIR FRANCIS GRANT.

DISRAELI AS A YOUNG MAN.

The savage personality of tone which marks these utterances indicates the characteristic which earned for Disraeli the hostile criticism of his opponents during the ensuing thirty-five years. His treatment of Sir Robert Peel, harsh as the tone of attack must always appear, was not wholly without excuse. Even the freetraders of that day, it appears, sympathized to some extent with the view that Peel's course in employing a parliamentary majority, elected to sustain Protection, to carry Free Trade was not strictly in accordance with political morality. Upon Peel's untimely death, Disraeli's tribute in the House was felt to be eloquent and sincere. He designated the illustrious Prime Minister, in a happy phrase that has lived, as pre-eminently the "greatest member of Parliament," and his estimate of Peel, given in the biography of Lord George Bentinck, survives as a just and ample characterization of the statesman who abolished the Corn Laws.

Disraeli had no right to complain, and he never did complain, when the weapons he used with such telling effect were turned against himself. His pointed epigrams were thrown at every man of note who engaged in political controversy with him. Peel was neither the first victim nor the last. Before 1845 he had had the famous tilt with Daniel O'Connell, who, from an imperfect report of a speech by Disraeli, imagined that the latter had requited the personal kindness of the Irish orator by calling him an "incendiary." O'Connell was also a master of invective. He delivered a thrust crueler than any of Disraeli's. "The miscreant possesses just the qualities of the impenitent thief who died upon the cross, whose name I verily believe must have been Disraeli. For aught I know the present Disraeli is descended from him, and with the impression that he is, I now forgive the heir-at-law of the blasphemous thief who died upon the cross." Disraeli promptly challenged him to a duel, declaring, "I will not be insulted by a Yahoo without chastising it." But the police interfered. He referred to Goul-

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burn, Chancellor of the Exchequer, as "an industrious flea." Mr. Goldwin Smith he designated "an itinerant spouter of stale sedition." He claimed that by giving a seat to London University, in the Reform Bill of 1867, he was benevolently providing a place in Parliament for Robert Lowe, who found it "impossible to show himself upon any hustings with safety to his life." Without any apparent intention of malice he declared that his colleague, Lord Salisbury, was "a master of flouts and gibes and sneers." His reference to Gladstone in 1878 is constantly quoted: "A sophistical rhetorician, inebriated with the exuberance of his own verbosity." But for every taunt or epithet bestowed he recived two in return, and was easily the best-abused man of his time.

If he uttered scornful things, and carefully elaborated his sarcasms, he, at least, bore no petty malice. "I who honour genius," he had said of Cobden. It was true all through his life that the hottest political antagonist won his admiration if possessed of the requisite intellect. No man had satirized him more successfully than Leech, the *Punch* artist. Dining one day with a great lady, the little daughter of his hostess was brought into dessert, and presented to Disraeli. The child exclaimed: "I know you! I've seen you in *Punch*." The constant ridicule of the caricaturist was probably not pleasing. He bestowed a pension on Leech's widow. Carlyle had pursued Disraeli with vehemence. The "clever, conscious juggler," a "superlative Hebrew conjurer," were among the milder cynicisms of the old sage. "How long," Carlyle asked, "will John Bull permit this absurd monkey to dance upon his stomach?" When Disraeli came into power in 1874, with a substantial Conservative majority, one of his early acts was to offer his virulent critic the Grand Cross of the Bath and a pension, in terms of such tact and delicacy that Carlyle could hardly fail to be pleased and touched.



A CARTOON FROM PUNCH, DEC. 11TH, 1875.

"MOSÉ IN EGITTO!!

Mr. Disraeli extorted the admiration of the country by purchasing for £4,000,000, on behalf of the government, the shares in the Suez Canal held by the Khedive of Egypt.

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"The letter of Disraeli," he told a friend, "was flattering, generous and magnanimous; his over-looking all that I have said and done against him was great." To the Countess of Derby, Carlyle wrote: "It reveals to me, after all the hard things I have said of him, a new and unexpected stratum of genial dignity and manliness of character which I had by no means given him credit for." The offer was made by the Prime Minister in a confidential letter from Bournemouth, where he was staying during Christmas week, 1874. Besides the Grand Cross of the Bath he pressed upon Carlyle a pension which was "cheerfully accepted and enjoyed by the great spirit of Johnson and the pure integrity of Southey." The double offer was declined, but the inflexible simplicity that dictated a refusal also recognized the honourable motive which had inspired Disraeli.

Those who study public affairs realize the futility and injustice of contemporary political criticism. The conclusions of to-day differ widely from the judgments of the day after to-morrow. Twenty years ago it was the fashion to deride Lord Beaconsfield's declarations for Imperial Unity because they appeared to over-ride the sacred dogmas of the Manchester School. To-day men almost fall over one another in their eagerness to accept that Imperialistic doctrine which they formerly denounced with the strongest invectives. Lord Beaconsfield's ambition that England should have a potent voice in European affairs was declared to be jingoism. Now the lament is that England's foreign policy retreats before the diplomacy of France and Russia. Disraeli lived through the period when it was considered the highest statesmanship to cast the Colonies off, but he was unable to check the tendency. "I am not one of those," he said during the Corn Law debate in 1846, "who think it the inevitable lot of the people of Canada to become annexed to the United States. Canada has all the elements of a great and independent country, and is destined, I sometimes believe, to be the Russia of the new world. The honourable and learned member for Bath (Mr. Roebuck) last night treated our commerce with Canada very lightly, rather as a smuggling traffic than legitimate commerce. That is an argument for keeping the Canadas. I have no desire to see a smuggling trade if we can have any other. But I will ask the gentlemen of Manchester to consider what may become of the transatlantic market for their manufactures if the whole of that continent belong to one power?" The gentlemen of Manchester had no ear for this warning "in the springtide of their economic frenzy," but in 1898 their heirs and successors have solicited and obtained the co-operation of Canada in establishing a direct line of steamships between a Canadian port and the centre of the cotton trade.

To make headway against the ideas that followed in the wake of Free Trade, which by its success in enriching England became crystallized into policy of state, was impossible. Crippled by the loss of the Peelites, who either held aloof or acted with the Whigs, the old Tory party remained ineffective in the parliamentary sense. As Conservative leader in the House of Commons, Disraeli afforded ample proofs of eloquence, power and courage. He made a clever Chancellor of the Exchequer. It is not clear, however, that his tactics were always the wisest, or that his ascendancy in the party counsels was complete. Few, if any, of his colleagues were as brilliant or sagacious as himself, and this fact, combined with the popularity of Palmerston, left little hope that during that statesman's lifetime the Conservative party could become a dominant force. Palmerston's death in October, 1865, created a new condition of things, and there is ground for the belief that from this date onward, Disraeli made the most of his opportunities and laid broad and deep the foundations of the English Conservative party as it exists to-day.

On coming into office in 1866, owing to the formation of the "Cave of Adullam" in the Liberal party and the consequent defeat of Lord John Russell's

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Ministry, the Conservatives found it necessary to deal with the suffrage and Parliamentary Reform. It was an awkward issue for them. They had no majority. They were divided among themselves. It is not expedient here to review the party controversies of that day. They have passed into oblivion along with many of the men who thought, in voicing partizan criticism and short-sighted prejudice, they were uttering eternal truths. The Reform Bill of 1867 embodied Disraeli's belief that the masses of the people, if enfranchised, would rally to the support of constitutional principles. The election that ensued appeared to falsify the expectation. He lived to see, what our own day has completely demonstrated, that the throne and the established institutions of England retain a strong hold upon the English people.

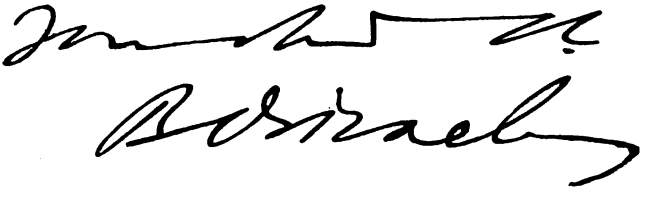
During Mr. Gladstone's first administration, when the country was hurried from one drastic measure to another, until a reaction in public opinion left the Treasury Bench, as he said in his celebrated speech at Manchester, like "a range of exhausted volcanoes," Disraeli again and again vindicated the wisdom of his tactics and the clearness of his vision as a statesman. The ideas of the Manchester School now reached the zenith of their authority and influence. With characteristic daring he challenged the conclusions of the commercial and anti-colonial cult, and planted the seed of the Imperial Unity movement which now dominates the policy of every influential public man in the British Empire. The Crystal Palace speech, of June 24th, 1872, contains this memorable reference:

"I cannot conceive how our distant colonies can have their affairs administered except by self-government. But self-government, in my opinion, when it was conceded ought to have been conceded as part of a great policy of Imperial consolidation. It ought to have been accompanied by an Imperial tariff, by securities for the people of England for the enjoyment of the unappropriated lands which belonged to the Sovereign as their trustee, and by a military code which should have precisely defined the means and the responsibilities by which the colonies should be defended, and by which, if necessary, this country should call for aid from the colonies themselves. It ought, further, to have been accompanied by the institution of some representative council in the metropolis which would have brought the colonies into constant and continuous relations with the Home Government."

Froude complains that when, in 1874, the country for the first time since 1841 gave the Conservatives a Parliamentary majority, Disraeli did not settle the Imperial and Irish questions. Public opinion would not have gone with Disraeli in any elaborate plan of Colonial reconstruction. Nor is it yet prepared for the real settlement of the Irish difficulty. On the Imperial issue the Manchester School fought him with brilliancy and courage. Every step he took was satirized. One rubs one's eyes on reading the passionate attacks made upon his policy in adding Empress of India to the Queen's title. The proposal is now regarded as a salutary measure which has augmented the authority and the prestige of the Crown with the native princes and people. The purchase for £4,000,000 of the shares in the Suez Canal belonging to the Khedive of Egypt, was indeed applauded on all sides as a shrewd move. Yet the strategy displayed seems to have roused more enthusiasm than the statesmanship. It was the favourite trick of the critics to harp upon "the Asian mystery" to represent the Disraelian policy as essentially flashy and un-English. His racial origin provided a never-ending source of criticism and ridicule. The legislation of his Government on behalf of the working classes was progressive and healthful, and not being sensational or open to attack, the critics fixed upon foreign policy as the best fighting ground, a course justified by the somewhat enigmatical conduct of Lord Derby and Lord Carnarvon. Their later political achievements would indicate that, excepting Earl Cairns and Lord Salisbury, the Prime Minister had no colleagues in his Cabinet comparable to himself. The Treaty of Berlin, as a stroke of permanent policy, was dependent for ultimate success on the vigour, continuity, and foresight shown

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in future years. These conditions were wanting. As a brilliant piece of diplomacy, its immediate effect was electrical. Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Salisbury returned from Berlin to receive the acclamations of the English people, and the scenes in the streets of London were without parallel since the victorious Wellington came back from Waterloo. An appeal to the country then would have almost certainly resulted favourably. The reasons for de-

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lay are not known. When dissolution took place, the personality of Mr. Gladstone, the general unpreparedness of the Conservative organization, the discontent occasioned by agricultural depression, contributed to bring about a disastrous defeat. For this Lord Beaconsfield was probably prepared. "I think it very doubtful," he had told a friend some time previous, "whether you will find us here this time next year." The great Minister retired without waiting for the adverse vote of Parliament, exhibiting in defeat the dignified courage and imperturbable philosophy so characteristic of him. His popularity was undiminished, his fame as a statesman as bright, his authority as a party leader as strong as before. Some day we shall know the mood of mind in which Lord Beaconsfield faced the consequences of the overthrow in 1880, and how bravely he realized that at his age the chances of filling again the highest office of State were slight.

To his Sovereign, the loss was severe. The confidence reposed in him by the Queen and the cordiality of all his relations with the Court had, apparently, helped to create the notion that his policy was to revive the personal government of the monarch. It is related that an alarmed colleague, exchanging confidences with a friend, once said: "He tells her, Sir, that she can govern like Queen Elizabeth." This, with other romances of the period, will not bear the test of time. A story, possibly apocryphal, is told that when asked to explain his acceptability at Court he replied: "I never argue, I never contradict, but I sometimes forget." A sovereign is not debarred from personal friendship, and there is no wrench to the constitution involved in appreciating the services which a wise monarch may render in the functions of government, in imparting stability to the State, and in adding to the splendour of a great and historic nation. When Lord Beaconsfield died in April, 1881, his hold upon the affections of the English people were for the first



FROM AN OLD WOOD CUT IN THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

HUGHENDEN MANOR, HIGH WYCOMBE, THE SEAT OF LORD BEACONSFIELD.

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time fully realized, and the memory of none of the public men of the century is cherished with more devotion and sincerity. He was buried, by his own express wish, at Hughenden by the side of his wife. He had passed through both extremes of fortune. He had shown the intrepid spirit, the lofty patriotism, and the genius for public affairs which command the admiration of Englishmen, and when one studies his insight into all the political problems of the time, and the imagination which enabled him to forestall and suggest many of the remedies and maxims that statecraft is now seeking to apply, it is not surprising if his place in history promises to surpass the expectation of contemporary opinion.

A. H. U. Colquhoun.

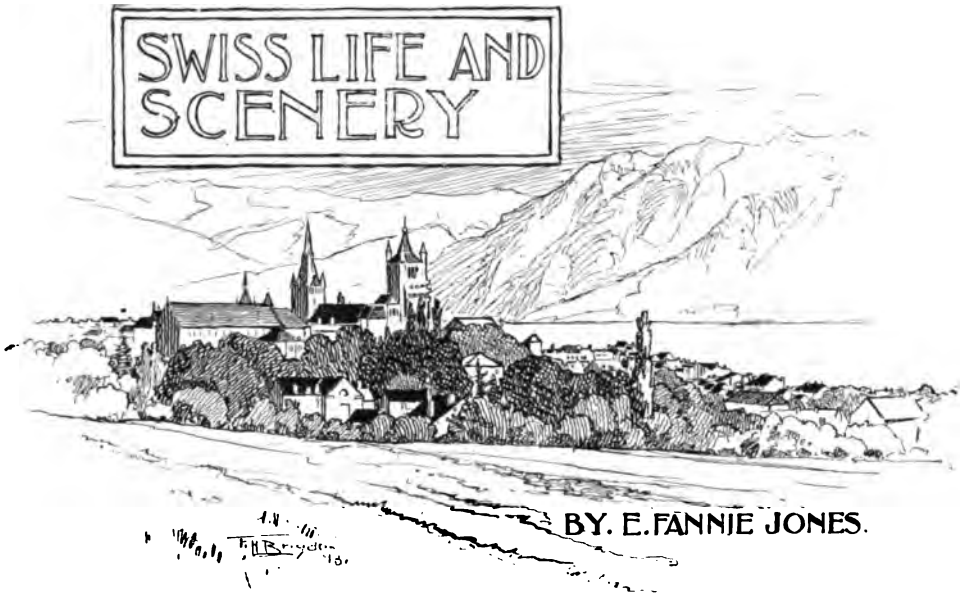
IN LAZY LAND.

I SIT and dream in Lazy Land,
In a hammock beneath the trees,
Swung by a languid breeze,
And by its perfumed breathing fanned;
My eyes are heavy with daydream sleep;
My heart is lulled to rest,
Beating gently in my breast,
For a secret deep it close doth keep
While I dream in Lazy Land.

I will not leave my Lazy Land
Till the winter tempests shriek,
Till the icy winds and bleak
Shall bear me hollowed in their hand
To some far bourne where sorrows dwell—
Where no love satisfies
The sad, awakened eyes,
But come what may, until that day
I dream in Lazy Land.

Florence Hamilton Randal.

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III.—CHAMPÉRY: AN OUT-OF-THE-WAY NOOK IN SWITZERLAND.

THIS is an ideal out-of-the-way village. Champéry lies far off the beaten track. The iron horse comes nowhere near it. The road leading hither, after it has wandered in between the two rows of chalets which form the village proper, comes to a dead stand and leads to nothing beyond. There are but two hotels of any pretension. Few travellers find their way there, and the simple-minded peasants have not yet been rendered self-conscious by the presence of the modernizing tourist. One has not really seen the valley of the Rhone until he has learned to know Champéry and its surroundings.

The valley of the Rhone lies between the Pennine and Bernese



SWITZERLAND—THE VILLAGE OF CHAMPÉRY.

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CHAMPÉRY—ONE OF THE HOCHALETS.

Alps. The quaint little town of Monthey, which the train passes, is situated at the entrance to the Val d'Illiez, which is one of the many offshoots of this Valais par excellence.

At Monthey, those who wish to visit Champéry must leave the railway carriage and betake themselves to the good old slow-going coach of the days of our fathers. But no one will regret the three-hours' drive up the beautiful valley with the Dent du Midi on the left, its snow-capped summits towering aloft in majestic grandeur. The view of this mountain near the village of Trois Torrents is unrivalled. All the seven peaks crowd at once upon the sight, and impress the mind with the deepest awe. Onward and upward winds the road, the valley growing more smiling and picturesque as one draws near Champéry. One more turn of the road. Is that a peal of bells one hears? Yes, an old-fashioned carillon, quite different from anything most of us have ever heard before. The village must be near. Yes, and there, the first thing we see, is the belfry of the village church from which the chimes ring out.

The original chapel dates from 1436, but apart from its venerable age the only remaining points of special interest are the square tower and the west door. Eight narrow bars of stonework rise from the four walls of the belfry, and, with a gentle curve, unite at the top in such a way as to form a crown. From this rises a Latin cross surmounted by a weathervane in the shape of a cock. If the tower is curious, the inscription over the west door is not less so. This is how it stands:

Quod	an	tris	mulce	pa
	guis	ti	dine	vit
Hoc	san	Chris	dulce	la

To decipher it one must add the words of the middle line to the fragmentary words over and under which they stand:

Quod anguis tristi mulcedine pavit,
Hoc sanguis Christi dulcedine lavit.

The church is at present too small for the congregation, and it is a very impressive sight to see numbers of men and women kneeling on the stone pavement outside, following the service most devoutly. They are quite unabashed by the gaze of strangers

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who lean over the railing to watch and freely criticize. When one looks about and sees cameras being focussed on these humble worshippers, one cannot but ask whither our nineteenth century civilization is tending—even the privacy of worship not held sacred!

There are one or two interesting points in connection with the services. Twice a month the women appear at church with long white veils, and the men in a white garment something like a surplice. During the mass a procession is formed headed by men carrying a cross; then comes the priest in gay attire, sheltered by a gaudy canopy borne aloft by four men, the whole congregation pouring out of the church two by two singing a curious chant or hymn. In this order the tour of the churchyard is made, men, women and children joining in this strange ceremony and returning to the church for the conclusion of the service. The seats of the church are a reproach to our luxurious pews, in which the first consideration seems to be to make them comfortable for lounging and sleeping. The benches at Champéry consist of three scantlings four inches wide—one serves for a seat, one for a back and one for a kneeling-stool. There is only a foot and a half between each pew, and one's first thought on seeing this severe simplicity is that these people have the right idea of church services; it is for prayer and praise that they meet, not to loll at their ease and listen to an eloquent preacher.

While speaking of the religious customs of these pious folk, we might mention the Blessing of the Graves. About twice a month, in the presence of a large congregation, each grave is sprinkled with holy water. Also, a year after the death of any resident a memorial service is held—a beautiful custom, a protest against the rush and bustle of these modern days, when the death notice in the daily papers seems to be the last trace one leaves behind. Very striking, too, is the custom of taking the cattle, as soon as the summer sets in, to the high Alpine pastures. The priest goes with the herd,



PROCESSION IN THE CHURCHYARD, CHAMPÉRY.

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CHAMPÉRY—A STREET SCENE.

which is headed by the queen cow with a milking-stool tied on her head. When the pastures are reached the grazing of the cattle is inaugurated by a service of prayer. Could there be a more open acknowledgment of dependence upon the Creator?

But though religion plays such a very important part in the lives of these simple folk, we must not spend all our time at the church. The village lies before us, a single narrow street, quaint and unique. Each house is a wooden chalet, bearing on its unpainted walls the seal and the mellow colouring of time and weather. It is impossible to describe the soft, rich brown of these mountain homes, so pretty in every way. Under the wide, drooping eaves stands a large wooden cross; along the many balconies are pots of brilliant flowers, and piled up against the house are supplies of wood for years to come. The overhanging roof casts mysterious shadows on the dark brown walls, and the shelves high up under the eaves, piled with household treasures not just then in use, are full of poetical suggestion. One is very much struck by the artistic shapes and forms of the ordinary tools and utensils; even such things as milking-pails are pretty. The interiors of the chalets are none the less interesting. One large room answers all the purposes of drawing-room, dining-room and kitchen. Stoves are almost un-known. The fire burns in a corner, and over it hangs the pots and kettles; and the smoke, after curling upwards and wandering about among the rafters, finds its way out at last through a hole in the roof. A dresser holds the china, which in its colouring is gay beyond description, and, moreover, is sometimes rendered instructive by reason of a poem or a proverb printed in bold type on plates and cups. A table, a bench and a few stools are usually

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all the movable furniture. Everything in connection with the making of butter and cheese is kept scrupulously clean, and the "cave" or cellar is the greatest pride of the Swiss peasant. When one has tasted the milk brought in great pitchers from the treasure house, one wonders if it can possibly be the same article as that which is sold from a city milk cart.

On three of the houses of the village are curious balconies, which are in reality old pulpits, once used for open air preaching. They now serve the place of the country newspaper, for on Sundays, after mass, a man calls out from them the news of the week, what there is for sale,



SWITZERLAND—A CHALET.

A Party of Tourists have collected on the Roof.



CHAMPÉRY—THE BRIDGE ON THE ROAD ABOVE THE VILLAGE.

what cattle have been stolen or have strayed, and other items of interest to those who have come down for the day from the isolation of the high mountains.

But we must pass from the buildings to the people themselves. There is an ancient legend that a Roman legion was disbanded in the valley by Maximillian, A.D. 246, and that these people are their direct descendants. Legend it may be, but certain it is that these peasants are no ordinary race, for their physique is far above the average, and their clearly-cut features and intelligent

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SWITZERLAND—A VILLAGE SCENE.

faces would be a credit to our university towns. The names of Exhenry, Defago, etc., have somewhat of a Latin sound. The women, particularly, with their bright dark eyes, good features, great masses of hair, and their dignified manner free from all shyness and awkwardness give unquestionable evidence of unusual natural refinement. There is one point, however, in which they undeniably approach the modern "new woman"—they wear trousers when engaged in field work and when tending the cattle. At such times the only distinguishing mark between them and the men is a bright red handkerchief which they wear as a head-dress. On Sundays this attire is exchanged for a black dress, and a small white Tuscan hat, trimmed with black ribbon bows and strings floating over the ears. All the women dress alike, so that there is in this matter no rivalry or heartburning in Champéry.

Such is a brief outline of some of the peculiar manners and customs of this hidden corner of the world. As to its history, there are traces of the Romans having lived in Valais for some five hundred years, and of their having given place to the Burgundians in the fifth century. After many vicissitudes, in the eighteenth century the sturdy mountaineers asserted their independence, and on January 28th, 1792, the men of Saint Maurice planted the first tree of liberty. Monthey, Martigny, and all the Bas Valais soon followed their example. On the 22nd of February, 1798, "the solemn act of independence was signed and delivered." But this proclamation practically led to nothing, for the Valais formed part of the Swiss Republic until the various changes made by Napoleon. Finally, in August, 1815, the Act of Reunion with the Swiss Cantons was signed, and though civil wars and disturbances continued until 1847, the district has always been Swiss.

The Reformation never found its way here, so the whole neighbourhood is essentially Roman Catholic. On the roadside, at unexpected turnings of the mountain paths and on the highest summits, one finds shrines and crosses. As the peasants pass them they always make the sign of the cross, or stop for prayer, and it is most touching to see the bunches of fresh flowers which have been put in the grating of the oratories by passers-by.

To anyone who knows a little of mountain climbing, who wishes to see the snow-capped peaks, to gather the wonderful flowers found in the region of perpetual ice and snow, to catch a glimpse of simple peasant life unharmed as yet by civilization, and to be soothed and refreshed both in body and soul, we would recommend Champéry, Valais, Switzerland.

E. Fannie Jones.

[THE END.]

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THE COUNT'S APOLOGY.*

BY ROBERT BARR.

THE 15 nobles who formed the council of state for the Moselle valley stood in little groups in the rittersaal of Winneburg's castle, situated on a hill top in the Ender valley, a league or so from the water of the Moselle. The nobles spoke in a low tone together, for a greater than they were present, no other than their over-lord, the Archbishop of Treves, who, in his stately robes of office, paced up and down the long room, glancing now and then through the narrow windows which gave a view down the Ender valley. There was a trace of impatience in his lordship's bearing, and well there might be, for here was the council of state in assemblage, yet their chairman was absent, and the nobles stood there helplessly like a flock of sheep whose shepherd is missing. The chairman was no other than the Count of Winneburg himself, in whose castle they were now collected, and his lack of punctuality was thus a double discourtesy, for he was host as well as president.

Each in turn had tried to soothe the anger of the Archbishop, for all liked the Count of Winneburg, a bluff and generous-hearted giant, who would stand by his friends against all comers, was the quarrel his own or no. In truth, little cared the stalwart Count of Winneburg whose quarrel it was so long as his arm got opportunity of wielding a blow in it. His lordship of Treves had not taken this championship of the absent man with good grace, and now strode apart from the group, holding himself haughtily, muttering, perhaps prayers, perhaps something else.

When one by one the nobles had arrived at Winneburg's castle, they were informed that its master had gone hunting that morning, saying he would return in time for the mid-day meal, but nothing had been heard of him since, although mounted messengers had been sent forth, and the great bell in the southern tower had been set ringing when the Archbishop arrived. It was the general opinion that Count Winneburg, becoming interested in the chase, had forgotten all about the meeting, for it was well known that the count's body was better suited for athletic sports or warfare than was his mind for the consideration of questions of state, and the nobles, themselves of similar calibre, probably liked him none the less on that account.

Presently the Archbishop stopped in his walk and faced the assemblage. "My lords," he said, "we have already waited longer than the utmost stretch of courtesy demands. The esteem in which Count Winneburg holds our deliberations is indicated by his inexcusable neglect of a duty conferred upon him by you, and voluntarily accepted by him. I shall therefore take my place in his chair, and I call upon you to seat yourselves at the council table."

Saying which, the Archbishop strode to the vacant chair and seated himself in it at the head of the board. The nobles looked one at the other with some dismay, for it was never their intention that the Archbishop should preside over their meeting, the object of which was rather to curb that high prelate's ambition, than to confirm still further the power he had already over them. When a year before these councils of state had been inaugurated, the Archbishop had opposed them; but, finding that the Emperor was inclined to defer to the wishes of his nobles, the lord of Treves had insisted upon his right to be present during the deliberations, and this right

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the Emperor had conceded. He further proposed that the meeting should be held at his own castle of Cochem, as being conveniently situated midway between Coblentz and Treves ; but to this the nobles had with fervent unanimity objected. Cochem castle, they remembered, possessed strong walls and deep dungeons, and they had no desire to trust themselves within the lion's jaws, having little faith in his lordship's benevolent intentions toward them. The Emperor seemed favourable to the selection of Cochem as a convenient place of meeting, and the nobles were nonplussed, because they could not give their real reason for wishing to avoid it, and the Archbishop continued to press the claims of Cochem as being of equal advantage to all.

"It is not as though I asked them to come to Treves," said the Archbishop, "for that would entail a long journey upon those living near the Rhine, and in going to Cochem I shall myself have to travel as far as those who come from Coblentz."

The Emperor said: "It seems a most reasonable selection, and unless some strong objection be urged, I shall confirm the choice of Cochem."

The nobles were all struck with apprehension at these words, and knew not what to say, when suddenly, to their great delight, up spoke the stalwart Count of Winneburg.

"Your majesty," he said, "my castle stands but a short league from Cochem, and has a rittersaal as large as that in the pinnacled palace owned by the archbishop. It is equally convenient to all concerned, and every gentleman is right welcome to its hospitality. My cellars are well filled with good wine, and my larders are stocked with abundance of food. All that can be urged in favor of Cochem applies with equal truth to the Schloss Winneburg. If, therefore, the council will accept of my roof, it is theirs."

The nobles with universal enthusiasm cried: "Yes, yes; Winneburg is the spot."

The Emperor smiled, for he well knew that his lordship of Treves was somewhat miserly in the dispensing of his hospitality. He preferred to see his guests drink the wine of a poor vintage rather than tap the bottle which contained the wine of a yield of a good year. His Majesty smiled because he imagined his nobles thought of the replenishing of their stomachs, whereas they were concerned for the safety of their necks, but seeing them unanimous in their choice, he nominated Schloss Winneburg as the place of meeting, and so it remained.

When, therefore, the Archbishop of Treves set himself down in the ample chair, to which those present had, without a dissenting vote, elected Count Winneburg, distrust at once took hold of them, for they were ever jealous of the encroachments of their over-lord. The Archbishop glared angrily around him, but no man moved from where he stood.

"I ask you to be seated. The council is called to order."

Baron Beilstein cleared his throat and spoke, seemingly with some hesitation, but nevertheless with a touch of obstinacy in his voice:

"May we beg a little more time for Count Winneburg? He has doubtless gone farther afield than he intended when he set out. I myself know something of the fascination of the chase, and can easily understand that it wipes out all remembrance of lesser things."

"Call you this council a lesser thing?" demanded the Archbishop. "We have waited an hour already, and I shall not give the laggard a moment more."

"Indeed, my lord, then I am sorry to hear it. I would not willingly be the man who sits in Winneburg's chair, should he come suddenly upon us."

"Is that a threat?" asked the Archbishop, frowning.

"It is not a threat, but rather a warning. I am a neighbour of the Count, and know him well, and whatever his virtues may be, calm patience is not one of them. If time hangs heavily, may I venture to suggest that your lordship remove the prohibition you proclaimed when the Count's ser-

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vants offered us wine, and allow me to act temporarily as host, and order the flagons to be filled, which, I think, will please Winneburg better when he comes than finding another in his chair."

"This is no drunken revel, but a council of state," said the Archbishop sternly, "and I drink no wine when the host is not here to proffer it."

"Indeed, my lord," said Beilstein, with a shrug of the shoulders, "some of us are so thirsty that we care not who makes the offer, as long as the wine be sound."

What reply the Archbishop would have made can only be conjectured, for at that moment the door burst open and in came Count Winneburg, a head and shoulders above any man in that room and huge in proportion.

"My lords, my lords," he cried, his loud voice booming to the rafters, "how can I ask you to excuse such a breach of hospitality? What! Not a single flagon of wine in the room! This makes my deep regret almost unbearable. Surely, Beilstein, you might have amended that, if only for the sake of an old and constant comrade. Truth, gentlemen, until I heard the bell of the castle toll, I had no thought that this was the day of our meeting, and then, to my despair, I found myself an hour away, and have ridden hard to be among you."

Then noticing there was something ominous in the air, and an unaccustomed silence to greet his words, he looked from one to the other, and his eye, travelling up the table, rested finally upon the Archbishop in his chair. Count Winneburg drew himself up, his ruddy face colouring like fire. Then, before any person could reach out hand to check him or move lip in counsel, the Count, with a fierce oath, strode to the usurper, grasped him by the shoulders, whirled his heels high above his head, and flung him like a sack of corn to the smooth floor, where the unfortunate Archbishop, huddled in a helpless heap, slid along the polished surface as if he were on ice. The fifteen nobles stood stock still, appalled at this unexpected outrage upon their over-lord. Winneburg seated himself in the chair with an emphasis that made even the solid table rattle, and bringing down his huge fist crashing on the board before him, shouted:

"Let no man occupy my chair unless he has weight enough to remain there."

Baron Beilstein and one or two others hurried to the prostrate Archbishop and assisted him to his feet.

"Count Winneburg," said Beilstein, "you can expect no sympathy from us for such a course of violence in your own hall."

"I want none of your sympathy," roared the angry Count. "Bestow it on the man now in your hands who needs it. If you want the archbishop of Treves to act as your chairman, elect him to the position in welcome. I shall have no usurpation in my castle. While I am chairman I sit in the chair, and none other."

There was a murmur of approval at this, for one and all were deeply suspicious of the Archbishop's continued encroachments.

His lordship of Treves, once more on his feet, his lips pallid, and his face colourless, looked with undisguised hatred at his assailant. "Winneburg," he said slowly, "you will apologize abjectly for this insult, and that in the presence of the nobles of this empire, or I shall see to it that not one stone of this castle remains upon another."

"Indeed," said the count nonchalantly. "I shall apologize to you, my lord, when you have apologized to me for taking my place. As to the castle, it is said that the devil assisted in the building of it, and it is quite likely that through friendship for you he may preside over its destruction."

The Archbishop made no reply, but bowing haughtily to the rest of the company, who looked glum enough, well knowing that the episode they had witnessed meant, in all probability, red war let loose down the smiling valley of the Moselle, left the rittersaal.

"Now that the council is duly con-

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vened in regular order," said Count Winneburg, when the others had seated themselves round his table, "what questions of state come up for discussion?"

For a moment there was no answer to this query, the delegates looking at one another speechless. But at last Baron Beilstein, shrugging his shoulder, said dryly:

"Indeed, my lord Count, I think the time for talk is past, and I suggest that we all look closely to the strengthening of our walls, which are likely to be tested before long by the Lion of Treves. It may have been unwise, Winneburg, to have used the Archbishop so roughly, he being unaccustomed to athletic exercise, but, let the consequences be what they may, I for one will stand by you."

"And I, and I, and I, and I," cried the others, with the exception of the knight of Ehrenburg, who living as he did near the town of Coblentz, was learned in the law, and not so ready as some of his comrades to speak first and think afterwards.

"My good friends," cried the presiding officer, quite evidently deeply moved by this token of their fealty, "what I have done, I have done, be it wise or the reverse, and the results must fall on my head alone. No words of mine can remove the dust of the floor from the Archbishop's cloak, so, if he comes, let him come. I shall give him as hearty a welcome as it is in my power to render. All I ask is fair play, and those who stand aside shall see a good fight. It is not right that a hasty act of mine should embroil the peaceful countryside, so if Treves comes on I shall meet him alone, here in my castle. But, nevertheless, I thank you all for your offers of help; that is all except the knight of Ehrenburg, whose tender of assistance, if made, has escaped my ear."

The knight of Ehrenburg had up to that moment been studying the texture of the oaken table on which his flagon sat. Now he looked up and spoke slowly.

"I made no proffer of help," he said, "because none will be needed, I believe, so far as the Archbishop of Treves is concerned. The Count, a moment ago, said that all he wanted was fair play, but that is just what he has no right to expect from his present antagonist. The Archbishop will make no attempt on this castle; he will act much more subtly than that. The Archbishop will lay the redress of his quarrel upon the shoulders of the Emperor, and it is the oncoming of the imperial troops you have to fear, and not an invasion from Treves. Against the forces of the Emperor we are powerless, united or divided. Indeed, His Majesty may call upon us to invest this castle, whereupon, if we refuse, we are rebels, who have broken our oaths."

"What, then, is there left for me to do?" asked the Count, dismayed at the coil in which he had involved himself.

"Nothing," advised the knight of Ehrenburg, "except apologize abjectly to the Archbishop, and that not too soon, for his lordship may not accept it. But when he formally demands it I should render it to him on his own terms, and think myself well out of an awkward position."

The Count of Winneburg rose from his seat, and, lifting his clinched fist high above his head, shook it at the timbers of the roof.

"That," he cried, "will I never do, while one stone of Winneburg stands upon another."

At this those present, always with the exception of the knight of Ehrenburg, sprang to their feet, shouting:

"Imperial troops or no, we stand by the Count of Winneburg!"

Some one flashed forth a sword, and instantly a glitter of blades was in the air and cheer after cheer rang to the rafters. When the uproar had somewhat subsided the knight of Ehrenburg said calmly:

"My castle stands nearest to the capital, and will be the first to fall, but nevertheless, hoping to do my shouting when the war is ended, I join my forces with those of the rest of you!"

And amidst this unanimity and much

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emptying of flagons, the assemblage dissolved, each man with his escort taking his way to his own stronghold, to con more soberly, perhaps, next day the problem that confronted them. They were fighters all, and would not flinch when the pinch came, whatever was the outcome.

Day followed day, with no sign from Treves. Winneburg employed the time in setting his house in order, to be ready for whatever chanced, and just as the count was beginning to congratulate himself that his deed was to be without consequences, there rode up to his castle gates a horseman, accompanied by two lancers, and on the new-comer's breast was emblazoned the imperial arms. Giving voice to his horn, the gates were at once thrown open to him, and, entering, he demanded instant speech with the count.

"My lord, Count Winneburg," he said, when that giant had presented himself, "his majesty the Emperor commands me to summon you to the court at Frankfort."

"Do you take me as prisoner, then?" asked the count.

"Nothing was said to me of arrest. I was merely commissioned to deliver to you a message of the emperor."

"What are your orders if I refuse to go?"

A hundred armed men stood behind the Count, a thousand more were within call of the castle bell; two lances only were at the back of the messenger, but the strength of the empire was betokened by the symbol on his breast. "My orders are to take back your answer to His Imperial Majesty," replied the messenger, calmly.

The Count, though hot-headed, was no fool, and he stood for a moment pondering on the words which the knight of Ehrenburg had spoken on taking his leave:

"Let not the crafty Archbishop embroil you with the Emperor."

This warning had been the cautious warrior's parting advice to him.

"If you will honour my humble roof," said the Count slowly, "by taking refreshment under it, I shall be glad of your company afterwards to Frankfort, in obedience to His Majesty's commands."

The messenger bowed low, accepted the hospitality, and together they made way across the Moselle, and along the Roman road to the capital.

Within the walls of Frankfort the Count was lodged in rooms near the palace, to which his conductor guided him, and although it was still held that he was not a prisoner, an armed man paced to and fro before his door all night. The day following his arrival Count Winneburg was summoned to the court, and in a large ante-room found himself one of a numerous throng, conspicuous among them all by reason of his great height and bulk. The huge hall was hung with tapestry, and at the further end were great curtains, at each end of which stood half-a-dozen armoured men, the detachments being under command of two gaily uniformed officers. Occasionally the curtains were parted by menials, who stood there to perform that duty, and high nobles entered, or came out, singly and in groups. Down the sides of the hall were packed some hundreds of people, chattering together for the most part, and gazing at those who passed up and down the open space in the centre. The Count surmised that the emperor held his court in whatever apartment was behind the crimson curtains. He felt the eyes of the multitude upon him, and shifted uneasily from one foot to another, cursing his ungainliness, ashamed of the tingling of the blood in his cheeks. He was out of place in this laughing, talking crowd, experiencing the sensations of an uncouth rustic suddenly thrust into the turmoil of a metropolis, resenting bitterly the supposed sneers that were flung at him. He suspected that the whispering and the giggling were directed toward himself, and burned to draw his sword and let these popinjays know for once what a man could do. As a matter of fact, it was a buzz of admiration at his stature which went up when he entered, but the Count had so little of self-conceit in his soul that he never even guessed the truth. Two nobles,

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passing near him, he heard one of them say distinctly:

"That is the fellow who threw the Archbishop over his head," while the other, glancing at him, said:

"By the coat, he seems capable of upsetting the three of them, and I, for one, wish more power to his muscle should he attempt it."

The Count shrank against the tapestried walls, hot with anger, wishing himself a dwarf, that he might escape the gaze of so many inquiring eyes. Just as the scrutiny was becoming unbearable, his companion touched him on the elbow, and said in a low voice:

"Count Winneburg, follow me."

He held aside the tapestry at the back of the count, and that noble, nothing loth, disappeared from view behind it.

Entering a narrow passageway, they traversed it until they came to a closed door, at each lintel of which stood a pikeman, fronted with a shining breastplate of metal. The Count's conductor knocked gently at the closed door, then opened it, holding it so that the Count could pass in, and when he had done so the door closed softly behind him. To his amazement, Winneburg saw before him, standing at the further end of the small room, the Emperor Rudolph, entirely alone. The Count awkwardly was about to kneel, when his liege strode forward and prevented him.

"Count Winneburg," he said, "from what I hear of you, your elbow joints are more supple than those of your knees, therefore, let us be thankful that on this occasion there is no need to use either. I see you are under the mistaken impression that the Emperor is present. Put that thought from your mind, and regard me simply as Lord Rudolph, one gentleman wishing to have some little conversation with another."

"Your majesty," stammered the count.

"I have but this moment suggested that you use the title, my lord. But, leaving aside all question of salutation, let us get to the heart of the matter, for I think we are both direct men. You are summoned to Frankfort because that high and mighty prince of the church, the Archbishop of Treves, has made complaint to the Emperor against you, alleging what seems to be an unpardonable indignity suffered by him at your hands."

"Your majesty—my lord, I mean," faltered the count, "the indignity was of his own seeking. He sat down in my chair, where he had no right to place himself, and—I—persuaded him to relinquish his position."

"So I am informed—that is to say, so His Majesty has been informed," replied Rudolph, a slight smile hovering round his finely-chiselled lips. "We are not here to comment upon any of the archbishop's delinquencies; but granting, for the sake of argument, that he had encroached upon your rights, nevertheless, he was under your roof—and, honestly, I fail to see that you were justified in cracking his heels against the same."

"Well, Your Majesty—again I beg Your Majesty's pardon—"

"O, no matter," said the emperor, "call me what you like; names signify little."

"If, then, the Emperor," continued the count, "found an intruder sitting on his throne, would you like it, think you?"

"His feeling, perhaps, would be one of astonishment, my lord count; but, speaking for the Emperor, I am certain that he would never lay hands on the usurper, or treat him like a sack of corn in a yeoman's barn."

The Count laughed heartily at this, and was relieved to find that this quitted him of the tension which the great presence had at first caused.

"Truth to tell, Your Majesty, I am sorry I touched him. I should have requested him to withdraw, but my arm has always been more ready in action than my tongue, as you can readily see since I came into this room."

"Indeed, Count, your tongue does you very good service," continued the emperor, "and I am glad to have from you an expression of regret. I hope, therefore, that you will have no hesita-

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tion in repeating that declaration to the Archbishop of Treves."

"Does Your Majesty mean that I am to apologize to him?"

"Yes," answered the Emperor.

There was a moment's pause, then the Count said slowly:

"I will surrender to Your Majesty my person, my sword, my castle, and my lands; I will, at your word, prostrate myself at your feet and humbly beg pardon for any offence. I have committed against you, but to tell the Archbishop I am sorry, when I am not, and to cringe before him and supplicate his grace, well, Your Majesty, as between man and man, I'll see him damned first!"

Again the Emperor had some difficulty in preserving that rigidity of expression which he had evidently resolved to maintain.

"Have you ever met a ghost, my lord Count?" he asked. Winneburg crossed himself devoutly, a sudden pallor coming over his face. "Indeed, your majesty, I have seen strange things, and things for which there was no accounting, but it has been usually after a contest with the wine flagon, and at the time my head was none of the clearest, so I would not venture to say whether they were ghosts or no."

"Imagine, then, that in one of the corridors of your castle at midnight you met a white-robed, transparent figure, through whose form your sword passed scathlessly, what would you do, my lord?"

"Indeed, Your Majesty, I would take to my heels, and bestow myself elsewhere as speedily as possible."

"Most wisely spoken, and you, who are no coward, who would face willingly in combat anything natural, would in certain circumstances trust to swift flight for your protection. Very well, my lord, you are now confronted with something against which your stout arm is as unavailing as it would be if an apparition stood in your path. There is before you the spectre of subtility. Use arm instead of brain, and you are a lost man. The archbishop expects no apology. He looks for a stalwart, stubborn man, defying himself and the empire combined. You think, perhaps, that the imperial troops will surround your castle, and that you may stand a siege. Now the emperor would rather have you fight with him than against him, but in truth there will be no contest. Hold to your refusal, and you will be arrested before you leave the precincts of this palace. You will be thrown into a dungeon, your castle and your lands sequestered, and I call your attention to the fact that your estate adjoins the possessions of the Archbishop at Cochem, and heaven fend me for hinting that his lordship casts covetous eyes over his boundary, yet, nevertheless, he will probably not refuse to accept your possessions in reparation for the insult bestowed upon him. Put it this way if you like: Would you rather pleasure me or pleasure the Archbishop of Treves?"

"There is no question as to that," answered the Count.

"Then it will please me well if you promise to apologize to his lordship the Archbishop of Treves. That his lordship will be equally pleased, I very much doubt."

"Will Your Majesty command me in open court to apologize?"

"I shall request you to do so. I must uphold the feudal law."

"Then I beseech your majesty to command me, for I am a loyal subject and will obey."

"God give me many such," said the Emperor fervently, "and bestow upon me the wisdom to deserve them!"

He extended his hand to the Count, then touched a bell on the table beside him. The officer who had conducted Winneburg entered silently and acted as his guide back to the thronged apartment they had left. The Count saw that the great crimson curtains were now looped up, giving a view of the noble interior of the room beyond, thronged with the great of the empire. The hall leading to it was almost deserted, and the Count, under convoy of two lancemen, being nearly as tall as their weapons, passed into the throne-room and found all eyes turned

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upon him. He was brought to a stand before an elevated daïs, the centre of which was occupied by a lofty throne, which at the moment was empty. Near it on the elevation stood the three Archbishops of Treves, Cologne and Mayence; on the other side the Count Palatine of the Rhine, with the remaining three electors. The nobles of the realm occupied places according to their degree. As the stalwart Count came in, a buzz of conversation swept over the hall like a breeze among the leaves of a forest. A malignant scowl darkened the countenance of the Archbishop of Treves, but the faces of Cologne and Mayence expressed a certain Christian resignation regarding the contumely that had been endured by their colleague. The Count stood stolidly where he was placed and gazed at the vacant throne, turning his eyes neither to the right nor the left. Suddenly there was a fanfare of trumpets, and instant silence smote the assembly. First came officers of the imperial guard in shining armour, then the immediate advisers and councillors of his Majesty, and, last of all, the Emperor himself, a robe of great richness clasped at his throat and trailing behind him, the crown of the empire upon his head. His face was pale and stern, looking what he was, a monarch and a man. The Count rubbed his eyes and could scarcely believe that he stood now in the presence of one who had chatted amiably with him but a few moments before.

The Emperor sat on his throne, and one of his councillors whispered for some moments to him, then the Emperor said in a low, clear voice that penetrated to the farthest corner of the vast apartment:

"Is the Count of Winneburg here?"

"Yes," your majesty.

"Let him stand forward."

The count strode two long steps to the front and stood there, red-faced and abashed. The officer at his side whispered:

"Kneel, you fool, kneel!"

And the Count got himself somewhat clumsily down upon his knees, like an elephant preparing to receive its burden. The face of the Emperor remained impassive, and he said harshly:

"Stand up!"

The count once more upon his feet breathed a deep sigh of satisfaction at finding himself once more in an upright posture.

"Count of Winneburg," said the Emperor slowly, "it is alleged that upon the occasion of the last meeting of the council of state for the Moselle valley, you, in presence of the nobles there assembled, cast a slight upon your over-lord, the Archbishop of Treves. Do you question the statement?" The count cleared his throat several times, which in the stillness of that vaulted room sounded like the distant booming of cannon.

"If to cast the Archbishop half the distance of this room, is to cast a slight upon him, I did so, your majesty."

There was a simultaneous ripple of laughter at this, instantly suppressed when the searching eye of the Emperor swept the room.

"Sir Count," said the Emperor severely, "the particulars of your outrage are not required of you; only your admission thereof. Hear then my commands. Betake yourself to your castle of Winneburg and hold yourself there in readiness to proceed to Treves on a day appointed by his lordship the Archbishop, an elector of this empire, there to humble yourself before him, and crave his pardon for the offence you have committed. Disobey at your peril."

Once or twice the Count moistened his dry lips, then he said:

"Your majesty, I will obey any command you place upon me."

"In that case," continued the Emperor, his severity visibly relaxing, "I can promise that your over-lord will not hold this incident against you; such, I understand, is your intention, my lord Archbishop?" and the emperor turned towards the prince of Treves.

The Archbishop bowed low, and thus veiled the malignant hatred in his eyes.

"Yes, your majesty," he replied,

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"providing the apology is given as publicly as was the insult, in presence of those who were witnesses of the count's foolishness."

"That is but a just condition," said the Emperor. "Remember that the council will be summoned to Treves to hear the count's apology. And now, count of Winneburg, you are at liberty to withdraw."

The Count drew his mammoth hand across his brow and scattered to the floor the moisture that had collected there. He tried to speak, but apparently could not, then turned and walked resolutely toward the door. There was an instant outcry at this. The chamberlain of the court, standing in stupefied amazement at a breach of etiquette which exhibited any man's back to the Emperor, but a smile relaxed the Emperor's lips and he held up his hand.

"Do not molest him," he said, as the count disappeared. "He is unused to the artificial manners of a court. In truth, I take it as a friendly act, for I am sure the valiant Count never turns his back upon a foe," which imperial witticism was well received, for the sayings of an emperor rarely lack applause.

The count, wending his long way home by the route he had come, spent the first half of his journey in cursing the Archbishop, and the latter half in thinking over the situation. By the time he had reached his estate he had formulated a plan, and this plan he proceeded to put into execution on receiving the summons of the Archbishop to come to Treves on the first day of the following month and make his apology, the Archbishop, with characteristic penuriousness, leaving the inviting of the 15 nobles who formed the council, to Winneburg, and thus his lordship of Treves was saved the expense of sending special messengers to each. In case Winneburg neglected to summon the whole council, the Archbishop added to his message that he would refuse to receive the apology if any of the nobles were absent. Winneburg sent messengers, first to Beilstein, asking him to attend at Treves on the second day of the month, and bring with him an escort of at least 1,000 men. Another he asked for the third, another for the fourth, another for the fifth, and so on, resolved that before a complete quorum was present half of the month would be gone, and with it most of the archbishop's provender, for his lordship, according to the law of hospitality, was bound to entertain free of all charge to themselves the various nobles and their escorts.

On the first day of the month Winneburg entered the northern gate of Treves, accompanied by 200 horsemen and 800 foot soldiers. At first the officers of the Archbishop thought that an invasion was contemplated, but Winneburg suavely explained that if a thing was worth doing at all it was worth doing well, and he was not going to make any hole and corner affair of his apology. Next day Beilstein came along accompanied by 500 cavalry and 500 foot soldiers. The chamberlain of the Archbishop was in despair at having to find quarters for so many, but he did the best he could, while the Archbishop was enraged to find that the nobles did not assemble in greater haste, but each as he came had a plausible excuse for his delay. Some had to build bridges, sickness had broken out in another camp, while a third expedition had lost its way and wandered in the forest. The streets of Treves each night resounded with songs of revelry, varied by the clash of swords, when a party of the new-comers fell foul of a party of the town soldiers, and the officers on either side had much ado to keep the peace among their men. The Archbishop's wine cups were running dry, and the price of provisions had risen, the whole surrounding country being placed under contribution for provender and drink. When a week had elapsed the archbishop relaxed his dignity and sent for Count Winneburg.

"We will not wait for the others," he said. "I have no desire to humiliate you unnecessarily. Those who are

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here will bear witness that you have apologized, and so I shall not insist on the presence of the laggards, but will receive your apology to-morrow at high noon in the great council chamber."

"Ah! there speaks a noble heart, ever thinking generously of those who despitefully use you, my lord Archbishop," said Count Winneburg. "But no, no, I cannot accept such a sacrifice. The emperor showed me plainly the enormity of my offence. In the presence of all I insulted you, wretch that I am, and in the presence of all shall I abase myself."

"But I do not seek your abasement," protested the Archbishop, frowning.

"The more honour then to your benevolent nature," answered the Count, "and the more shameful would it be of me to take advantage of it. As I stood a short time since on the walls I saw coming up the river the banners of the knight of Ehrenburg. His castle is the furthest removed from Treves, and so the others cannot surely delay long. We will wait, my lord Archbishop, until all are here. But I thank you just as much for your generosity as if I were craven enough to shield myself behind it."

The knight of Ehrenburg in due time arrived, and behind him his thousand men, many of whom were compelled to sleep in the public buildings, for all the rooms in Treves were occupied. Next day the Archbishop summoned the assembled nobles and said he would hear the apology in their presence. If the others missed it, it was their own fault; they should have been in time.

"I cannot apologize," said the Count, "until all are here. It was the Emperor's order, and who am I to disobey—my emperor? We must await their coming with patience, and indeed Treves is a goodly town in which all of us find ourselves fully satisfied."

"Then my blesing on you all," said the archbishop, in a sour tone most unsuited for the benediction he was bestowing. "Return, I beg of you, instantly, to your castles. I forego the apology."

"But I insist on tendering it," cried the Count, his mournful voice giving some indication of the sorrow he felt at his offence if it went unrequited.

"It is my duty, not only to you, my lord Archbishop, but to His Majesty the Emperor."

"Then, in heaven's name, get on with it and depart. I am willing to accept it on your own terms, as I have said before."

"No, not on my own terms, but on yours. What matters a delay of a week or two? The hunting season does not begin for a fortnight, and we are all as well at Treves as at home; besides, how could I ever face my Emperor again, knowing I had disobeyed his commands?"

"I will make it right with the Emperor," said the archbishop.

The knight of Ehrenburg now spoke up, calmly, as was his custom:

"'Tis a serious matter," he said, "for a man to take another's word touching action of His Majesty the Emperor. You have clerks here with you, perhaps; then, you would bid them indite a document to be signed by yourself absolving my friend, the count of Winneburg, from all necessity of apologizing, so that should the emperor take offence at his disobedience, the parchment would hold him scathless."

"I shall do anything to be quit of you," muttered the Archbishop more to himself than to the others.

And so the document was written and signed. With this parchment in his saddlebags the Count and his comrades quitted the town, drinking in half-flagons the health of the Archbishop, because there was not left in Treves enough wine to fill the measures to the brim.

Robert Barr.

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THE MAKERS OF THE DOMINION OF CANADA.

A Series of Twelve Illustrated Papers on Famous Men and Incidents of Canadian History, from the Norse and Cabot voyages until Federal Union (986-1867.)

BY SIR JOHN G. BOURINOT, K.C.M.G., D.C.L., AUTHOR OF "THE STORY OF CANADA," AND OTHER WORKS ON THE HISTORY AND GOVERNMENT OF THE DOMINION.

X.—THE BUILDERS OF A CANADIAN DOMINION FROM OCEAN TO OCEAN* (1864-1873).

I.—PREFATORY OBSERVATIONS.

NO more historic event has been ever recorded in the historic annals of the picturesque city of Quebec since its foundation by Champlain nearly two hundred years ago, than the meeting of Canadian statesmen on an autumn day of 1864 in the Parliament House of the united provinces of Upper and Lower Canada. Then was laid, in the ancient capital so intimately associated with the history of French endeavour and ambition in North America, the basis of a federation which, in the course of a decade of years, extended from the Atlantic island of Cape Breton, known as Isle Royale in the days of the French regime, as far as Vancouver on the Pacific coast. It was fitting that a union which was to settle political and sectional difficulties between the French and English-speaking communities of Canada should have its beginning on that historic ground, where a monument has stood for nearly three-quarters of a century to commemorate the common death and common fame of a great Englishman and a great Frenchman.

In the light of the present day the eloquent words of the inscription have a deep national significance:

MORTEM VIRTUS COMMUNEM FAMAM
HISTORIA MONUMENTUM POSTERITAS DEDIT.

VALOUR GAVE THEM A COMMON DEATH,
HISTORY A COMMON FAME,
POSTERITY A COMMON MONUMENT.

My readers will recall how for very many years previous to 1864 jealousies and rivalries divided the French-Canadian race from the English-speaking people. For half a century after the concession of representative institutions in 1791, there was a war of races and a fierce struggle for relief from a selfish, irresponsible oligarchy, composed of English officials. Then came the union of the two Canadas, when the French-Canadians, for the moment, believed that their institutions were in imminent danger, and that they were to be subject to the Anglicising spirit of a government founded on a principle of antagonism to the French-Canadian people. As we shall see in the course of this paper, the union of 1840 was really the commencement of a new era in the political as well as industrial development of the French and English communities. French Canada increased in strength, and her statesmen found themselves more than once the arbiters of the fortunes of the provinces. But sectional difficulties again arose, and there was even a prospect of another war of races, stimulated by the uncompromising spirit of party leaders, who were ever pressing the key-note of "French Domination." At this critical time in the political history of Canada, indeed, of all British North America, came a

* AUTHOR'S NOTE: In view of the national importance of the subject, I have devoted the three short papers, which conclude the whole series, to a review of the origin and establishment of the Federal union of the Provinces. In recalling the services of the makers of this union, I have given in the first paper those portraits which appeared at the time of the Quebec Convention, and on the formation of the first Government and Parliament of the Dominion. In the second paper of this review there will also appear a fac-simile of the signatures of the most famous members of the first House of Commons of Canada, taken from the official roll in my custody as Clerk of the House.

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proposition for a peaceful adjustment, which led eventually to the great Convention of 1864 on the heights of Quebec, and the satisfactory solution of problems which had long exhausted the ingenuity of French and English statesmen, anxious for the unity and prosperity of the two races to whom were committed the destinies of the country on the borders of the St. Lawrence and the Great Lakes. As we now look upon the graceful obelisk which stands in its shady enclosure close to the noble terrace, recalling the names of Durham and Dufferin, and affording so varied a panorama of city, river and country, and as we study the apt epitaph which pays a common tribute to Wolfe and Montcalm, we may well believe it prophetic of that union of heart and endeavour which was to evolved after years of trouble and conflict. The two races, long hostile to each other, are at last equally zealous partners in the development of a Dominion whose enormous possibilities cannot be exaggerated by the statesmen or publicists who think of the work that has been already achieved against innumerable difficulties, or on the latent resources, which far exceed the dreams of avarice or Aladdin's wondrous Eastern stories. The basis was laid at the Convention of 1864 for a more perfect alliance and co-operation of the French and English races in British North America, and one of its results was eventually the choice of a brilliant French-Canadian Premier to direct the Government of a Federation founded on principles of generosity and justice to all creeds and races.

II.—FORESHADOWINGS OF FEDERATION.

The Quebec Convention was brought about by a combination of circumstances which seemed to give additional proof of the truth embalmed in Hamlet's prophetic words :

"There is a Divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough hew them as we will."

The idea of a union of the provinces of British North America had been a matter of discussion for half a century before it reached the domain of practical statesmanship and legislation. As early as 1814, Chief Justice Sewell, a jurist of great learning, addressed a letter to the father of the present Queen, the Duke of Kent, whom he had met at Quebec while Commander-in-Chief of the British forces, and urged a federal union of the isolated provinces. His Royal Highness immediately recognized the advantages of the scheme. The Chief Justice, it is interesting to note, was the son of the famous attorney-general of Massachusetts who had adhered to the Crown during the Revolution, and afterwards held a prominent position in the Loyalist province of New Brunswick. It is quite probable that the Chief Justice recalled the fact that Joseph Galloway, one of the most eminent Loyalists, had proposed in the Congress of 1774 a plan of union as the best possible method of bringing about a peaceful adjustment of the Constitutional difficulties which were then exciting a large body of people in the old colonies and which eventually separated them from the British Empire. The history of those difficulties must have shown the eminent Canadian jurist that provincial isolation was at once dangerous to British interests as well as calculated to perpetuate sectional jealousies and antagonisms throughout the provinces. A quarter of a century later Lord Durham also recognized the necessity of a legislative union of the provinces which, in his opinion, "would at once decisively settle the question of races ; would enable all the provinces to co-operate for all common purposes, and, above all, would form a great and powerful people possessing the means of securing good and responsible government, and which, under the protection of the British Empire, might in some measure counterbalance the preponderant, increasing influence of United States on the American continent." Under the existing condition of things in the Canadas, which required an immediate remedy, he did not see his way clear

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to do more than recommend the legislative union of those two provinces, though there is little doubt that he was convinced that such a union would be the precursor of the larger scheme.

Some ten years later, at a meeting of prominent public men in Toronto, known as the British-American League, the project of the Federal union was favourably considered and submitted to the people of the provinces.

In 1854 the subject was formally brought before the legislature of Nova Scotia by the Honourable James Wm. Johnston, the able leader of the Conservative party, and found its most eloquent exposition at the speech of the Honourable Joseph Howe, one of the fathers of responsible government. The result of the discussion was the unanimous adoption of a resolution setting forth that "the union or confederation of the British provinces on this principle, while calculated to perpetuate their connection with the parent state, will promote their advancement and prosperity, increase their strength and influence and elevate their position." Mr. Howe, on that occasion, expressed himself in favour of a federation of the Empire, of which he was always an earnest advocate until his death. Here again we have another descendant of the Loyalists following the example of Joseph Galloway, and recognizing the necessity of strengthening in every way possible the ties of connection between the parent state and her dependencies. Failing such a representation in the Imperial Parliament, Mr. Howe was an advocate of a federal union under which the provinces would "form a large and prosperous union lying between the other two branches of the British family, whose duty would evidently be to keep them both at peace."

In the legislature of Canada, Mr. (afterwards Sir) Alexander Tilloch Galt was an ardent and able exponent of union, and when he became a member of the Cartier-Macdonald Government in 1858, the question was made a part of the ministerial policy and received special mention in the speech of Sir Edmund Head, the Governor-General, at the end of the session. The matter was brought to the attention of the Imperial Government on more than one occasion during these years by delegates from Canada and Nova Scotia, but no definite conclusion could be reached in view of that fact that the question had not been taken up generally in the provinces. As late as 1862 the Duke of Newcastle, then Secretary of State for the Colonies, while unable to announce any definite policy, stated that "if a union, either partial or complete, should hereafter be passed with the concurrence of all the provinces to be united," he was sure that the matter would be weighed in Great Britain, "with the desire to discern and promote any course which might be most conducive to the prosperity, the strength and harmony of all the British communities in North America."

III.—HOW THE FEDERATION WAS BROUGHT ABOUT.

The political condition of the Canadas brought about a union much sooner than was anticipated by its most sanguine promoters. In a despatch written to the Colonial Minister by the Canadian delegates, who visited England in 1858 and laid the question of union before the Government, they represented that very grave difficulties now present themselves in conducting the government of Canada; that "the progress of population has been more rapid in the western province, and claims are now made on behalf of its inhabitants for giving them representation in the legislature in proportion to their numbers"; that "the result is shown by an agitation fraught with great danger to the peaceful and harmonious working of our constitutional system, and, consequently, detrimental to the progress of the province"; that "this state of things is yearly becoming worse, and that the Canadian Government were impressed with the necessity for seeking such a mode of dealing with these difficulties as may for ever remove them." In addition to this expression of opinion on the part of the representatives of the

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Conservative Government of 1858, the Reformers of Upper Canada held a large and influential convention at Toronto in 1859, and the most important result of their deliberations was the adoption of a resolution in which it was emphatically set forth "that the best practicable remedy for the evils now encountered in the government of Canada is to be found in the formation of two or more local governments to which shall be committed the control of all matters of a local and sectional character, and some general authority charged with such matters as are necessarily common to both sections of the provinces," language almost identical with that used by the Quebec convention in one of its resolutions with respect to the larger scheme of federation.

At the time the despatch and resolution just cited were written, constitutional and political difficulties of a serious nature had arisen between the French and English-speaking sections of the united Canadian provinces. A large and influential party in Upper Canada had become deeply dissatisfied with the conditions of the union of 1840 which gave equality of representation to the two provinces. When statistics clearly showed that the western section exceeded French Canada both in population and wealth, a demand was persistently and even fiercely made at times for such a readjustment of the representation in the Assembly as would do full justice to the more populous and richer province. The French-Canadian leaders resented this demand as an attempt to violate the terms on which they were brought into the Union, and as calculated, and indeed intended, to place them in a position of inferiority to the people of a province where such fierce and unjust attacks were systematically made on their language, religion and institutions generally. With much justice they pressed the fact that at the commencement of, and for some years subsequent to, the union, the French-Canadians were numerically in the majority, and yet were only on an equality with a province then inferior in population. Mr. George Brown, who had under his control a powerful newspaper, *The Globe*, of Toronto, was remarkable for his power of invective and his tenacity of purpose, and he made a persistent and violent attack upon the conditions of the union and the French and English Conservatives, who were not willing to violate a solemn contract. The result was that he placed himself in an attitude of apparent inveterate hostility to the French-Canadian people, and for years became, as he was often called, "a governmental impossibility," since it was not possible to govern the united Canadas without the support of the French-Canadian representatives. His successful rival was Mr. (afterwards Sir) John Alexander Macdonald, the Conservative chief, who was a man of greater political sagacity and more generous impulses than the uncompromising leader of the "Clear Grits," as the extreme Reformers were aptly called. By his alliance with Mr. (afterwards Sir) George Etienne Cartier, a French-Canadian statesman of broad views, anxious to reconcile diverse sectional and racial interests on principles of compromise and justice, Mr. Macdonald was able always to obtain a liberal support in French Canada, and eventually became the most influential leader in Old Canada as well as in the Dominion. The difficulties between the Canadian provinces at last became so intensified by the public opinion created by Mr. Brown in Upper Canada in favour of representation by population, that good and stable government was no longer possible on account of the close division of parties in the legislature. Appeals were made frequently to the people, and new ministries formed, but the sectional difficulties had obviously reached a point where it was not possible to carry on successfully the administration of public affairs.

Matters at last came to a crisis in 1864, and it was clear to patriotic men of all parties that there was urgent need for a radical remedy for existing grievances if Canadians were to be kept together without discord. It was certain that a change must be

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made in the relations between the two provinces, and the question at once suggested itself to the men, who were closely studying the crisis, whether a solution might not be found in a federal union of all the provinces.

As it happened, all the circumstances turned out most favourable for the realization of the grand conception which had for many years captivated the imagination of many able men in all the English-speaking provinces. On the 14th of June, 1864, a Committee of the Legislative Assembly of Canada, of whom Mr. Brown was Chairman, reported that "a strong feeling was found to exist among the members of the Committee in favour of changes in the direction of a federal system, applied either to Canada alone or to the whole of the British North American Provinces." On the same day this report was presented, the Conservative Government, known as the Taché-Macdonald Ministry, suffered the fate of other governments for years, and it became necessary either to appeal at once to the people, or find some other practical solution of the political difficulties which prevented the formation of a stable administration. Then it was that Mr. Brown rose above the level of mere party selfishness, and assumed the attitude of a statesman, animated by patriotic and noble impulses which must help us to forget the spirit of sectionalism and illiberality which so often animated him in his career of heated party strife. Negotiations were held between Mr. Brown, Mr. Macdonald, Mr. Cartier, Mr. Galt, Mr. Morris, Mr. McDougall, Mr. Mowat and other prominent members of the Conservative and Reform parties, with the result that a Coalition government was formed on the distinct understanding that it would "bring in a measure next session for the purpose of removing existing difficulties by introducing the federal principle into Canada, coupled with such provisions as will permit the Maritime Provinces and the North-west Territories to be incorporated into the same system of government." The Reformers who entered the government with Macdonald and Cartier on this fundamental condition were Mr. Brown, Mr. Oliver Mowat and Mr. William McDougall, who stood deservedly high in public estimation, and merit the gratitude of all Canadians for their statesmanlike course at this critical moment in the affairs of British North America.

While these events were happening in the Canadas, the Maritime Provinces were taking steps in the direction of their own union. In 1861 Mr. Howe, the leader of a Liberal Government, carried a resolution in favour of such a scheme. Three years later the Conservative Ministry, of which Dr. (now Sir) Charles Tupper was Premier, took measures to carry out the proposition of his predecessor, and a conference was arranged at Charlottetown between delegates from the three provinces of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island. These delegates were composed of influential members of the Government and Opposition in their respective legislatures, and met on the 8th of September in the chamber of the Legislative Assembly under the presidency of the Honourable John Hamilton Gray, a descendant of a Virginia family of Loyalists, and a military man who became Prime Minister on his taking up his residence in the Island. By a happy forethought, the Government of Canada, immediately on hearing of this important confederation, decided to send a delegation, composed of Messrs. J. A. Macdonald, Brown, Cartier, Galt, McGee, Langevin, McDougall and Campbell. The result of the Conference was favourable to the confederation of all the provinces, and it was decided to have a further conference at Quebec for the purpose of discussing the question as fully as its great importance demanded.

Before this event occurred, however, a number of addresses were delivered by the leading men of the Canadian and Maritime delegations in the cities of the Lower Provinces, and public opinion, so far as it could be ascertained from the utterances of the press

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and public men generally, appeared to be in favour of union in some form or other. No doubt a sentiment for union was strengthened largely by the fact that the Reciprocity Treaty, which had lasted for ten years between the provinces and the United States, was to be repealed, not simply for commercial reasons, but largely on the ground that the provinces should be punished for the large amount of sympathy that was extended to the Southern States during the Civil War, and the expression of feeling that was evoked at the time of the Trent difficulty, when there was—happily only for a short time—a prospect of a rupture of friendly relations between Great Britain and the Government at Washington. Canadians, who gave their attention to the condition of affairs across the frontier, looked with apprehension on the release of large bodies of soldiers at the close of the war, and their fears were in a large measure realized by the Fenian raids which occurred in the month immediately succeeding the action of the Quebec convention. The people of the provinces, irrespective of class and nationality, recognized the obvious fact that the time had come for emerging from the isolation which prevented anything like successful co-operation for commercial, political and defensive purposes, for bringing about a union which would better enable them to develop their illimitable resources, give them a more important position in the British Empire, and entitle them to higher consideration among the communities of the world.

IV.—THE QUEBEC CONVENTION—SKETCH OF THE FOUNDERS OF FEDERATION.

Thirty-three delegates met in the Parliament House * of Quebec, which remained the capital of Old Canada until 1866, when the seat of Government was removed to the city of Ottawa—originally known as Bytown—where a fine block of buildings had been commenced as soon as the Queen selected that place as a permanent capital, under the advice of the Duke of Wellington, who recognized its position as affording decided security in case of war.

All the members of the Canadian Cabinet were authorized to act as delegates; the Maritime Provinces were represented by the leaders and other members of the Government and Opposition in both Houses; Newfoundland sent the Speaker of the Assembly and another public man of great influence, as we shall presently see. All the delegates were men of large experience in the work of administration or legislation and thoroughly acquainted with the condition of affairs in their respective sections. Not a few of them were noted lawyers who had thoroughly studied the systems of government in other countries. Some were gifted with rare eloquence and power of argument. At no time, before or since, has the historic city of Quebec been visited by an assemblage of notables with so many high qualifications for the foundation of a nation. Descendants of the pioneers of French Canada, English-Canadians sprung from the Loyalists of the eighteenth century, eloquent Irishmen and astute Scotchmen, who were thoroughly identified with the interests of Canada, were represented in a convention called upon to discharge the greatest responsibilities ever entrusted to any body of men in Canada.

The Chairman was Sir Etienne Paschal Taché, who had proved in his youth his fidelity to England on the famous battlefield of Chateauguay, and had won the respect of all classes and parties by the display of many admirable qualities. Of him it might be truly said that he displayed throughout his public career and private life—

"The marks of many years well spent,
Of virtue, truth well-tried, and wise experience."

Like the majority of his compatriots he had learned to believe thoroughly in the Government and institutions of Great Britain, and never lost an opportunity of recognizing the benefits

* This brick building, of which I give a view, was destroyed by fire in 1883, and the present handsome and more commodious edifice subsequently erected.

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which his race derived from British connection. He it was who gave utterance to the oft-quoted words: "That the last gun that would be fired for British supremacy in America would be fired by a French-Canadian." He lived to move the resolutions of the Quebec convention in the Legislative Council of Canada; but he died a few months before the union was formally established in 1867, and never had an opportunity of verifying the positive advantages which his race, of whose interests he was always an earnest exponent, derived from a condition of things which gave additional guarantees for the preservation of their special institutions. But there were in the convention other men of much greater political force, more deeply versed in constitutional knowledge, more capable of framing a plan of union, than the esteemed and discreet president. Most prominent among these was Sir John A. Macdonald, who had been for years one of the most conspicuous figures in Canadian politics, and had been able to win to a remarkable degree the confidence not only of the great majority of the French Canadians, but also of a powerful minority in the western province, where his able antagonist until 1864 held the vantage ground by his persistency in urging its claims to greater weight in the administration of public affairs. Mr. Macdonald had a thorough knowledge of men, and did not hesitate to avail himself of their weaknesses in order to strengthen his political power. His greatest faults were those of a politician anxious for the success of his party. His strength laid largely in his ability to understand the working of British institutions, in his desire to do justice to the French race, and in his recognition of the necessity of carrying on the government in a country of diverse nationalities, on principles of justice and compromise. He had a happy faculty of adapting himself to the decided current of public opinion, even at the risk of leaving himself open to a charge of inconsistency, and he was just as ready to adopt the measures of his opponents as he was willing to enter their ranks and steal away some prominent man whose sup-



VIEW OF CAPE DIAMOND AND DURHAM TERRACE AT QUEBEC, IN 1864.

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CHIEF JUSTICE SEWELL.
Who advocated a Federal Union in 1814.



PHOTOGRAPH BY PARISH, HALIFAX.

HON. J. W. JOHNSTON.
Who moved the first Resolution passed in a Provincial Legislature in favour of a Confederation.

port he thought necessary to his political success. It does not appear that he had been ever an earnest supporter of union like Galt, Howe or Tupper, but the moment he found it was likely to be something more than a mere subject for academic discussion or eloquent expression in legislative halls, he recognized immediately the great advantages it offered, not only for the solution of the difficulties of his own party, but also for the consolidation of British-American as well as Imperial interests on the continent of North America From the hour he became convinced of this fact he devoted his consummate ability not merely as a party leader but as a statesman of broad national views to the perfection of a measure which promised so much for the welfare and security of the British provinces. It was his good fortune after the establishment of the federation to be the first Premier of the new Dominion and to mould its destinies with a firm and capable hand. He saw it extended to the Pacific shores long before he died amid the regrets of all classes and creeds and races of a country which he loved and in whose future he had the most perfect confidence.

The name of the Right Honourable Sir John Macdonald, to give him the titles he afterwards received from the Crown, naturally brings up that of Mr. (afterwards Sir) George Etienne Cartier, who was his faithful colleague and ally for many years in the legislature of old Canada, and for a short time after the completion of the federal union. This able French Canadian had taken an insignificant part in the unfortunate rising of 1837, but like many other men of his nationality he recognized the mistakes of his impetuous youth and, unlike Papineau, after the union of 1840, endeavoured to work out earnestly and honestly the principles of responsible government. While a true friend of his race, he was generous and fair in his relations with other nationalities, and understood the necessity of compromise and conciliation in a country of diverse races, needs and interests. Sir John Macdonald appreciated at their full value his statesmanlike qualities, and succeeded in winning his sympathetic and faithful co-operation during the many years they acted together in opposition to the war of nationalities, which would have been the

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SIR A. T. GALT.
One of the first Canadians to advocate a Confederation.



SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD.
As he appeared in 1864.

eventual consequence of Mr. Brown's determined agitation, if it had been carried to its logical and natural conclusion—a conclusion happily averted by the wise stand eventually taken by Mr. Brown himself with respect to the settlement of provincial troubles. In the settlement of the terms of union, we can see not only the master hand of Sir John Macdonald in the British framework of the system, as well as the successful effort of Sir George Cartier to preserve intact those peculiar institutions which had been legally guaranteed in the first instance to his countrymen by the Imperial Statute, generally known as the Quebec Act of 1774.

Of Mr. Brown, it is not necessary to say much in this place. All those who have studied his career know something of his independent and uncompromising character. In all probability he would have succeeded in doing more good to the very cause he had undoubtedly at heart if in the great struggles for representation by population he had been less conspicuous for his heated antagonism to French Canada and its special interests. He did, however, very much to redeem his character as a practical statesman when he recognized the impossibility of carrying his views under the existing conditions of provincial union, and agreed to enter the coalition government of Sir John A. Macdonald. His speeches in favour of federation assumed a dignified style and breadth of view which stand out in great contrast with his bitter and antipathetic arguments as leader of the Clear Grits. In the framing of the Quebec resolutions his part was chiefly in arranging the financial terms. It is interesting to know that his experience of the working of an elective upper house in Canada led him to be the earnest advocate of a federal Senate nominated by the Crown.

Another very influential member of the Canadian delegation was Mr. (afterwards Sir) Alexander Galt, the son of the creator of that original character in fiction, Laurie Todd, who had been a resident for many years in Western Canada, where a pretty city perpetuates his name. His able son had been for a long time a prominent figure in Canadian politics, and was

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THE HON. GEORGE BROWN.



SIR GEORGE E. CARTIER, 1864.

distinguished for his intelligent advocacy of railway construction, and political union as measures essential to the material and political development of the Provinces. His earnest and eloquent exposition of the necessity of union had, no doubt, much to do with creating a certain public sentiment in favour of union, and preparing the way for the formation of the Coalition Government of 1864, on the basis of such a political measure. His knowledge of financial and commercial questions was found to be invaluable in the settlement of the financial basis of the union, while his recognized position as a representative of the Protestant English-speaking people in French Canada gave him much weight when it was a question of securing their rights and interests in the Quebec resolutions.

The other members of the Canadian delegation were men of varied accomplishments, some of whom played an important part in the working out of the federal system, the foundations of which they laid. There was a brilliant Irishman, Thomas D'Arcy McGee, poet, historian and orator, who had been in his rash youth connected with the rebellious party known as Young Ireland during the troubles of 1848, but was now a firm friend of British connection since he had seen the benefits of the beneficent rule of Great Britain in his new Canadian home, with whose interests he so thoroughly identified himself. He was not fated to see the Canadian Dominion attain its full proportion, but he was foully struck down in the first year of federation because he was not willing to give up the honest convictions of a mature manhood and sober judgment to the tyranny of secret combinations, whose hatred of England was shown not only by his murder but also by Fenian raids during the evolution of the federation. Mr. William McDougall, the descendant of a Loyalist, had been long connected with the advocacy of reform principles in the press and on the floor of Parliament, and was distinguished for his clear, incisive style of debating. He had been for years a firm believer in the advantages of union, which he had been the first to urge at the Reform Convention of 1859. Mr. (afterwards Sir) Alexander Campbell, who had been for some years a legal partner of Sir John Macdonald, was gifted

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HON. J. H. GRAY.
Chairman of the Charlottetown Conference.



SIR CHARLES TUPPER.
As he appeared in 1864.

with a remarkably clear intellect, great common sense, and business capacity, which he displayed later as leader of the Senate and as Minister of the Crown. Mr. (afterwards Sir) Oliver Mowat, who had been a student of law in Sir John Macdonald's office at Kingston, brought to the discharge of the important positions he held in later times as Minister, Vice-Chancellor, and Premier of the great Province of Ontario, great legal learning and admirable judgment.

On the qualifications of the other members of the Canadian Government it is not necessary to dwell here at any length. Mr. (now Sir) Hector Langevin was considered a man of promise, likely to exercise in the future much influence among his countrymen. For some years, we all know, after the establishment of the new Dominion he occupied important positions in the government of the country, and led the French Conservative party after the death of Sir George Cartier, until a few years ago his public career ended in gloom, and he retired from political life enveloped by a doubt which even his political friends found it impossible to dispel under existing conditions. Mr. James Cockburn was an excellent lawyer, who three years later was chosen the Speaker of the first House of Commons of the Federal Parliament, a position which his sound judgment, knowledge of parliamentary law, and his dignity of manner enabled him to discharge with signal ability. Mr. J. C. Chapais was an illustration of a class of men we often meet in public life, who have greatness thrust upon them, though in his case it is fair to admit that without being a man of marked talents he had good business habits and sound judgment, which made him equal to the administrative duties entrusted to him from time to time.

Of the five men sent by Nova Scotia the two ablest were Dr. (now Sir) Charles Tupper, who was first Minister of the Conservative Government, and Mr. (later Sir) Adams G. Archibald, who was leader of the Liberal Opposition in the Assembly. The former was then, as now, distinguished for his great power as a debater, and for the forcible enunciations of his opinions on the public questions on which he had

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SIR S. L. TILLEY, 1864.



SIR E. P. TACHÉ.
Chairman of the Quebec Convention.

made up his mind. When he had a great end in view he followed it with a tenacity of purpose that generally gave him success. Ever since he entered public life as an opponent of Mr. Howe, he has been a dominant force in the politics of Nova Scotia. While Conservative in name, he entertained broad liberal views, which found expression in the improvement of the school system, at a very low ebb when he came into office, and in the readiness and energy with which he identified himself with the cause of the union of the provinces, from the moment he recognized its practicability and necessity. Sir Adams Archibald was descended from a North of Ireland family which came into Nova Scotia in the middle of the eighteenth century, and gave eventually several men of distinction to the judiciary and public life of the provinces and empire. He was noted for his dignified demeanour, sound legal attainments, a clear, plausible style of oratory, well calculated to instruct a learned audience. Mr. William A. Henry was a lawyer of considerable ability, who was at a later time elevated to the Bench of the Supreme Court of Canada. Mr. Jonathan J. McCully, afterwards a judge in Nova Scotia, had never sat in the Assembly, but he exercised influence in the Legislative Council on the Liberal side and was an editorial writer of no mean ability. Mr. Dickey was a leader of the Conservatives in the Upper House, and distinguished for his general culture and legal knowledge.

New Brunswick sent seven delegates drawn from the Government and Opposition. The Loyalists, who founded this province, were represented by four of the most prominent members of the delegation, Tilley, Chandler, Gray and Fisher. Mr. (afterwards Sir) Samuel Leonard Tilley had been long engaged in public life, and possessed admirable ability as an administrator. He had for years taken a deep interest in questions of intercolonial trade, railway intercourse and political union. He was a reformer of pronounced opinions, most earnest in the advocacy of temperance, possessed of great tact, and respected for his high character in all the relations of life. In later times he became Finance Minister of the Dominion and Lieutenant-Governor of his native province.

Mr. John Hamilton Gray, later a

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judge in British Columbia, probably a relation of the premier of Prince Edward Island, was one of the most eloquent and accomplished men in the convention, and brought to the consideration of legal and constitutional questions much knowledge and experience. Mr. Fisher, afterwards a judge in his province, was also a well-equipped lawyer and speaker, who displayed a cultured mind. Like all the delegates from New Brunswick, he was animated by a great love for British connection and institutions. Mr. Peter Mitchell was a Liberal, conspicuous for the energy he brought to the administration of public affairs, both in his own province and in the new Dominion as a Minister of the Crown. Mr. Edward Barron Chandler had been long a notable figure in the politics of New Brunswick, and was universally respected for his probity and worth. He had the honour of being at a later time the lieutenant-governor of the province with which he had been so long and honourably associated. Mr. John Johnson and William H. Steeves were also men of standing in the province, and fully qualified to deal intelligently with the questions submitted to the convention.

Of the seven members of the Prince Edward Island delegation, four were members of the Government and the rest were prominent men in either branch of the legislature. Of Col. Gray I have already written while referring to the Charlottetown conference. Mr. George Coles was one of the fathers of responsible government in the island, and long associated with the advocacy and passage of many progressive measures, including the improvement of the educational system. Mr. Edward Whalen had been in his youth a printer in the office of Joseph Howe at Halifax, and subsequently printed and edited with great ability *The Examiner* of Charlottetown. He was an Irishman by birth, and possessed, like so many of his countrymen, a natural gift of eloquence. He did not live to see the island brought into the federation, of which he was always an earnest advocate on condition it could be arranged on terms favourable to so small a colony. Mr. Thomas Heath Haviland, afterwards lieutenant-governor of the island, was a man of culture, and Mr. Edward Palmer was a lawyer of good reputation. Mr. William H. Pope and Mr. Andrew Archibald Macdonald were also thoroughly capable of watching over the special interests of the island.

Newfoundland had the advantage of being represented by Mr. Frederick B. T. Carter, then Speaker of the House of Assembly, and Mr. Ambrose Shea, also a distinguished politician of the great island. Both were knighted at later times; the former became Chief-Justice of his own pro-



CHARLOTTETOWN LEGISLATIVE BUILDING, WHERE FIRST UNION CONFERENCE WAS HELD IN 1864.

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PHOTO. BY LIVERNOIS, QUEBEC.

LEGISLATIVE BUILDING, WHERE QUEBEC CONVENTION WAS HELD IN 1864.

vince, and the latter governor of the Bahamas.

From the foregoing necessarily very brief review of the prominent characteristics of the delegates it will be seen that it would not have been possible to find in Canada a body of men with higher qualifications for the national and imperial responsibilities confided to them. In the following papers I shall endeavour to show how successfully they accomplished their great work.

(To be continued.)

ACROSS THE DYKES.

THE dykes half bare are lying in the bath
Of quivering sunlight on this Sunday morn;
And boblinks aflock make sweet the worn
Old places, where two centuries of swath
Have fallen to earth before the mowers' path.
Across the dykes the bell's low sound is borne
From green Grand-Pré, abundant with the corn,
With milk and honey which it always hath.
And now I hear the Angelus ring far;
See faith bow many a head that suffered wrong,
Near all these plains they wrested from the tide.
The visions of their last great sorrows mar
The greenness of these meadows; in the song
Of birds I feel a tear that has not dried.

J. F. Herbin.

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WHAT I SAW AT TAMPA.

From a Newspaper Correspondent's Pen and Camera.

IT was the morning of June 14th, and half-past three. All night long a tropical rain had poured down on Port Tampa, on the fleet of transports in the harbour, on the sentinels pacing up and down the long pier. Now, above the rush of the rain and the roar of the surf a bugle note from the water called the loitering soldiers still ashore. A tug was steaming from ship to ship, in the darkness, megaphoning the order "Make ready to put to sea at dawn." The gunboats swept their searchlights over the black bay, and by the beams of these and the flashes of the lightning, the drenched sentinels saw their comrades afloat, heard them cheering to one another from the decks of the transports in wild welcome of the news.

Gradually as the day came up in the wet east you could see, uncertainly, the great vessels tossing and smoking at their anchors. Thousands of rubber-coated soldiers blackened the decks, and swarmed on the masts of the transports, waiting to see the last of the land they had been so eager to leave. By dim daylight the signal floated from the Segnarance, "Put to sea in order as instructed." The men received it with continued cheers, and the vessels, quickly weighing anchor, one by one picked their way out from their sister ships with their noisy passengers. In the lull of the hurrahing you could hear ashore a few bars of "Columbia" and the "Star-Spangled Banner."

The flagship "Segnarance" was the last to leave. General Shafter, conspicuous and corpulent, stood on the bridge beside the captain, answering the farewells of his friends on the pier with a wave of his hand. The distance blended him into the bulk of the boat, and that into the dull sky. And the watchers turned away to realize that the long delayed United States army of invasion had at last departed for Cuba.

That army was composed of eighteen thousand men of all branches of the service, from siege batterymen down to telegraph operators and balloonists. With the exception of the 71st New York Infantry, the Second Massachusetts Infantry, and the First Volunteer Regiment of Rough Riders, they all belonged to the regular army. For three months they had been struggling across the continent, pitching their tents near their fathers' graves on the old Southern battlefields and in State Militia camps, finally to be collected about the middle of May at Tampa, Florida.

Tampa, the last home camp of the army, is a dirty far-southern town, but lately sprung into notice out of the



A SNAP-SHOT AT A MULE TRAIN.

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AN ARTILLERY AMMUNITION WAGGON.

sands of the western coast of Florida. It sits lowly on the old sea-bottom of the Gulf, fanned sparingly by sea breezes, and unsheltered from a tropical sun, except by a few skimpy yellow pine and palmetto. Its previous reputation lay in the fact that one Mr. Plant, a gentleman recently come into possession of a pocketbook of fat dimensions, and necessarily possessing a pull in Washington, had built a gorgeous winter hotel at this now historic spot, and so widely advertised it that quite a colony of Cubans and speculative Americans gathered in the shade of its walls, to live upon wealthy tourists from the north in winter, and on fish from the Gulf of Mexico in summer. For nearly two months an army of regulars sweltered in this desert between a hot sky and a scorching sand. Not clothed like the natives in light canvas suits, but in the same uniforms in which they followed the rebellious Indian over the far-northern plains—a coat and trousers of heavy blue material, canvas leggings, a blue flannel shirt, such as we would wear only in the depth of winter, and a heavy hat of felt. The officers were similarly clothed. But let it be said to the credit of these latter, that they did everything in their limited power to make matters as comfortable as possible for themselves, and therefore for the men. They made their hours of leisure contemporaneous with the hot hours of the day. Consequently, the regiments were drilled only in the early morning, or in that short period which comes between sundown and dark. And they allowed the men to discard their coats altogether, and even reviewed them in their shirt sleeves.

It was only before the sun had made its appearance, or after it had gone to bed, that these poor fellows really lived in Tampa. "Old Sol's" warming rays scorched their hands and faces and heated the deep white sands until it blistered their feet through thick leather boots. He squeezed his unwelcome attentions into every nook and corner, and made the sea-breezes assist him in his work of torture by turning them into blasts of furnace air before they reached the camps. He defied the efforts of man and beast to work—all were gasping prisoners in his clutches.

With this intolerable heat the men had battled bravely; and to the civilian it was remarkable how quickly they adapted themselves to their strange surroundings. The first day they arrived, only the long rows of white tents appeared on the parched fields. Twenty-four hours afterwards their camps looked like so many picnic parties. The officers' tents and most of those of the privates were shaded by a circle of pine stalks driven into the ground. Over these was spread the thick green foliage of palm and palmetto trees. Some of the regiments had even erected bowers from fifty to seventy feet long and about ten feet wide. Along each side of these ran two comfortable pine benches, while in the centre was a wooden table about which the privates

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collected to eat their meals, to tell soldier stories, and to describe to one another the situation and the Cubans.

It was only natural that the latter should be a chief subject of conversation. There were fifteen thousand of them in Tampa, and mostly refugees; so that the soldiers had plenty of opportunities to see and study the people for whom they were going to fight. To say that they were disappointed is to put it mildly. Seven hundred and fifty out of these fifteen thousand Cubans in Tampa volunteered to fight for their native land! The others rolled their cigars in sleepy silence, unheedful of the presence of the men who had been sent to die for them—to liberate their brothers from slavery—to give them back their homes.

Let us say, in charity, that it goes to show that there are two classes of Cubans—those in their little island, fighting because they do not like Spanish laws; and those out of it, contented with their escape. Between these two sections of a common family there is apparently no sympathy. In Tampa they live as uninterested foreigners, pursuing undisturbed the very "even tenor of their way." Harmless and lazy, you could see them sitting on the miniature verandahs of their cottages, smoking cigars in company with their half-dressed wives and naked children. Only the flag of the lone star, hanging limply from the many flagpoles in the neglected gardens, told of the presence of the native Cuban. The Cuban volunteers, some of whom could be seen occasionally around the American camps, were housed in an old three-story cigar factory in West Tampa. They had no regular uniform, except the yellow linen suits purchased in the clothing stores of Tampa, canvas leggings reaching nearly to the knee, and light felt, broad-rimmed hats, called the "Gomez." Each man's equipment consisted of a Springfield rifle supplied by the United States Government, and a "machette" which, in most cases, had been handed down as an heirloom in the family.

But the equipment of the regular army is not of the best, as any truthful soldier will tell you. The Krag-Jorgensen, their new rifle, is a Swedish patent, carrying five thirty-two calibre, nickel-plated cartridges in the magazine and one in the chamber. The magazine is said to be badly arranged, and so unprotected that it is liable to become unworkable by the slightest particle of sand getting into the machinery. Some of the soldiers who claim to possess "State secrets" affirm that this rifle was selected in preference to others, because the gentleman who supplied it, in the language of the Republic, "had a pull." The Spanish, on the other hand, possess one of the best rifles in existence—the "Mauser." It is acknowledged by the American officers to be very much superior to their own gun. Although it carries the same number of cartridges



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HIS DAUGHTER.

GENERAL WHEELER IN FLORIDA.

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AN INFANTRY CANTEEN - BOARDING THE TRAIN FOR TAMPA—IN MARCHING ORDER.

and the calibre is only thirty, the machinery of the magazine is simpler and better protected, and the sighting apparatus is more accurate than that of the Krag-Jorgensen.

The United States regulars carry forty pounds when on the march, which includes the rifle and cartridge belt with one hundred rounds, weighing in itselt nine pounds. Their bayonet is of dagger pattern, fastened to the cartridge belt in such a manner that it does not swing with the moving of the body. Their blankets are tied over the left shoulder and under the right arm, and wrapped around with a rubber covering which serves a double purpose, being used as a bed protector and a waterproof cape in rainy weather. Every branch of the service wears brown canvas leggings, which have proved most serviceable in the tropical countries, affording excellent protection from the insects and cutting tropical undergrowth.

The cavalry carry, besides their Krag-Jorgensen carbine and a very light sword attached to the horse's saddle, a seven shot, thirty-eight calibre Colt revolver of the newest long barrel pattern. With this instrument of war they have become most familiar, and reckon on doing some effective close quarter work with it in Cuba. Constant practice has developed some wonderful marksmen. The Sixth Cavalry possesses one of the best pistol shots in the world. Like many of the other regulars now in Cuba, he had served several terms and had left the army; but when the call came, reenlisted for another three years. I saw him stepping aboard the transport with his cherished Colt girded on his hip, and smiling cheerfully at the prospect of "potting some dagoes" as he put it.

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The volunteer cavalry regiments are not behind with their expert shots, although in one case they took a very brutal way to exhibit the fact. The Wednesday before the men em barked was pay day, and, of course, many of them, soldier-like, got unreasonably drunk in the evening, and raided the Cuban district of Tampa known as Fort Brooke. A Cuban woman, carrying a babe in her arms, attempted to force her way through the uproarious crowd collected on the street close to her house. Her efforts attracted the attention of two cowboy volunteers; one rudely took the child from her arms, and mounting the steps of a cottage near by held it up by one of its limbs against the door as a target. Another with many oaths cleared a passage for twenty paces, and drawing his revolver emptied five of its chambers at the child. The shots buried themselves in the woodwork of the door, three around the baby's head and two at its hips. All came dangerously near, yet far enough away to demonstrate that the Westerner was very sure of his aim. The mother in the meantime, frightened almost to death, had scampered down the street screaming for assistance. The drunken crowd reeled with laughter and applause. She returned alone crying pitifully, and was so rejoiced to see the little one alive and uninjured, that she took it eagerly and departed without another murmur.

This was, of course, a most exceptional case of inhuman conduct, for, as a whole, the white soldiers, both volunteer and regular, were remarkably well behaved. But as an example of expert shooting under peculiar circumstances, I doubt if it has ever been equalled.

Roosevelt's Regiment of Rough Riders could also boast









SIEGE GUN CARRIAGES—FIRING WITH SHELL AT PORT TAMPA—THE OLIVETTE AND OTHER TRANSPORTS—TWO TRANSPORTS WITH GUNBOAT HELENA IN DISTANCE.

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of many wonderful marksmen. A finer looking lot of men than these Rough Riders it has never been my fortune to see. About five hundred were thoroughbred cowboys from Texas. The balance was made up of rough men from the more northern States, of wealthy young New Yorkers and of collegemen. They have, as we know already, received their "Baptism of Fire," and have demonstrated that they are not lacking in the most essential of all soldierly qualities. Their equipment is the same as that of the regular cavalry, but they are more suitably clothed for Cuban climate in light brown canvas suits, made somewhat gaudy by a too liberal use of yellow trimming. Their horsemanship was their chief claim to usefulness, but unhappily their little bronchos were left behind in the inclosures at Tampa with the horses of the regulars. The officers were for the most part drawn from the regular army. Add to these such men as Roosevelt, Wood and Captain O'Neil, who have previously done a good deal of soldiering. One very capable officer of the Rough Riders, whom I have occasion to remember well from his striking personality, was Captain Capron, killed in the first day's fighting before Santiago de Cuba. I had seen this tall, fine-looking officer several times on the dock at Port Tampa, and from his appearance and very soldierly bearing I had patriotically concluded that he was an Englishman. As liberty of address was one peculiarity of the Tampa climate, I approached the Captain and asked him point-blank if he was not a Britisher. He told me smilingly that he felt the compliment in my mistake, but that he could not claim in any way to be an Englishman. His family for generations had served under the "Stars and Stripes." His grandfather had fallen in the Mexican War. "And," he said, pointing to an artillery Captain with whom I had seen him speaking, "there's my father. We are fighting for 'Old Glory' together this time." As he bade me good-bye to step aboard the transport, a picture fixed itself in my memory—a picture of a young fellow with broad shoulders and neatly muscular limbs, with a pleasant face burnt so red that it contrasted vividly with light blue eyes and a fair mustache—standing in a careless pose with one hand resting on the woodwork of the vessel entrance and the other on his belt. He stood there a moment smiling; then waving his hand to his father, he disappeared into the shadow of the lower deck, and I heard the Captain of artillery say proudly to a bystander, "That's my boy."

That Roosevelt's Rough Riders received better attention than the ordinary troops in regard to clothing caused much dissatisfaction in the ranks at Tampa. Both volunteers and regulars were loud in their protests against their usage. And, indeed, the poor volunteers presented a pitiful picture leaving for Cuba, clothed in sweltering uniforms, and booted in civilians' leathers likely to prove as serviceable as paper, and armed with the old one shot Springfield rifle and a long bayonet of the "63" pattern. But five weeks out from the northern offices and warehouses and from comfortable homes! They have gone to Cuba to face hardships unimaginable, acclimatised regulars and Mauser bullets.

It was painfully evident to the observing correspondents, and certainly to the officers with the army in Tampa, that the U.S. soldiers were in no fit condition to move when they did into Cuba. This has been much commented on, and their want of proper equipment has been amply proved by their suffering since. Only sixteen guns of light artillery were taken, on account of lack of space for transportation. Consequently, a great many lives have been sacrificed because the Americans have had to make their advances unprotected.

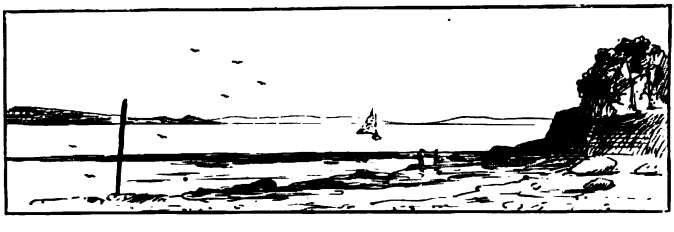
The press correspondents were not at liberty to criticize the action of the military authorities, being fearful lest they might lose the privileges granted them. As a rule they did not comment at all on any of the movements, but merely recorded them. Neither is

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a correspondent's life all "beer and skittles" when accompanying a moving army. The officers treat you well, invite you to their tents, offer you refreshments and cigars, and entertain you all the while with interesting stories of themselves and their regiments at the posts; but should you ask them, for instance, how many men they had in their command, they would profess the greatest ignorance. You may judge, then, how entirely the newspapermen had to rely on their own limited observations, and how often, to tell the truth, on their own too copious imaginations. One did not feel this very much until Pt. Tampa had been reached. There the very rigid censorship which had been adopted by the Government positively prevented us from sending any messages whatever, even those mentioning the arrival of a volunteer regiment, or the departure of a mule train. Moreover, we were constantly haunted by police agents, who never seemed to learn that we were poor, harmless, and very much hampered newspaper representatives under the "X-rays" of the General. In one day, while walking on the wharves at Pt. Tampa, I was stopped by no less than four of these spooks, at different points, and questioned as to my business, being released from cross-examination only after I had shown my Washington war pass. But sometimes even these papers did not avail. The representative of a Boston paper and myself, strolling together under our big umbrellas, noticed a train of siege guns being shunted towards the vessels. My newspaper friend promptly set up his camera, pressed the button, and was very shortly in the hands of the observing police official. He was arrested in spite of his pass and escorted to General Shafter's headquarters. He was released only after he had surrendered his camera plates, and had been severely lectured about what a war correspondent should not do in Tampa.

Tampa had never seen, nor I doubt will ever see again, such a gathering of press representatives as were there collected through May and in the first weeks of June; England, France and Germany were represented, and Canada had sent three correspondents from Toronto papers—Mrs. Blake Watkins ("Kit") of *The Mail and Empire*, Mr. John Ewan of *The Globe*, and myself. These Toronto papers were the only Canadian journals represented in Tampa, and Mrs. Blake Watkins was one of the only two lady correspondents with the army. If the public could know of the immense difficulties with which this lady had to contend, they would marvel much at her bravery and perseverance. An English journalist to whom "Kit" appeared to be "a seven days' wonder" was wont to say constantly through the mist of his smoking brlar, "Well, by George, she's plucky!"

J. S. O'Higgins.



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DRAWN SPECIALLY BY H. W. MURCHISON.

A COUREUR-DE-BOIS.

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THE COUREUR-DE-BOIS.

(A Sketch.)

THE Guard House at the Porte du Port of the old town of Montreal was comparatively empty that cool May evening of 1701. There had been a week of almost stifling heat, and every one was exhausted by the sudden change from the temperature of winter into that of midsummer. Most of the men had turned in early, glad of the prospect of a refreshing night's rest. In the guard-room a couple of non-commissioned officers were chatting and smoking, three or four soldiers were playing passe dix on a long bench which served as a table; the officer in command was walking to and fro in the empty Place du Marché with his friend Jacques Bizard, the Town Major, and the sentry yawned sleepily in the refreshing coolness as he slowly paced up and down before the gate.

From the windows of the Ancien Seminaire opposite, a few lights twinkled, but the town itself was as dark and as silent as the grave.

Outside the wall, beyond the "Little River," the new mansion of Monsieur Louis Hector de Callière, Chevalier of the Order of St. Louis and Governor of Canada, loomed up imposingly with its heavy bastions. Before the main entrance a sentry paced up and down, for the Governor had come up from Quebec to spend a few days with his friend Francois Dollier de Casson, the Curé of Montreal.

Within the new dining-room the two friends sate in earnest converse. The Governor grey-haired, worn with years and service, rested with his gouty leg pillowed on a chair, talking as cheerfully as a man might under such circumstances. There was at times a strong sympathy in his voice and an affectionate light in his eye as he marked with regret the failing of that herculean strength which had so long distinguished Dollier de Casson.

Both men were evidently nearing the end of their careers and both had much in common. They were equal in birth; in youth their profession was the same, —for the priest had ridden far on the highway to fame under the great Turenne before he had donned the cassock; and for years the object of their common labour and devotion had been the success of the struggling colony.

The windows at the lower end of the room giving on the river were wide open and the night wind swept pleasantly in. Suddenly a shrill, high-pitched cry, broken into sharp, short jerks, burst upon them from the outer darkness.

The Curé started to his feet, while the Governor sat bolt upright in amazement. "Mordieu! Les Iroquois!" he exclaimed; for the quick jerk of the Iroquois war-whoop once heard can never be forgotten.

The challenge of the sentries both at the Governor's and at the town gate rang out simultaneously as the priest hastened to the window. For answer,

NOTE.—Dubosq was one of the most notorious coureurs-de-bois of his day, and though he does not figure so prominently as La Taupine in the reports of the Intendant, he peeps out here and there in contemporary records, especially in the letter of the Franciscan, transcribed at length by the Abbé Tanguay in that interesting common-place book, "A Travers les Registres," which forms so happy a supplement to his exhaustive work on Canadian genealogy.

Dubosq inherited a strong strain of Indian blood, for his grandfather, Laurent Dubosq, a native of St. Maclou (Rouen), married, in 1662, the daughter of Joachim Arontio, the first Huron chief baptized by Brabœuf; his mother, however, was a Frenchwoman, and the family might have reverted in time to the original type, but in Dubosq the wild blood was uppermost and sent him wandering amongst his savage kinsmen. The main facts of the above sketch are true, as may be seen upon reference to the letter above cited, which will be found under the date 1703.—W.M.

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the same sharp, evil cry arose from the blackness of the river, and without further hesitation the sentry before the Governor's levelled his piece and fired in the direction whence it came. At the gate quick command was followed by instantaneous commotion as the whole guard turned out; and lights flashed across the square, when from the river came a wild chorus of shouts, and laughter, and jeering cries of mock reproach and welcome, as a large canoe was faintly seen to sweep round the Point and up to the beach opposite the Porte du Port.

"The devil takes care of his own! It is that vaurien Dubosq back again," reported the Curé from his post at the window.

From the canoe sprang six men, followed by two women, who made their way up to the gate, but to their surprise it was still fast closed and remained so in spite of their clamourous demands for entrance. As they paused for a moment for some response, they heard within the commands of the officer and the tramp of retreating footsteps as the guard was dismissed and returned to quarters. Whereupon one of their number drew a short axe from his belt and began to batter on the stout oaken gates. His performance was cut short by a commanding voice overhead:

"Here! Below there! Rest where you have lit, ye thieves, until morning. If I open, you shall all go under lock and key, and if one of you dare so much as lay a hand on that gate again or speak above his breath I'll open fire!"

There was no mistaking that voice; each one of the riotous crew sullenly cursed the unlucky chance by which the Town Major happened to be at the gate to spoil their triumphant entry; but they knew he was quite capable of carrying out his threats and retired in silence, consigning him to everlasting tortures for a "maudit suisse," as he was. After watching them until they disappeared in the darkness the corpulent Major withdrew to rejoin his companion, laughing and pleased at this tribute to his authority.

Meanwhile there was angry discussion, and hot reproach bandied back and forth between the discomfited and mortified arrivals; at length he who had plied his axe to such disappointing effect said in a low tone of savage authority, "Hold your tongues, fools! Get that canoe and set me across at the Point and we'll see if the Governor will refuse to receive a man who returns as I do!" As he awaited the fulfilment of his orders he turned toward the gate, and, patting his axe with an angry gesture, growled slowly, "You pack of hounds! Would you have me come to your beggarly town on my hands and knees because I am without a load of furs behind me? You'll have another song to sing by the morning."

He never raised his voice or made other gesture than that sinister patting of his axe, and he quietly ordered, "Put me across!" as he stepped into the canoe.

A few strokes were sufficient to reach the farther side, where their leader, followed by the two women, scrambled up the steep bank. He answered the challenge of the sentry who had advanced from his post before the main door of the chateau, and civilly demanded permission to see the Governor.

However lightly the authorities might hold him, he was well known and highly admired by the soldiery, most of whom looked with longing towards the freedom of his roving life; so he and his two companions were readily admitted into the entrance hall and bidden await the Governor's pleasure.

Under the light of the smoking oil-lamp he stood the ideal half-breed Coureur-de-bois. He was rather under-sized, but his lithe, graceful figure was perfect in its proportions and his olive face strikingly handsome, with its thin, regular features framed by his jet black hair, which fell in two long braids on each breast. He was dressed in complete buckskin, and notwithstanding the season, his blanket, which hung over his left shoulder, was wound closely round his waist in approved Indian fashion.

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The two women were squaws, clearly Iroquois in feature and dress; one middle-aged and ordinary enough, but the other was a girl of not more than fifteen, with the soft eyes and fawn-like timidity of face which constitute the charm of Indian beauty.

The Governor was annoyed at the bravado of the intruders' approach, but amused at the predicament into which they had fallen, and after a few words with the Curé ordered the trio to be admitted.

As the Coureur-de-bois entered, followed by the two squaws, the Governor eyed him with no friendly glance, for he represented the worst type of that lawless class which had outgrown its first usefulness, and had now developed into the most disturbing element in the internal government of the colony.

The Coureur-de-bois advanced into the room with a natural dignity and assumed deference of manner, for he fully realized the delicacy of his position; and, after bowing low before the Governor, turned towards the Curé, to whom he extended his hand with easy assurance.

"All in good time, Master Dubosq," said Dollier dryly, waiving aside the proffered greeting, "Let us first hear what you have to say to His Excellency."

Dubosq smiled as his name was mentioned, dropped his hand palm upwards on the table, and bending forward said, with scarcely hidden insolence, "Is he necessary?" indicating the soldier standing armed and motionless at the door.

The Governor frowned impatiently, but signed to the soldier, who withdrew. Dubosq on his part turned to the squaws, who at his bidding backed over to the wall, where, crouching on the floor, they remained immovable throughout the interview, silently following every gesture and expression of the actors with their tireless eyes.

"Now then," said the Governor impatiently, "no lies and no boasting more than you can help! I am sick of you and all your tribe! What new deviltry have you been up to that you must needs carry your impudence into my presence at this hour? I care nothing about your idiocy before the gate; you shall answer to the Major for that to-morrow! Now then, begin!"

An angry blush burned redly under Dubosq's dusky skin, but his low voice, with its trace of Indian sweetness, betrayed no resentment as he spoke, "Yes, mŏn gouverneur, I have something to tell, and something to show, or I would not have disturbed you and Monsieur le Curé at this hour.

"It is not two weeks since I left with La Taupine to trade; and my congé was in proper order," he added quickly. "We had fine weather, two good canoes and four men; we had attended to all our duties, as you know, Monsieur le Curé," glancing at the priest, who, however, gave no sign of acknowledgment to this adroit feeling for support. "We owed no man anything but our regular accounts; so nothing could promise better.

"But see how things fall out! No sooner had we entered Les Mille Iles than we heard La Mouche was in camp at a place we knew of. Good! I was not too well; so La Taupine, taking all the men, set off in the big canoe, and I was left with the smaller and most of the goods to await for their return till evening.

"To kill time I unloaded the canoe, lifted it up under the bushes, and piled the stuff beside it. Then I set to work to wait, and, with nothing to do and no one to talk to, waiting is the devil. So during the morning, somehow, I fell asleep, and I slept until I was awakened by a fly tickling my nose."

"Get on with your story, fellow!" said the Governor sharply.

"Pardon me, mon Gouverneur, but that fly has much to do with my story, and I can only tell it my own way. I shook my head, but the fly returned. I tried to hit it, but hit my nose instead, and, half asleep, I started up and began: 'Ah! mon'" but the fly was gone, and, instead, there sate an Iroquois with a twig in his hand and seven other devils like himself, in full

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war paint, squatting close round with a grin on every face.

"There I was! This was the end of our beautiful journey for which we had paid so many masses! The canoe was gone, every Indian had a pile of goods on the ground before him, and I without so much as a musk-rat skin to show for it all.

"'Well, my children!'" I said, "'You have only caught me asleep; so don't boast too loudly! If you had been men you would have wâkened me. Any squaw could have done as much,' but no one answered me a word. At last I said, 'Now, if you want to move I am ready! and so we started.

"Such a march! We went through the bush at a half run, only stopping once that evening when we reached their camp, where we picked up these two squaws; but half an hour later we were astir again. All that night we marched without halt until daylight, and it was the next afternoon before they dared make a regular camp. They knew La Taupine was with me, and that they were not safe within any reasonable distance.

"No doubt we would have moved on the next day as well, only one of the Iroquois insisted he had carried his plunder far enough, and now would taste it." Dubosq caught the Governor's angry start at this admission of his carrying the forbidden spirits, but, like the fly on his nose, it was too important a point to be passed over, and he continued with a well-assumed innocence: "So they tapped one of the kegs, and when I awoke—for I was so done out that I slept like the dead as soon as I could throw myself down—they were all pretty reasonably drunk, and they had begun on a second.

"We were all friends together now; they boasted of how they would be received in their bourgade when they walked in with Dubosq, Dubosq le Coureur tied between two squaws—and they laughed, those painted devils, and struck me on the back, and I laughed with them. Why not? Were we not all friends together? They said my standing quarrel with their people was an old affair, something that had passed, and I let them say on. So we drank, but all the time I was keeping my head clear by planning how I would take that same quarrel up before long.

"A third keg was opened, and then a fourth; which was sheer waste, for before it was touched, and long before the moon was an hour up, the two squaws and I were the only ones sober in the camp.

"They had tried to fasten me in their usual way, but only one arm was really tied to a sapling, and the Indian on my right was so drunk that as soon as I determined upon my plan I drew my arm with the unfastened cords from under him, and with his own knife cut myself free. I was sure of him, but was not quite so certain of the one on my left.

"The two squaws were asleep, as far as I could tell; but I dared not make any noise for fear they should scream out or escape, so I raised myself slowly on my elbow, and, after just touching my Indian over the body with the tips of my fingers to make sure of how he was lying, I struck with all my strength, and at the same time threw myself across his body, covering his mouth and nose with my hand. I might have spared myself the trouble, for my knife had found its way to the right place, so he only drew himself up together and trembled a little, and then lay quite still.

"I raised my head, and listened with both ears. Nothing moved but the wind in the trees. There was no sound but the moving of the leaves and the snoring of the drunken Indians. I sat up, took my cords, and, tying them together, crept softly over towards the two squaws, and before they were well awake they were so tied that I was safe from any move on their part, and I easily showed them it would not be well to make any noise. Now I had only to finish my work.

"I walked back to my first man, and with his own cassetête I sent him, and after him his six fellow thieves, one after another, down to Hell in such

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quick following that they were treading on each other's heels.

"In three days I was back at the River again, for I had all the trading I wanted this journey; but I have not come empty-handed."

Here the vanity of the half-breed could not be controlled, the Indian blood asserting itself. He drew himself up to his full height, and his voice swelled into a triumphant boast, as he repeated: "No, I have not come empty-handed! I have brought no furs, I have come back in a strange canoe! I have brought back no goods, nor have I a pound of beaver to show for them! I will not trade on the Place du Marché to-morrow, but there is a proper man in Montreal who would not give ten years of his life for my butin! I travel light, mon gouverneur. I travel light, but I carry the lives of eight men! There!"

At the word he threw back his blanket, and slipping a belt from his waist hurled on the table before the two gentlemen eight Iroquois scalps, with their long locks twisted and plaited with coloured porcupine and beads in the highest refinement of savage skill. They both started involuntarily. Dubosq stood with his arms crossed on his heaving chest and his gaze fixed on the Governor's face, while the eyes of the two squaws sparkled and danced in admiration of the successful warrior.

The Governor, with an exclamation of disgust, pushed the belt with its horrible trophies from him, and he and the Curé looked sternly into each other's eyes before he spake:

"Take up your devil's necklace, you scoundrel! The law allows you a reward; but, had I my way, it would take a different shape. It is to you, and such as you, we owe the stain that is gathering on our name. You are worse than the savages whom you disgrace by your presence; and, if you come before us for praise, you have brought your suit to the wrong court. I have nothing to say to you! To-morrow you may bring your tale before the Governor of the town, and if I have any influence with him, be assured you shall meet with your full reward."

Dubosq calmly replaced his belt, and gathered his blanket about him; but the angry flush on his cheeks burned still redder as he signed to the two squaws, who arose and stood in their places.

"We will go?" he enquired softly.

"Non, mordieu! You shall not go!" thundered the Governor, striking his stick fiercely on the table.

At his signal the doors swung open, and a sergeant with four men entered.

"Here! Take this fellow and keep him and the women safe till morning. See they are comfortable, though, and have enough to eat."

The sergeant saluted, and crossed over to Dubosq, who, bowing quietly to the Governor and the priest, passed out of the room, followed by the squaws and the soldiers.

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In the early morning there was a commotion in the courtyard of the Governor's residence, there was much running to and fro, and indignant reproach and answer.

One thing alone was clear. Dubosq had escaped in some mysterious manner in spite of his guards, for the elder squaw was the only occupant of the outhouse in which they had been confined over night.

Later on, a piece of coarse paper was discovered fastened high on the main door of the Château on which was scrawled in red chalk, "ETIENNE DUBOSQ, SA MARQUE," and in the centre was one of the ghastly trophies, an Iroquois scalp, pinned fast by the blade of his hunting knife.

William McLennan.



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OUR ANCIENT IRISH BARDS.

BY NORAH M. HOLLAND.

IN writing of the poets and poetry of Ireland it will be found that the subject falls naturally into two great divisions, first—the work and personality of the ancient bards; and secondly—that of the more modern poets who, flourishing since the prohibition of the Irish tongue has led to its gradual decay, have for the most part written in the language which has taken its place, that is to say, in English. The first branch of this subject we discussed last month, and it is of the second alone that we have at present to speak.

When Strongbow entered Ireland in 1169, the Golden Age of Celtic literature was beginning to pass away. The ancient order of Bards, with its three branches of jurist, historian and minstrel, was fast falling into decay, and the English invasion gave it its finishing blow. The third branch of the order, the minstrel, however, under the form of harper in the households of the great chiefs, lingered on until the middle of the 18th century, while in the guise of the wandering musician he may be found in some parts of the island at the present day.

Despite the incessant warfare which was waged for the next five centuries throughout the unhappy isle of Erin; despite the Draconic laws which once and again were passed against the language, laws and customs of its inhabitants, the spirit of Irish nationality died hard. Perhaps the chief cause of this endurance was the rapidity with which the early settlers became incorporated with the original population of the land, intermarrying with them, adopting their manners and language, and resenting as angrily as did they each following invasion. Indeed, it was not until Cromwell's system of extermination had been put in force, and the same merciless policy had within less than a generation been repeated by William the Third, that the national life of Ireland showed symptoms of becoming extinct, and even then, in the words of the proverb, it was but scotched, not killed.

Until that date the Irish poet had written in the Irish tongue, and had been sure of an audience to whom that tongue was familiar. Some, it is true, of Irish blood and birth, but "born within the pale," had written in English, but they were few and far between, and were greatly outnumbered by those who used the language of the country. This language was now, owing to the severities practised against its users, almost wholly extinct, although in corners of the south and west of the island it found a refuge, and has lingered there even until the present day.

At the darkest hour, however, dawn began to gleam. From the end of the 17th and beginning of the 18th century dates many a delicate lyric, such as the Jacobite song "Kathaleen Na Houlahan," "The Fair Hills of Ireland," and the first really Irish song written in English, and also a Jacobite relic, "The Blackbird."

The English language had become the vehicle of expression throughout the land, and amid the turmoil of debauchery and riot with which these centuries closed arose a little group of poets who poured forth song after song, which, while written in this tongue, breathed of the ancient Irish spirit as strongly as did any of the effusions of the older bards.

Perhaps the chief trait of most of the songs of this period is the intense love of country which is to be found in them. The Celtic nature found its solace for all injuries in the outpouring of a pathetic patriotism, in a longing looking back to the days when their kings were conquerors, when "Malachi wore the collar of gold that he'd won

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from the proud invader," or forward to the time in which once more Ireland should reign a queen amongst nations; and we are bidden, as in "Kathaleen Na Houlahan," to

Deem her not an ugly hag, unfitting to be seen,
Call her not unseemly names, our matchless Kathaleen;
Young she is, and fair she is, and will be made a Queen,
When the King's son shall return to Kathaleen Na Houlahan.

This personification of Ireland as a young and beautiful woman is a common feature of her literature. Sometimes her condition is spoken of as hopeless, and the sole consolation offered is the cold one contained in Owen MacBaird's Lament:

Thou daughter of O'Donnell! dry
Thine overflowing eyes, and turn
Thy heart aside;
For Adam's race is born to die,
And sternly the sepulchral urn
Mocks human pride!
Look not, nor sigh, for earthly throne,
Nor place thy trust in arm of clay;
But on thy knees
Uplift thy soul to God alone,
For all things go their destined way
As He decrees.

Sometimes the tone is more hopeful, and, as in Mangan's beautiful poem, "Dark Rosaleen," there is a declaration of unfailing loyalty, a determination to set her once more upon her throne:

I could scale the blue air,
I could plough the high hills,
Oh, I could kneel all night in prayer
To heal thy many ills.
And one beamy smile from you
Would float like light between
My toils and me, my own, my true,
My dark Rosaleen,
Would give me life and soul anew,
A second life, a soul anew,
My dark Rosaleen.

Oh, the Erne shall run red
With redundance of blood,
The earth shall rock beneath our tread,
And flames wrap hill and wood,
And gun-peal and slogan cry
Wake many a glen serene,
Ere you shall fade, ere you shall die,
My dark Rosaleen!
The judgment hour must first be nigh
Ere you shall fade, ere you shall die,
My dark Rosaleen.

But whether despairing of success or looking forward to a brighter day, there is always the same tenderness, the same fidelity and affection which an Irishman never ceases to feel towards the land of his birth.

The first of the distinctively Irish poets who wrote during this latter period of her literature was John McDonnell Claragh, who was born near Charleville, in the County Cork, in 1691. He was a man of great erudition and a profound Irish antiquarian, and has left us, besides many songs and ballads, the materials for and beginning of a History of Ireland, and a translation of Homer's Iliad into the Irish tongue. His poem to "Old Erin," which is one of the best known of his works, gives a graphic picture of the state to which Ireland was at that time reduced by English misrule:

Who sitteth cold, a beggar old,
Before the prosperous lands,
With outstretched palms that asketh alms
From charitable hands.

Feeble and lone she maketh moan;
A stricken one is she,
Who deep and long hath suffered wrong,
Old Erin in the sea.

Though broad her fields, and rich their yields,
From Liffey to the Lee,
Her grain but grows to flesh the foes
Of Erin in the sea.

His lament for Prince Charlie is also well known, as are many of his other poems.

Contemporary with McDonnell Claragh, lived John Cunningham, of whom, although his name is almost forgotten now, Dr. Johnson found occasion to say, "His poems have peculiar sweetness and elegance; his sentiments are generally natural; his language simple and appropriate to his subject." His farce, "Love in a Mist," written when he was only seventeen, furnished Garrick with materials for "The Lying Valet." His "Pastoral Poems" are well known in Ireland, and his drinking songs are full of jollity and humour, and without a touch of coarseness. His best known poem, "I'd Wed if I Were Not too Young," is a song of sur-

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passing excellence ; we can easily conjure up before our mental vision the picture of the arch, coy maiden and her "brisk Roger ;" it is easy to imagine how

He whispered such soft, pretty things in my ear,
He flattered, he promised and swore,
Such trinkets he gave me, such laces and gear,
That, trust me—my pockets ran o'er.
Some ballads he bought me—the best he could find,
And sweetly their burthen he sung ;
Good faith, he's so handsome, so witty and kind,
I'd wed—if I were not so young.

George Ogle, who gave to us "Molly Astore," Kane O'Hara, Thomas Dermody, and Edward Lysaght, the author of such well-known lyrics as "The Sprig of Shillelagh," "Kitty of Coleraine," and others, all flourished at the close of this century. "The Wearin' o' the Green" and "The Shan van Vought" are peasant songs of the time. "Gentry" and tradespeople are represented by "Garry Owen" and the "Rakes of Mallow," and "The Night before Larry was Stretched" is is a good example of the slang songs which had become popular at that period in many countries.

With the last years of the 18th century sprang up a triad of men whose names were destined to stand at the head of the roll of Irish literature. Richard Brinsley Sheridan, Thomas Moore, and John Philpott Curran were all born between the years 1750 and 1779. They were all of comparatively humble parentage, Curran's father being "Seneschal of the Manor Court," of Newmarket, a position which is nowadays equivalent to that of a town bailiff, and Moore's a Dublin grocer.

Curran is now perhaps rather remembered as the greatest forensic orator of Ireland, and as a great wit at a time when great wits abounded, then as a song writer, although some of his songs are well known. Byron gave his opinion of him in the following words : "Curran is the man who strikes me most. Such imagination ! There never was anything like it that I ever saw or heard of. His published life and speeches give you no idea of the man—none at all. I heard him speak more poetry than I have ever seen written. The riches of his Irish imagination are inexhaustible."

The facts in the lives of both Sheridan and Moore are too well known to need repetition. The thing which strikes us most is the extreme youth of both writers at the time of the publication of their works. Sheridan was but twenty-three when his comedy "The Rivals" was written, and twenty-six when he produced the "School for Scandal." Moore's earliest poems were written at the age of fourteen, and the Irish Melodies at twenty-eight. Before his thirtieth year he had published three volumes of poems, all of which were eagerly sought for and widely read.

Then came the era of emancipation and repeal, and Banim, Griffin, Lever and Lefanu came to the fore. Banim is perhaps best known as a novelist, his "Tales of the O'Hara Family" and "Boyne Water" being classics of Irish literature, but it is to his pen that we are indebted for "Soggarth Aroon," a portion of which we quote below, and which was pronounced by Lord Jeffrey to be the finest Irish poem ever written. It is the expression of that heartfelt devotion to the priests of his faith which has always been a mainspring of the Irish peasant's character:

Loyal and brave to you,
Soggarth aroon,
Yet be no slave to you,
Soggarth aroon,
Nor out of fear to you,
Stand up so near to you,
Och, out of fear to you,
Soggarth aroon.

Who, as a friend only met,
Soggarth aroon,
Never did flout me yet,
Soggarth aroon,
And when my eye was dim,
Gave, while his eye did brim,
What I should give to him,
Soggarth aroon.

Lover also did much work that was Irish in the best sense of the word. Keegan, Fraser and Wallace wrote in close contact with the peasant life of

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the day, and of their songs it has been said "that you can feel the accent in them."

But a greater development was in store. On October 15th, 1842, was published the first number of *The Nation*, a paper founded by three men, Charles Gavan Duffy, John Dillon and Thomas Davis. Their object in doing so they explained in these words: "To create and foster public opinion in Ireland, and to make it racy of the soil," which words were afterwards adopted as the motto of the paper. From the party it spoke for rose a new life for Ireland. It is not too much to say that from the time of its publication Irish literary history took a new meaning, a meaning which has deepened and strengthened ever since. It was no longer the literature of a conquered and enslaved nation, but a people struggling for a broader, wider freedom than they had for years possessed. Each number as it came out was received with a yet wilder burst of enthusiasm than its predecessors. The best blood of Ireland declared its belief in the principles laid down by it. Mangan, Miss Downing, Mary Eva Kelly, Denis Florence McCarthy, Duffy and Davis were among its contributors. Among the latter's contributions to its pages was the well-known lyric:

Oh, she's a fresh and a fair land,
Oh, she's a rich and a rare land,
Oh, she's a dear and a fair land,
This native land of mine!

No men on earth are braver,
Her women's hearts ne'er waver,
Faith, I would die to save her,
And deem such death divine!

A selection from the poems it published was gathered into a volume, entitled "The Spirit of the Nation," and editions could not be supplied fast enough to meet the demand. A cheap American copy was published, and thousands were sold, not only in Ireland, but throughout the whole of Europe. Its leading articles were translated into all languages, and copied by all the principal papers of France, Spain and Italy. Its success grew daily. Davis especially among its contributors wielded great influence over the readers of the paper, and even over its enemies. A Protestant, supporting a cause which was popularly supposed to be espoused only by Romanists, a man personally so popular as not to possess a single enemy, he was respected by all parties. At his death *The Warder* a bitter antagonist of his views, wrote as follows:

"With a scholarship in general literature, as well as in history and politics, the extent of which was absolutely prodigious, Mr. Davis combined the finest and noblest natural endowments of mind and disposition; he was a constant, earnest and guilelessly honest labourer in the cause of his choice; and in his service he lavished with the unreserve of conscious genius the inexhaustible resources of his accomplished and powerful intellect—undebased by the scheming of ambition—untainted by the rancour of faction; and if we pass by the errors of a wrongly chosen cause, he was entitled truly to the noble name of patriot. Young though he died, his life had been long enough to impress the public with a consciousness of his claims to admiration and respect; his admirers were of all parties and in none had he an enemy."

How can we do better than to close our brief study of the poets and poetry of Ireland with this noble eulogy of one of her best and greatest, whose private life was as pure as his genius was unsullied, and who has given a new and upward impulse to Irish literature which has lasted until the present day, and the influence of which will, we hope, continue through many a future century.

Norah M. Holland.

[THE END.]

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A Fragment of the Second Punic War.

BY EDGAR MAURICE SMITH.

CHAPTER I.—THE CAMP.

IT was morning. The thick mist that had held the earth in a clammy embrace during the night reluctantly retreated before the approaching sun. Like a fleecy mantle it trailed westward over plain, forest and rivulet, until the Alpine barriers were reached, when, soaring up the steep mountain sides, it mingled with the clouds that the topmost turrets had arrested in their course. A new-born wind came from the east in gentle puffs, and dispersed the lagging fragments of crystallized vapour that clung to a clump of bushes. These fringed the northern extremity of a valley wherein the Carthaginian army lay encamped.

Far-reaching beams, radiating from the yellow disc just creeping to a level with the horizon, cunningly penetrated the crevices of the tents, and awakened the sleepers. The long spell of quietude came to an end. Nodding sentries, posted at various points, blinked their tired eyes in the increasing light, and saluted each other with shouts and gesticulations. They aroused the more hardy warriors who lay about in promiscuous disorder, unprotected save by their wraps, but slumbering none the less soundly. Thin wreaths of bluish smoke ascended from the smouldering remains of ruddy camp-fires.

Men now began to pour out of the innumerable tents that clustered in this pleasant valley, and the silence was disturbed by the languages of divers nations—African, Iberian and Gaul—blending in loud discordancy. Amid the confusion the morning meal was soon in course of preparation. The smell of cooking meat perfumed the air and attracted the soldiers to where the food was to be served. They waited in impatience. When their turns came they ate ravenously for, up to the

*This story will be completed in six issues. All rights reserved.

NOTE.—At the time of Hannibal's invasion of Italy (B.C. 218), the northern part of the territory now known by that name was called Gallia Cisalpina and was not under Roman control. It was inhabited by the Taurini, Ligurians, Insubres and other tribes of Gauls. New Carthage was in southeastern Spain and "Old" Carthage in Northern Africa, opposite the island of Sicily. It was from the former city that "the dread Hannibal" had set out upon his famous march across the Alps.

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morning previous, hunger had not parted company with them during many days, and all were in sore want.

An air of relaxation was conspicuous on every side. The great struggle with Nature was at an end, and men alone now barred the way to victory.

As the warriors reclined near the fires, or squatted in groups, demolishing pieces of fresh beef and goats' flesh obtained from the friendly Gauls, they rejoiced in having survived the disasters that had marked the terrible journey from New Carthage. And yet this joy seemed a mockery. Skin hung loosely on projecting bones, and so stiff had their joints become that sharp pains accompanied the slighest exertions. Emaciated, worn and weak—afflicted with vile disorders—they resembled gaunt, starved slaves, rather than soldiers of the great African republic. But life was still sweet, and they thanked the gods that their corpses did not strew the Alpine passes, or rot in the deep ravines. Many comrades had perished on the way from cold and exhaustion, as well as from the subtle attacks of the mountaineers.

The site of the camp, though hastily chosen, was well situated. At the rear, the Alps rose up tier upon tier in a sublime immensity that seemed to shut out all communication with the world beyond—the balmy plains of Libya; the sun-tinted valleys of the Iberus; the rugged highlands of Lusitania—homes to which so many expected to return victorious and laden with rich trophies of the campaign. These mountains, lofty and bleak, their bald snow-crowned heads obscured in impenetrable mist to which the sun's rays gave a fringe of gold, awed the soldiers as their eyes rested furtively upon them. Strategy and perseverance had overcome the grim terrors that lay entombed in the dark abysses and treacherous paths, but only at a sacrifice well-nigh fatal. The army, energetic and confident, had measured strength with these silent adversaries, and in fifteen days had emerged from the icy gloom, lessened one-half in numbers, and the remainder but skeletons of their former selves. The bodies of the fallen served to mark the way for Hasdrubal, when some years later he hazarded everything, and fell in the attempt to assist his brother.

A warrior of more than ordinary stature came hurrying towards one of the largest groups with open mouth and eyes rolling in excitement.

"The General has ordered amusement to be provided for us," he explained, in answer to the looks of enquiry levelled at him.

"What may it be?" shouted several in chorus.

"The prisoners are to fight with each other in single combat," announced the informant, with no little show of importance.

"How know you this?" asked one among the listeners whose face betokened middle age and experience. "Has Hannibal thought fit to consult with you?"

A laugh greeted this sally, while he against whom it was directed but ill-concealed his anger.

"The General," he retorted, "looks to me to fight and not to advise. But what I tell you is true. I have it from the Iberian who stands guard at the great tent."

But the older man only smiled at this evidence.

"The Iberians are all liars," he said, as he stretched himself full length on the soft sward and blinked his yellow eyes at the sun.

The self-constituted herald protested the truth of his story, but meeting with naught but ridicule he brushed past his fellows and angrily stalked away to another quarter.

On the upper bank of a narrow but swift stream that gushed from the mountains and formed the southern boundary of the encampment, small knots of Iberians had assembled to wash their linen tunics and cuirasses, cleanliness being one of their first considerations. For activity and beauty of form these soldiers were the pick of the army, but the hardships attendant

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on the campaign had reduced them sorely.

The tents of the Cantabrians occupied a conspicuous space on this side of the camp. The rugged natures of this tribe had best borne the trials that had so thinned the army. But they were rough and barbaric in their ways, and, while despised by the more refined of their associates, quelled all open criticism by the very ferocity they displayed.

Of kindred natures were the Vascones, whose tents lay next in order to the right, and from whose tribes the Carthaginian general had drawn heavily. Possessing the dauntless perseverance of the Cantabrians, without giving way to wild feelings and humours, they were more to be relied upon in a lengthy campaign. They wore little in the form of garments, but rough black blankets of goats' wool enveloped them as completely as cloaks and served the double purpose of a covering by night.

Fierce Lusitanians, who in the absence of an enemy were wont to create much havoc by fighting among themselves, noisily criticised the actions of their commanders. Many attached to the cavalry had lost their horses in the mountains, and the more ponderous animals, supplied by the Insubres, called forth murmurs and grumblings.

More desperate were the Celtiberians, whose tents were pitched in a semicircle somewhat to the left. Being of that uncertain disposition that is too much elated by success and similarly depressed by failure, the disasters so generally sustained had seemingly deprived them of all spirit, and while some prepared medicines for their ailments the majority crowded about the fires, sullen and dejected. The Norsemen alone made a pretence to establish order, and while grooming their steeds chided the foot soldiers for their lethargy and filth.

Balearian warriors wandered about in various directions and were easily distinguishable by their rush slings, of which each man carried three, wound round his head and body. The more energetic searched along the edge of the stream for smooth, flat pebbles of a size suitable for ammunition. Their broad-bordered tunics of Phœnician manufacture were covered with mud stains. Like the rest they had suffered, but the hope of conquest freshened them and filled them with strength.

Such was the army destined to humble Rome.

CHAPTER II.—HANNIBAL.

On this morning Hannibal held lengthy council with his officers. The curious clustered about the tent and vainly attempted to learn the nature of the proceedings from the bronzed warriors who guarded the entrance. The indolence and sloth so apparent in the actions of the soldiers evoked the criticism and sneers of these veterans, whose point of vantage—a slight eminence near the northern extremity of the camp—commanded a full view of the army. Themselves reduced and weak, they attempted to conceal their condition beneath a passive indifference.

"My countrymen fill me with shame," exclaimed one veteran from Iberia, whose wrinkles denoted hardship rather than age. "To see them reclining in their own filth is enough to discourage the whole army."

"In truth, the whole army is already discouraged," rejoined a Libyan in the language of the other, "and the blame rests with all alike. One would think by their lamentations that the journey across the mountains was yet before them."

The raising of the flap of the tent checked further conversation.

Hannibal appeared at the opening with his chief counsellors. At sight of him the idlers slunk away, not wishing to encounter the piercing gaze of their leader. The little knot of sentries assumed a military bearing, once natural but now maintained with visible effort.

Hannibal quickly took note of the surroundings, and his bright, black eyes swept over the remnants of what had so lately constituted a magnificent army. The misery must have appealed to him, though the stern expression of his dark skinned face did not alter.

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He had not spared himself during that long, weary march from New Carthage, and while partaking of exactly the same food as was served to the troops, had given up less time to rest. Those intimately acquainted with his habits marvelled at his endurance and watched with dread for its sudden termination. It was impossible for them to comprehend the physical, as well as the mental, resources at his command. Having been schooled from boyhood to bestow such attention on himself as was required by necessity rather than pleasure, his constitution had become so hardened as to be proof against what would have overcome the majority of men. Nevertheless, the past five months had wrought changes in the tall, muscular figure. The plain blouse, covering the upper part, hung in loose folds as though made for a man less spare. The leather leggings, too, did not encase the limbs with any degree of compactness, and showed a loss of flesh that could only have been brought about through extraordinary exertions. But his step was firm and his every movement bespoke energy. His face was an even better index to the iron will which knew no master and acknowledged no defeat. The brilliant eyes reflected an omnipresent determination that was powerfully emphasized by the straight, thin-lipped mouth and the massive chin whose outline a thick beard failed to hide.

He had given careful attention to the opinion expressed by one of the officers concerning the condition of the army, though he evinced some impatience at the speaker's lengthy explanations.

"It is as you say, Gisco," he remarked somewhat abruptly and before the other had concluded; "the soldiers lack energy and need something to arouse them from their despondency. Methinks they would be entertained by a combat such as Mago spoke of not long since. We have with us the necessary gladiators among the prisoners. Two might be chosen from the number by lot. Yes," he continued meditatively, wrinkling his broad forehead, "it will answer. The plan can be easily arranged without delay and the men would be amused."

"More than amusement is necessary to fatten their lean forms," retorted Maharbal, whose dark face was wreathed in a frown at the thought of the pitiable condition to which his once superb cavalry was reduced.

"Experience and faithful service entitle you to criticize with severity, but you are more fitted, good Maharbal, to lead a charge than to revive the fallen spirits of a weakened army," and Hannibal shot a chiding glance at the incomparable cavalry leader.

The other smiled at the gentle reprimand, but Maharbal persisted in his course.

"What you say may be true, but I can see with one eye closed that the bodies of the men are what should be first humoured. Would you have them laugh when the exertion but reminds them of their weakness?"

A hearty laugh followed this sally, in which Maharbal alone did not join, for his mood was all seriousness.

"Trouble not over these things," said Hannibal good-naturedly. "Men and animals shall be properly rested and fed before we leave the confines of this valley."

"Have we, then, so much time at our disposal?" asked Himilco in surprise; "for," he continued, not without trace of a sneer, "it will take some weeks to satisfy the gluttonous cravings of that whining crowd." He indicated the shattered army by a sweep of the hand.

Anger darkened the eye of the young commander at such unjust calumny.

"If," he rejoined with unconcealed displeasure, "my valiant soldiers are gluttonous now it is no discredit to them after what they have undergone, and I would not have had them gratify their appetites at the most trying times in the way you, Himilco, advocated. There are certain things that should not be tolerated by men of civilized ideas, and one of these is the eating of human flesh."

"You did not so express yourself

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when I made the suggestion," muttered Himilco sulkily.

"I only reprimand when necessary, and then at the proper time."

Himilco gnawed his lip savagely. He was somewhat short, like most of his race, but of that thick, heavy build denoting great strength. His face, while not ill-favoured, was unpleasant to look upon, so sinister was the expression about the lips and in the small eyes. Though several years older than Hannibal he looked somewhat of the same age, owing to his having adopted the Greek custom of shaving. He bestowed particular attention on his person, and in the little group of officers his apparel was in every respect the richest. But he was withal a doughty warrior and had early distinguished himself under Hasdrubal in Iberia. The soldiers of the heavy infantry under his command entertained a high admiration for the courage and ability displayed by him in battle, but they feared him more than they did Hannibal, for he was both cruel and unforgiving.

It had angered him to be reprimanded in the presence of his fellow officers, knowing as he did the general dislike they felt for him, and if he had dared he would have retorted. But the dark eyes had flashed on him for a moment and the unspoken command there expressed would brook no disobedience. He, therefore, saluted and took his departure, the conference being at an end.

"I like him better on the field of battle than off," remarked Maharbal as his gaze followed the retreating figure.

"He is a brave warrior," said Hannibal quietly.

The others present maintained silence.

"And now," continued the General, "see that my plan of amusement is carried out. Have the soldiers assembled before the camp early in the afternoon, for at this season the air is none too warm and our comfort can be greatly regulated by the position of the sun."

Left to himself, Hannibal walked to and fro before the standards, unmindful of the reverential glances bestowed on him by the soldiers. Gaunt as his figure was from the severe trials lately undergone, it had lost nothing of its majesty. The contour of the face was somewhat affected by a sinking of the cheeks, but this was not apparent in the profile, which was, indeed, without a fault. The young leader's hair of shining black was uncovered to the breeze, and at times was blown about the lofty forehead in such a way as to hide the creases that thought had carved on the smooth surface.

Little more than five months had elapsed since leaving New Carthage, when the superb host had marched forth on its memorable campaign, but in that time much of import had transpired. The Pyrenees had hardly been penetrated before the army was weakened by the withdrawal of eight thousand foot soldiers. Their departure was regretted by Hannibal, though not openly.

Delay had been caused by skirmishes with the tribes inhabiting the country between the Pyrenees and the Rhone, and these it was necessary to keep in check for fear of their attempting to fall upon the rear of the army. To accomplish this Hanno remained among them with eleven thousand mixed troops.

The crossing of the great river was also a set-back, for the barbarians assembled in great numbers on the opposite side, and though routed with heavy loss, succeeded in doing some damage.

And then came the Alps! What terror the sight of these mountains had created in the hearts of the bravest! Looming up against the horizon to heights seemingly insurmountable they were as very ramparts about Italy that defied the efforts of puny man.

The entire march had been fraught with dangers and catastrophes. Still he had overcome all, and even now rested upon the sacred soil of Italy. But was his victory more than an empty one? Could the effects of the struggle be also overcome? Fully a score of thousand brave men had been swallowed up in the rugged paths and

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rough ravines of the Alps, leaving him twenty thousand foot and six thousand cavalry with which to conquer the erstwhile invincible legions of Rome. It was a mere handful and scarce more than a nucleus for so great an undertaking. But bands of Gauls were daily pouring into the camp, and many of the important tribes would treat with him after the first victory. Until then he would have to depend on his own troops, who were as weak as they were lethargic.

The Carthaginian's penetrating glance took in every detail within range —the emaciated forms of the once robust warriors, the neglect with which they treated their natural wants, and the marked air of slovenliness about the whole encampment. A contemptuous smile for the moment overspread his features.

"Fools!" he muttered, "they know not when they have won a victory—a great victory."

CHAPTER III.—THE COMBAT.*

An hour passed, and the rumour originally circulated by the Libyan developed into a certainty. Those who had been inclined to believe it jeered at the sceptical for their egotism and unbelief.

The orders were issued that the soldiers should assemble about mid-day in the front of the camp, on a good-sized plain, where amusement would be provided for them in the form of a combat between the prisoners. All were commanded to be present.

A mixed body of horsemen, composed chiefly of Libyphenicians and Iberians, had been sent on in advance, to keep intact the centre space for the combatants. Hannibal and his staff were also reserved a sufficient area. The crowd attempted to force a way into these guarded preserves, but were driven back. Numbers seated themselves on the ground and congratulated each other on being able to do so without foregoing a view of the arena. All waited with commendable patience. Congregated in motley groups they excitedly discussed the reasons for the impending exhibition. As yet they did not know to what extent it would be carried.

Meanwhile, the prisoners were being prepared for the part they were to play in the proceedings. Food in abundance was furnished them. Having been partially starved since their capture, and at times fed on rotting refuse, they lost all control of themselves at the sight of such a plenty and devoured it with the ravenousness of wild beasts. Shortly after noon they were driven into the open space about which the soldiers were assembled. Their appearance gave rise to loud comments, for truly such misery was pitiable to look upon.

"See their limbs," said one. "Such fleshless legs cannot long support the bodies."

"But the bodies are likewise thin," explained a companion. "One can count their very ribs as though they were skeletons. Beside them, the poorest of us would seem fat."

"And their arms," continued another. "Surely swords would be helpless in their hands."

These expressions of sympathy and surprise but feebly described the condition of the sufferers. The once sturdy forms were bent and gnarled with weakness, for besides being improperly fed they had been made to perform trying labours that really required the strength of men in health. Each rivalled the other in misery. They were a conglomeration of sunken faces, wretchedly lean bodies, and limbs that shook like those of paralytics. It seemed as though they were unable to bear the heavy manacles that rattled significantly as they walked.

But there was more than this to shock the eye and arouse pity. It required no very close inspection to see that every captive's body was mutilated with cuts and sores inflicted by the

* Such a combat as is described in this chapter actually took place and is particularly mentioned by both Polybius (III., 62, 63), and Livy (XXI., 42), though the latter historian differs somewhat in his version from the more reliable authority. The exact time of the occurrence, however, was just previous to the skirmish with the Romans at the Ticinus—some few days after the Carthaginian army's arrival in Italy.

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scourge.. Some were worse than others, but all were bad. The more humane of the soldiers shuddered at the sight.

"It is not to my liking," muttered a Celtiberian whose simply and temperate life had not become hardened to such sights.

"I can now account for the yells that so often reached my hearing in the evenings,'" said another who sat near by.

"It is strange training to impose upon gladiators," put in a Libyan, at which remark those who understood him laughed.

Unconscious of the effect produced by their appearance, the prisoners congregated together and speculated as to the cause of the plentiful feast and their present situation.

All doubts were soon set at rest by the approach of Hannibal in company with his officers. The soldiers made way for the distinguished cavalcade, resuming their places with tolerable order as soon as it had passed through.

The young commander bowed graciously in acknowledgment of the cheering that greeted his coming. He never forgot how much he owed to the bravery of those under him, and the meanest among them was always sure of recognition. Hence his ability to keep together an army composed of so many diverse elements.

The applause ceased for the nonce only, to be more vociferously renewed as Hannibal and Maharbal parted from the others and approached the centre of the arena, where the prisoners lay huddled together.

Seated on his powerful horse he looked everything that he was—a wonderful leader of men. His attire was not rich, but its very plainness was becoming to his stalwart figure. He wore a tunic of fine white linen trimmed with purple, similar to the favourite garment of the more civilized Iberians. This was partially visible beneath a leather jacket, studded with small plates of silver, that reached a little below the waist. A light helmet of bronze fitted closely to his head and seemed to add sternness to the clear-cut features. The superstitious credited him with supernatural powers and associated him with the deities.

Presently he raised his arm to command silence. When this was obtained, he addressed the prisoners in the Gallic tongue, which he had lately mastered with tolerable correctness.

"Would you be willing to fight unto the death for your liberty?" he asked.

Those who heard him quickly shouted their acquiescence, while the others, learning from their fellows the nature of the question, echoed the cry enthusiastically.

"They are not cowards," he said, turning slightly in his saddle and addressing Maharbal.

"They have little to dread," was the grim rejoinder.

"Is the loss of life so little to dread?"

"To men in their state—starved and maimed—the prospect of death can be naught but a pleasure. What is life to them?" and Maharbal looked reproachfully at his leader.

"It is as you say," said Hannibal, quietly, "but it has served my purpose to have them reduced to their present misery. I inflict not cruelty without reason." Then, turning to the prisoners, "You shall draw lots, and two of your number will, in this manner, be chosen to fight one against the other. The vanquished will gain liberty in death, but the victor shall be allowed to go his way a free man and the possessor of the costly prizes you now see before you."

As he spoke a handsomely caparisoned horse was led out before the admiring gaze of the spectators. On its back were heaped valuable goods, composed of several military cloaks and all the equipment of a warrior.

Then the prisoners again shouted their approbation and asked that the lots be immediately drawn, so that the chosen ones might the sooner be freed from their misery.

When the drawing was completed and the many found that they were to be as they were before, they grieved

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greatly. Some sobbed like children and implored their captors to grant them death. Little heed was given to them, save by the soldiers, who wondered at such a strange request. A scarred warrior who had listened attentively to some of the remarks passed by his companions lifted his head and gazed at them in surprise.

"You marvel at the prisoners asking for death," he said; "but why should they not welcome such a release from misery? Who would not cry out for death if his flesh was shredded by the scourge and his bones creaked from the pressure of the manacles? You will find my words come true if ever you fall into the hands of the Romans," and the old man chuckled at the thought.

Meanwhile the two fortunate prisoners were preparing for the combat, it being the General's orders that they should be encased in Gallic armour such as the kings of those tribes wore. When they entered the arena it was seen that one had the advantage over the other in size and bearing. He was a giant of the Allobroges nation, who had been captured with difficulty by the Carthaginians. By nature possessed of unusual strength and hardened by years of exposure and fighting, the extreme chastisement imposed upon him during his captivity had not weakened him to the extent that it had the majority. True, his body was thin to a pitiable degree and his back was not free from cruel stripes, but his power of vitality was so great that he bore the weight of his armour with apparent ease, and swung his heavy weapon about as though it were a light dart. He was greeted with a buzz of applause. He danced to the time of a wild war song that he chanted while awaiting the signal to begin. He had undone his coil of thick red hair, and it floated about his neck and shoulders like a mantle in the wind.

The other Allobrogian prisoners called out messages to him to deliver to their families and friends, feeling confident that he would be an easy victor.

Some felt inclined to laugh when they saw his opponent, though most expressed sympathy for him. Aside from his inferiority in size he seemed ill-fitted to engage in sanguinary combat. Shorter by half a head and proportionately smaller than his antagonist, his figure was withal well knit, and in health would doubtless have been proof against the most violent attacks. Being of the fierce tribes that inhabit the wild fastnesses of the ice-bound Alps, the drudgery and mental work attached to captivity had borne upon him with no light hand. From the first he had offered a stern resistance to the treatment accorded him and had been dealt with the more harshly. Every part of his body was disfigured with cuts and bruises, and in places the blood was hardly dry. Physically he was unfit to engage, but mentally he was a giant. He did not expect to win against such an adversary; but the prospect of death was not unpleasant to him.

"It will be but a poor fight," said one. "To kill a cripple is no great deed."

This remark expressed the feelings of the multitude.

The audience strained forward and eagerly waited.

The smaller of the combatants had, since his entrance to the arena, made no demonstration whatever. While his opponent chanted and danced, he stared abstractedly towards the mountains that towered above him. His face, though fierce and threatening, seemed softened for the moment, as though he already saw death.

As the signal was given to begin he turned slowly about and awaited the attack that he knew would be forthcoming. The Gallic sword was the only weapon provided for both attack and defence. Having no point, it could not be used to thrust with. For this reason it was advantageous to a powerful man who could wield it with ease.

The tall warrior advanced with a stride denoting confidence, his sword upraised and his whole form overbearing. He expected an easy victory.

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Measuring the distance carefully between himself and his antagonist, he brought his weapon down with full force, hoping to break the defence raised against him. But in this he was disappointed, for the mountaineer jumped quickly to one side and so saved his strength. The blade cleft the air with a swishing sound, and the onlookers laughed.

With a crafty expression on his strongly-marked face, he again stood on the defensive. This time the Allobrogian advanced more warily, though the jibing cries of the soldiers angered him. He burned to end the struggle without delay. His confidence in himself was unshaken. Watching for what he considered a favourable opportunity, he delivered four powerful strokes in quick succession. Three the mountaineer warded off and the last he evaded. It was cleverly done, but the effort was beginning to tell upon his wasted strength.

He gave ground freely, though the brightness of his eyes was undimmed. His behaviour encouraged the other, who pressed him hard, plying blow after blow with marvellous rapidity. In his eagerness to terminate the contest, the Allobrogian did not take his own weakened state into consideration. The resistance irritated him, and he did not cease his violent exertions until his arm pained. He rested upon his sword, and surveyed the man before him with unconcealed surprise.

"You defend yourself well," he said, "but I shall kill you."

The other did not answer him, but prepared to act on the offensive.

The Allobrogian guarded himself with difficulty against a well-aimed blow and retaliated with all his strength. The mountaineer staggered and almost fell to the ground, but he recovered himself and with wonderful rapidity returned to the attack.

Quite unprepared for this, the tall warrior failed to guard properly and the steel cleft his shoulder. The dark blood spurted out in a jet, though the wound was not a serious one.

At this a prolonged shout was raised, for the soldiers loved the sight of blood, and their appetites, once sharpened, hungered for satiety. Particularly pleased were such wild races as the Vascones and Cantabrians, some of whom sang for very glee. With difficulty they were quieted by the guards.

Wagers were now freely offered on the mountaineer and taken up without odds by the admirers of the Allobrogian, for though he had sustained a wound his staying powers seemed unimpaired.

A Numidian turned to an Iberian cavalryman and offered to back the wounded man for anything he might name.

"Your first female captive," specified the Iberian.

"Against what?"

"The same; the first Gallic or Roman maiden who falls into your hands."

"Can I trust to your choice?" asked the Numidian. "I bother with naught but the young and beautiful."

"My taste is not inferior to yours, as you will see before the campaign has ended."

The combat progressed with varying results. Goaded by the wound he had so unexpectedly received, the Allobrogian pressed his opponent hard. Once his weapon reached the mountaineer's face and left a wide gash on the forehead. It was not deep, but the blood trickled from it into his eyes and almost blinded him. Combined with his other disadvantages this rendered his position perilous. Those who had laid wagers on him now regretted their precipitancy.

Suddenly, by a dexterous movement, he forced the sword out of the other's hand, but in doing this he bent his own, and while attempting to straighten it the Allobrogian rushed upon him. Though lacking his antagonist's animal strength he was an agile man and kept his feet wonderfully.

The struggle was now hand to hand, without weapons of any kind. It was a strange though imposing sight, and a solemn silence fell over all. The polished armour glistened in the sun-

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light and reflected blinding beams into the eyes of the onlookers.

The two men swayed backward and forward like a tree bending in a storm, but they did not fall. The strength of the one seemed unable to overcome the skill of the other. By mutual agreement they might have broken away and seized their swords, but the animal was too much roused within them, and they clung the closer together. With eyeballs strained and protruding both sought to gain an advantage.

The mountaineer cleared his eyes of blood by rubbing them against the breastplate opposite. The red fluid mingled with that which spurted from the other's wounded shoulder and flowed down the shining armour.

A gradual weakness came over them and they rested without releasing their grasp.

Men marvelled within themselves at such persistence, but said nothing.

The stillness was almost appalling.

Excitement was restrained by its very tension and volume. The audience leaned forward with quivering nostrils and flaming eyes that radiated towards the one spot.

Presently the fight re-commenced. Unable to shake off his adversary as he would have wished, the Allobrogian dealt him several powerful blows on the head. They resounded with a thud, but the mountaineer pressed closer and the two staggered. The larger man tried to right himself, but failed to do so, and still clinging to each other both fell heavily to the ground.

Over and over they rolled, bleeding from their wounds and foaming at the mouth.

They bore no resemblance to men. The shining scales of their armour likened them to monsters of the deep.

The Allobrogian fought with body, hands and teeth. Once when striving for the ascendancy he seized the mountaineer's ear between his powerful jaws and held it so until the other wrenched it away, disfigured and mutilated.

He, too, snapped back like a dog, attempting to reach with his sharp, white teeth the thick neck so near to him.

First one would gain the ascendancy, and the onlookers would think the climax had been reached, when the other would twist himself out of his dangerous position and succeed in obtaining certain advantages.

The swords lay idly by, at times within reach, but neither wished to alter the form the struggle had taken. Their lean, shaking fingers longed to do the work. Life, which an hour before was a burden to both, had become precious through resistance.

At last, by a clever feint, the mountaineer's hand reached the throat of his opponent. Feeling the fatal grip, the Allobrogian writhed like a serpent, and in his contortions succeeded in rolling on top. In this he had the ascendancy, but try though he might he could not free himself. With desperate energy he pulled at the tormenting grasp, and might have disengaged it had not one of his wrists come within range of the other's mouth. Like a flash the sharp teeth became buried in it, while the anxious fingers tightened about the hairy neck.

Foaming at the mouth like a man in a fit, the ominous hue of death stealing over his features, the unfortunate warrior swung his free arm wildly about, beating the air in agony. And still he struggled desperately, his massive body fairly raising itself up, then rolling from side to side like a galley tossed by the waves.

But it was vain. His eyes, protruding as though about to break away from their sockets, were glazed with fear at the near sight of death. Mighty drops of sweat corroded his face, which was fast becoming discoloured by a purplish pall. A gurgling sound escaped his leathery lips as though he were essaying to speak, but it was only the rattle of departing life.

The fatal fingers contracted and he sank in a heap on his conqueror.

The mountaineer still retained his hold with hand and teeth, tightening both as the resistance ceased. His eyes were blinded, and he could not

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see that all was over, though the air resounded with shouts from the soldiers, whose pent-up feelings celebrated liberation in wild rejoicings that echoed up the mountain sides.

He did not move until one of the guards went forward and told him of his victory. Then with an effort he rose to his knees and gazed about him.

Meanwhile Hannibal had advanced and was haranguing the soldiers.

Strong, impassioned words fell from his lips—words that stirred the blood of the most sluggish and made them forget their ills. They saw themselves in the past as heroes overcoming the opposition of man and nature, and their hearts throbbed with pride. Praise from him who had led them from Iberia was balm to their wounds, and they listened, open-mouthed, to the rewards and happiness he so vividly pictured as theirs in the near future.

Then he drew the object lesson from the combat they had witnessed, showing how it applied to themselves.

"You have all witnessed a mighty contest," he said, "wherein two brave men struggled for life. One of the two sits here before you a victor—the winner of his liberty as well as the trophies which are his reward. Yonder lies the corpse of him who suffered defeat and death. He, too, fought nobly and is likewise freed from the slave chains that held him captive and made him as the other poor wretches who are fated to pass their lives in misery. They envy the victor, but one and all envy the vanquished who in death is relieved of suffering. Will you, soldiers of Carthage, be slaves or free men? It rests with you to say. Behind you tower the Alps, blocking all means of escape to your homes by land. If in strength and freshness you encountered these great ramparts of nature and overcame them only at a loss of half your numbers, how can you hope to now face them in your weakened and diseased condition? The paths are rough, the ravines are deep, and yonder victor of to-day's combat is of the fierce tribes that infest them. What mercy would you receive at their hands since you have destroyed their villages and taken captive many of their young men? To evade them would be impossible, and you could not cope with their subtlety."

There was no applause nor interruption of any kind, and Hannibal continued with greater vehemence:

"The mighty Padus, swifter than the Rhone, cuts off your retreat eastward, and if some of you succeeded in crossing it, the unfriendly Gauls would surely annihilate you. The sea lies not many stades away, but we have no galleys. We must remain in Italy and it is for you to fix your own fate. The refusal to fight means captivity, and you know what measure you may expect from the Romans. You will be their servants—their slaves—fit to row galleys and perform other menial services. Your backs will bleed with the blows from the scourge and your limbs be bruised by the manacles. Look at yonder captives and say would you choose to be like them?

"On the other hand, much glory and honour await you by pushing forward into Roman territory. In that direction alone is any escape possible, and to successfully pass through the country means victory. Like the winner of the combat you have recently watched, your exertions will be rewarded with trophies of great value. Defeat, like the vanquished, is but honourable death. Is not either fate preferable to captivity?"

A murmur of assent ran through the ranks. Liberty was precious.

Hannibal was happy for he had carried his point. Turning to the mountaineer, who still sat on the ground, he addressed him in the Gallic tongue.

"You fight well," he said.

"Is is the only way to fight," was the grim rejoinder. "Had I done otherwise my body would now be rotting in the sunshine."

"Do you mean to depart soon for your home?" asked the General.

"I have no home. It was destroyed by your soldiers."

"I would welcome you in the army, and make you the equal of the other

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cavalrymen. It might profit you to remain."

The man looked up in surprise.

"My condition is poor," he muttered. "It would take some days to gain flesh and strength."

"You will not be hurried. The army rests before any advance is made."

"Then shall I remain with you?"

While speaking he rose to his feet and seized the bridle of the horse that was now his.

Hannibal was satisfied at having gained so stalwart a recruit. "Go dress your wounds," he said. "They should have been attended to long since."

The blood-spattered warrior grinned and exhibited his sharp teeth. "My wounds have had time to dry," said he, "and will the less require attention."

"I shall not lose sight of you," remarked Hannibal, as he turned his horse's head towards the small group awaiting him. Then halting for a moment he added: "What is your name?"

"Aneroestes. I am of the Centrones."

Edgar Maurice Smith.

(To be continued.)

BULLDOG CARNEY.

(A Story of Western Canada.)

TWO miles from Dan Stuart's whiskey dive, and eighteen from Golden, the Missoula trail took a sudden kink in its flesh-coloured ribbon and wound partly around the butt of a big fir stump. Behind the stump a man was kneeling that gladsome September day—all among the tawny gold and crimson of the dead rose leaves and the soft gray and cream of the bleached bunch grass. He might have been praying, so quietly was he kneeling there, but he wasn't—he was blaspheming softly to himself, as his impatient eye wandered in and out among the boulders and trees that fringed the trail.

The morning sun picked out little bright jewel-like spots on the instrument he had levelled across the top of the big stump. He seemed to be a surveyor taking levels. Just as three men riding bronchos came in sight at a sudden turn in the trail, he bowed his head to the level of the instrument and looked carefully along its smooth length. The bronchos were coming along at a swinging walk, their heads on a level with their withers, and the bridle reins hanging loosely in the hands of the riders.

Suddenly there was a nervous tightening of the right hand grasping the instrument; a sharp click close to it; a puff of smoke followed by a sharp crack, and the man riding the second broncho tumbled from the saddle, shot through the heart. He rolled over as he fell, and the bright blots of blood splashed over the rose leaves by the side of the trail.

The first cayuse, startled out of his sleepy lope by the report and flash, reared and plunged madly forward. As he took the first bound in the air a bullet glanced from the high horn in front of the man and went tearing its corkscrew way through the leather flaps of the big Mexican saddle. The rider yelled and dug the spurs in the trembling flanks of the horse as he felt the hot lead scorching its way close to his skin.

"Mighty bad shot!" the man behind the stump jerked out between his square jaws, as he pumped the lever of his repeater forward and back. Evident-

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ly he had meant well, but the cayuse rearing had diverted the bullet from its intended way.

The third broncho and its rider were making good time in the other direction. The shot he sent after them did not increase their speed any, for they were doing their level best.

The animal the dead man had ridden did not move. He stood beside the fallen figure, waiting with dumb patience for his master to rise and mount again.

Throwing the empty shell from the breech of his rifle, the man who had fired the shots walked leisurely over to the figure lying on the ground.

"Well, Jack, old man," he said, addressing the horse, "you're a hanged sight honester than your master. If he'd stuck to his pals as close as you're doing he'd be ready for grub-pile at noon instead of bleaching out here. And I guess he cached the 'stuff' in this big apperajos, too," he added, shoving his hand down in the ample bag-like affair. Yes, it was there right enough; a whole bag full of it. Forty-four hundred dollars, as was found out afterwards.

Then he turned his attention to the man lying on his back, with the great ragged red gash in his chest where the circling bullet had plunged through.

"Well, pard, you've thrown down your mate for the last time. Whiskey drinkin' is bad business, but whiskey tradin' is away up in 'G,' to jedge by this wad." And he handled the bag of money lovingly.

"You might a known better than to throw me down," he added, reproachfully, as though he were trying to throw the blame of the murder upon the man himself.

"Come on now, Jack, I'll use you for a little," and he leisurely threw his leg over the cayuse and disappeared down the Missoula end of the trail.

He had not gone far before he turned short to the left up a dry water course. Here he stopped, and, dismounting, proceeded to wrap some old bags he pulled out from behind a rock about the feet of the cayuse.

"You're a tenderfoot, Jack; you've hit the trail so often that you're a bit sore in the toes," he remarked, in a dry monotone, as he worked at the bags. Then he mounted again, and went across country for about three miles, until he struck the big cedar swamp which runs for miles and miles from Golden. As he rode along he let his thoughts work themselves out in words, firing them at "Jack," and punctuating them with swinging digs from the big spurs which hung rather loosely on his rather high-heeled boots.

"They'll think that the prospector who laid your old man out has hit the trail for Missoula and lit out. They'll pick up tracks there all right enough, but they ain't yourn, Jack. Let me see," he added, pulling a watch from his pocket, "Whiskey Sanderson took that bad spell about ten o'clock. The jay on the cayuse will strike Golden about noon. Old Steel and his Jim-Dandies will pull out in half-an-hour, and pick up your tracks headin' for Missoula about three. There'll be a deuce of a row, and they'll run in some poor devil before night. They'll cop almost any one but me."

Just as they neared the edge of the "Big Cedar" a horse neighed a short distance within.

"I guess Blazes smells you, Jack," he said, chuckling softly. "He thinks we've been a long time over the job. I'll give you a drink," he said, as he dismounted, "and you'll hang out here until some one throws a line over you to-night. Bill 'll cut you loose when it's time."

Then he mounted Blazer and rode in a big circuit, skirting the cedar swamp, and upon the mountain side on his way back to Golden. It was dark when he got to the ford on Kicking Horse river, just opposite the town. Halfway across he took a slight pull to one side, letting Blazer feel his way carefully. Stopping the horse, he took his Winchester and threw it far out on the upper side of the ford; that is, he took a big swing at it, but the loose end of his hackle line caught in the breech and the rifle came splashing down at Blazer's hoofs.

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"A very bad throw," he said, grimly; then he chuckled softly to himself, "I guess this outfit'll cut loose better!" and he commenced throwing 38.55 cartridges far out into the stream with vigourous swings of his long arm. "That's a cinch," he grunted complacently. "I wish the gun laid as deep, but it's bad fishing now, an' I guess they won't find it anyway."

When Blazer's hoofs lost the muffled sound of the water and struck with a sharp ring on the smooth-worn stones on the Golden side of the Kicking Horse, the rider gave his long legs a hitching swing and the horse broke into a lope.

.

It was the night before the day that the whiskey smuggler lay out on the Missoula trail, stark and stiff, with his red lifeblood splashed all over the tawny mat of dried leaves and withered rose bushes, and a young English girl stood in Arvil Santley's bachelor quarters, not very sumptuous quarters were they either, showing much of careless misrule and absence of order.

Santley was astonished and said so, which was quite right, for he had not seen Grace—Grace Alton—since he had left England.

"I'm glad to see you, Grace," he said, "but you shouldn't have come here, all the same. You always had sense, but this is fairly foolish."

"That doesn't matter in the slightest, and, besides (with a fine touch of womanly inconsistency), no one saw me coming here, except the friend who is waiting outside; it's none of their affairs if they did."

"Well, what's expected of me?" he asked, resignedly.

"You're wanted at home; your mother wants you."

"I suppose I ought to go, but I'm not going all the same," he added, taking a long breath as though the words scorched his throat a little.

"Yes, you must go, Arvil; I want you to go. This life is not the life for you. Your mother sent this money to you to take you back to her, so you must go now."

He stooped his tall, magnificent figure toward her a little that she might see better, and with his hand parted the heavy black hair which swept across his broad forehead in luxuriant abandon.

"Do you see that big red scar?" he asked. "Well, if I were back there my mother would put her hand upon my forehead, so, as she did when I was a little boy, and when that ugly scar met her gentle eyes, she would ask how came it there. I could not tell her, neither could I lie to her. And it is that way with all the scars, both on mind and body, they are too deep—I cannot go back."

"Arvil! I do not believe that. You were good when we were together as children in England, and you are good now in spite of all you say, and you will go back. I promised your mother that I would find you here and tell you that she wanted to see you before she died. Father was coming here for a few days to look at his mines, and then we go on to the coast."

"You need not come back with me to the hotel. I have a good guide with me; the friend who got her to come with me called her Mammy Nolan. I know that you will go back, for you've promised me, and you never broke a promise with me yet," she said, as she slipped quietly out of the door.

A little roll of bills was lying on the table where she had left it.

.

It lacked half an hour of 12 o'clock when a French half-breed, Baptiste Gabrielle, galloped into the square of the police barracks at Golden on a cayuse reeking with the wet which is from the inside. The constable on guard, pacing solemnly up and down in front of the major's quarters, thought the fanatical-looking rider was drunk or running amuck, and swore that he would put a hole in him unless he stopped.

But Baptiste wasn't drunk—he was only badly frightened. If there is any difference between a drunken man and a frightened half-breed, it is in favour of the former so far as coherence is concerned.

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Baptiste was a weird-looking object as he slid from the back of the jaded beast, standing there with all four legs braced like the posts of a sawhorse in sheer weakness, and flanks pumping in half spasmodic strokes as the wide open nostrils clutched at the air for which the lungs were clamouring.

"By Goss! that fell' Whisk' Sand'-son, he get keel," panted Baptiste, with a face the colour of a lemon in a bottle of alcohol. "By tam! a fell' wit' long neck he keep him behint stump, an' he s'oot him soor."

"Is he dead, Baptiste?" queried Sergt. Hetherington, in a voice with a full flavour of peat bog about it. "Is he dead, or on'y hu-r-rt?"

"Bet you life, that Whisk' fell' he dead," replied Baptiste. "That fell' he s'oot tree, fo'e time; an' Sand'son he kill for soor, he dead w'atever. He try s'oot me, but I stan' him off, an' come quick tell police fell'."

"March him in to the major," said Hetherington to a constable.

Before the major, Baptiste's harangue, boiled down, read: "Shot at 10 o'clock on the Missoula trail, about eighteen miles from Golden."

"What was the man like who did the shooting?" asked the major.

"Tall fell' wit' long neck," was the graphic description this query brought forth.

"Indian breed, or white man?" asked the major.

"Don't know; me tink he white. Tall fell'; tam long neck. That fell' he got Whisk' Sand'son stuff, too, you bet, Fo', five tousan' he get in appar'o."

That was all. Baptiste's face was the face of a man whose soul is in other gardens; his language that of a man too badly frightened to be anything but natural. The respect for the head of the force was even as a grain of mustard seed in the avalanche of fear which had swept him from that red-splashed spot on the Missoula trail to Golden.

There was no doubt he was telling the truth.

"Who's tall with a long neck?" asked the major shortly, turning to the sergeant-major, who was standing in front of his desk.

"I will find out, sir," replied the latter, saluting as he passed out.

"That long Englishman, Arvil Santley, has a neck like an eagle; an' Constable Grady says that he's been-workin' the racket to beat two of a kind lately, sir," was the sergeant-major's graphic report when he lined up in front of the desk again.

Let Sergeant Hetherington take two constables and rations for two days, and get after this devil before his tracks get cold. Commence at the body. Send it back to Golden. Tell Corporal Ball to look up this Santley outfit in town. If he's got the stuff he'll have it cached somewhere about."

That was the beginning, all in one day; the dead body lying out on the silent trail so stiff and cold, with the glazed eyes staring straight up into the mountain blue of the shining sky, and the hurrying of men in brown jackets and dark, tight-fitting, yellow-striped pants, as they saddled and bitted the strong-limbed bay horses which were to gallop and gallop after—the wind.

Sergeant Hetherington and his merry men picked up the tracks the tall man told Blazes they would find, and followed them for many a goodly mile, which time thereof the tall man with the long neck was working his way along the mountain side to the ford. Many miles beyond Dan Short's place the tracks vanished. Perhaps some one else had put bags on his horse's feet and led him across country.

"Corporal" Ball was the official recognition of Mr. Ball's efficiency, but "Lanky" Ball was the goddess form of expression his lath-like super-structure provoked among the fellows.

"Lanky" Ball was more fortunate than the sergeant; he discovered something.

Twenty-four hours after he started out he discovered that he could not find the man with the neck like an eagle—Arvil Santley; therefore he had disappeard—had lit out—had hit the trail—had packed his outfit and dusted;

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these were the bits of local-coloured knowledge he picked up.

It was from Mammy Nolan, who kept a restaurant in a big tent, and sold whiskey on the side, that he found out about Santley. "He lit out south yesterday," she said. "He got steered up agen a skin game up to Dan Short's, an' they corraled his last remittance from home. It's about time he did get out, for they had him stone broke. But he was a gentleman, all the same," said Mammy, as he stood with her hands on her fat hips, and looked up and down the corporal's ungainly figure.

"What did you want him for? Has he been cracking some of the constables' heads? He'd do it quick enough for them if they bothered him."

"I guess he's done worse than that," said the corporal, as he mounted his horse and rode away.

"Looks as though he had done the trick," said the major, when Corporal Ball made his report.

"He's got a good start, and will likely head for the second crossing on the Columbia, and work his way down into the Montana. There's a rough town at the crossing, and he's dead sure to head for that."

And then because the sergeant was away with two men, and because the whiskey men and the gamblers, and those who were cussed simply because they couldn't help it needed much guidance in their daily life, and because the post was always short of men anyway, the major had to put a special constable on with "Lanky" Ball to go after Santley.

"You'll need a good man, a rustler, to help you take this Englishman, for he's a husky chap," said the major. "Who'll you get?"

"'Bulldog' Carney's the man, sir," replied Corporal Ball.

"Get him," commanded the officer.

"Lanky" Ball found Carney after much tribulous search; found him at Mammy Nolan's, found him amidst the glamour of many tin lamps, the smoke from which mingled with the odoriferous steam of frying pork, and filled the big tent with a soft, summer-like haze.

Looked at from some angles Carney was just the man to go after the slayer of "Whiskey" Sanderson. He was a big, powerful man, as big as the one they were after. He could handle "Pearl," that was his big Colt's, with a dexterity that commanded universal respect. Long since he had filed away the sights, and when it was necessary to place several bullets in a limited time, he "fanned" his gun—turned it into a miniature Gatling. Apart from his proficiency, and a certain irritability of temper, he was a high roller.

Sometimes the police were hot on his trail as leader of a big whiskey outfit, and sometimes he was on their side fighting shoulder to shoulder to put down some tough gang. He didn't approve of toughness as a pastime.

"Be gentlemen," he used to say. "Gentlemen can't work and gentlemen must have money, but don't be tough for the fun of the thing—there is no fun in it."

When "Lanky" Ball explained to him what he was wanted for, and that there was a reward of $500, half of which he would get if they captured the man who did the job, he replied: "Cert, I'll go, for I'm getting stale here. The game's ahead of me here, and I need a stake to start in again."

They rode out ten miles that night so that they would be sure to have an early start on the trail next morning. Over their pipes, between "grub pile" and "blanket time," they drifted on to the subject of the dead man and Arvil Santley.

"I'll bet you an even fifty," said Carney, "that Santley didn't do this job."

"I've got good cause to have a down on him myself, for I've got his signature across the bridge of my nose, where his big sprawlin' English fist caught me unawares one night. But he'll show my trade-mark right enough every time he parts his hair," he added, by way of vindicating his outraged honour, "for I carved his lofty brow for him, and if his skull hadn't been so damnably thick, perhaps we wouldn't be chasin' him now. All the same, he's not the sort

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to lay a man out for the fun of the thing; he never had any dealin' with Whiskey Sanderson, for he wasn't in the know. He was all right for sport, but the boys hadn't any use for him when they were runnin' the stuff in."

"I'll just go you fifty, Carney," said the corporal. "The old man doesn't make many mistakes, and if we can get to the second crossin' of the river before Santley, we'll bring back the man that laid Sanderson out."

"It's a bet, then?" said Carney; and there was a queer smile about the regular lips, set so firmly in the square jaw.

Then they chipped in with their two blankets and slept under one cover, back to back, with their feet toward the small smouldering campfire; slept soundly, as just men should—"Bulldog Carney," gambler, whiskey smuggler and special constable, and "Lanky" Ball, plain corporal in the N.W. M. P.

"He's ahead of us," said Carney, as they galloped side by side the next day; "I picked up some tracks back there and here they are again. He doesn't seem to be in any hurry, though, for, according to the tracks, his cayuse has been taking it pretty easy,"

That afternoon when they struck the crossing they couldn't find anybody who had taken Santley across the river.

"He must be on this side somewhere yet," said the corporal. "If you stop here and watch the crossing I'll try and look him upon this side. He'll be about some of the gambling dives, likely."

He looked him up. He found him. In the Queen's name he was made prisoner. Santley laughed when the corporal told him he was wanted for murder.

"It's some blawsted debt, I fancy," he said, "and the murder racket is only a blind; but I'll go all the same. I'm half sorry I left the beastly hole anyway, it's so beastly slow down this way."

When they came back to the crossing Carney was gone—gone, cayuse and all, over the river; he had given the ferryman $50 to take him across, so the ferryman told the corporal.

"He's a queer fish," said the boatman. "I didn't want to cross till the morning; but he got me down there by the boat, and gave me my choice between $50 and a plug of lead from that gun he spun around on his forefinger."

The corporal was dumbfounded. "It's devilish queer," he muttered, "but orders are orders, and I've got my man, and I don't see as I've any call to go after this crook;" and he thought of Pearl, and Carney's beautiful marksmanship and various matters, and went thoughtfully back to Golden with his prisoner.

"Lanky" Ball had a good head for obeying orders, which is a good thing for a corporal to have; but he hadn't much of a head for solving just such problems as this, which was, perhaps, good also; perhaps that was why he was corporal after twenty years of service.

"I'll bet you fifty cases that 'Bulldog' did that trader up," said Santley, as they rode side by side.

"That's queer," said the corporal. "Carney bet me fifty that you didn't do it, and now you want to lay me the other way. If he did it I don't suppose that he'll come back for the stuff—the fifty he laid that you didn't do it."

"I got the long Englishman, sir," reported the corporal to the major when they got back to the barracks; but the other one lit out—took his hook when I was lookin' up the prisoner."

"What other one?" queried the major.

"Bulldog Carney, sir. He skipped across the river."

"That looks suspicious," thoughtfully replied the major as he pulled at his iron-gray mustache.

"It would be a bad one on us if it turned out that he had done this, and we had carted him out of the country—given him an escort; eh, corporal?"

Of course there was a trial, with Arvil as the centre of attraction. The

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other had gotten away, and they had to hang somebody if they could; so they devoted their energies to proving Avril guilty, and the chances are they would have succeeded if it hadn't been for one person.

His clearing out looked very suspicious, and they found quite a sum of money on him when he was arrested, although it was known that he had been cleaned out before he went away. He would not tell where he got it, either. "None of their blessed business," he told them.

"It may hang you," said a friend, "if you don't tell."

"Hang it is, then," he replied doggedly.

But worst of all was Baptiste Gabrielle's evidence.

"Yes, by Goss! Dat fell', he s'oot t'ree, fo' time me. Steek has head up f'om dat stump. See him me soor."

Then Mammy Nolan went out to the place where Whiskey Sanderson had met his fate, and she found something, too. The bullet that had killed poor Sanderson had been in a terrible hurry, and had gone clean through and through him.

Mammy Nolan followed up the line of sight from the stump across where Sanderson had fallen, and luckily located the bullet in a sand knoll 30 yards beyond. It was a case-hardened 38.55 Winchester bullet.

"That's the bullet that killed him right enough," mused Mammy; "but it might possibly have been fired there some other time." It wasn't quite conclusive.

Then she found the bullet that had scorched the leg of the foremost rider that day imbedded in his saddle. That was conclusive.

Then commenced the search for the rifle itself. There was only one such rifle owned in Golden, and it had belonged to Bulldog Carney.

Now, Carney had been back in Golden after the murder, and as he hadn't taken his rifle with him when he went away with "Lanky" Ball, he must have hidden it somewhere. To return to Golden after killing Sanderson he would cross the ford at Kicking Horse. It was a forlorn hope, but she made up her mind to drag the ford for the rifle.

When Mammy found the rifle where it had dropped she knew she had forged one of the strongest links in the chain of evidence which fastened the guilt on Carney.

It was Mammy, too, who introduced a new witness to the court in the person of Grace Alton. She had come back from Vancouver in obedience to Mammy's telegram. Her evidence was very simple, but effectually cleared up the mystery of the money.

"I gave it to him," she said simply, "to pay his passage home to his mother. I told him a falsehood; I told him it was from his mother. He wouldn't have taken it from me if he had known the truth, but I wanted him to go home to his mother, who was asking for him every day. We were children together—Arvil Santley and myself."

It was a revelation to that wild western life, this sweet, womanly girl, and the man who would rather hang than compromise her by telling that she had given him the money.

"I had too bad a name," he said, when his friends rounded on him for a chivalrous goat.

Mammy didn't know about the money when she sent for Grace; she only knew that Grace and Santley had met when Grace was in Golden.

In the face of the new evidence, not much stock was taken in Baptiste Gabrielle's saying that Arvil Santley was the man who had shot at him. He had been too badly frightened to know what the man who had done the shooting really looked like. Besides, the other, the man who had galloped on in front, swore that it was a fair man who had shot, while Santley was dark.

It came out that Mammy Nolan was a Pinkerton detective, and the business of running a restaurant and selling whiskey on the side was only a blind. Nobody but the major had known this before.

After many moons of anxious tracing, word of Carney came to hand. He was

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at St. Vincent, just over the borders from Manitoba.

"The extradition law is slow," mused the major, "likewise is it uncertain. Now, if we had Carney on this side the line, we could arrest him."

At this the sergeant, who was standing by, pricked his ears.

"It moight be managed, sor."

"Perhaps, perhaps," said the major, reflectively. "Corporal Ball knows his man. He escorted him out; perhaps he'll escort him back again. You will need considerable money, for it's a long trip," and he wrote out a fairish-sized order.

"Lanky" Ball and the sergeant located Carney at a small hotel at St. Vincent, not a stone's throw over the line.

A little preliminary arrangement with the hotel-keeper, and that night as Carney gently slept the sleep of the just two figures stole up the narrow stair which led to his room, and silently slipped through the door.

How still and dark the room was. Ah! not so dark now, for, like the headlight of an engine, a bullseye lantern was throwing its full glare upon them, and they were looking into the dark depths of two murderous-looking revolvers as Carney held them above the counterpane.

"O, that's you, 'Lanky,' is it?" he said, cheerfully. "Glad to see you. Come to pay that fifty, I suppose. Just put it on the table there. I don't feel like getting up. That's right, you can take one hand down," he said. "Just lay your gun down on the table first, though. Quick, now, cough up that fifty, for you see you're burglars in my room, and if I let daylight through the pair of you it will be all right, you know."

Then "Lanky" put up fifty cases of the good Government money he had brought to pay the expenses of taking Carney back.

That was the nearest they ever got to Carney, for he is still living the life of a "gentleman."

W. A. Fraser.

THE MAN WHO COULD WORK MIRACLES.*

(A Pantoum in Prose.)

IT is doubtful whether the gift was innate. For my own part, I think it came to him suddenly. Indeed, until he was thirty he was a sceptic, and did not believe in miraculous powers. And here, since it is the most convenient place, I must mention that he was a little man, and had eyes of a hot brown, very erect red hair, a mustache like the German Emperor's and freckles. His name was George McWhirter Fotheringay—not the sort of name by any means to lead to any expectation of miracles—and he was clerk at Gomshott's. He was greatly addicted to assertive argument. It was while he was asserting the impossibility of miracles that he had his first intimation of his extraordinary powers. This particular argument was being held in the bar of the Long Dragon, and Toddy Beamish was conducting the opposition by a monotonous but effective "So you say" that drove Mr. Fotheringay to the very limit of his patience.

There were present, besides these two, a very dusty cyclist, landlord Cox, and Miss Maybridge, the perfectly respectable and rather portly barmaid of the Dragon. Miss Maybridge was standing with her back to Mr. Fotheringay, washing glasses; the others were watching him, more or less amused by the present ineffectiveness of the assertive method. Goaded by the Torres Vedras tactics of Mr. Beamish, Mr. Fotheringay determined to make an unusual rhetorical effort. "Look

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here, Mr. Beamish," said Mr. Fotheringay, "let us clearly understand what a miracle is. It's something contrariwise to the course of Nature, done by power of will, something what couldn't happen without being specially willed."

"So you say," said Mr. Beamish, repulsing him.

Mr. Fotheringay appealed to the cyclist, who had hitherto been a silent auditor, and received his assent—given with a hesitating cough and a glance at Mr. Beamish. The landlord would express no opinion, and Mr. Fotheringay, returning to Mr. Beamish, received the unexpected concession of a qualified assent to his definition of a miracle.

"For instance," said Mr. Fotheringay, greatly encouraged, "here would be a miracle. That lamp, in the natural course of nature, couldn't burn like that upside down; could it, Beamish?"

"You say it couldn't," said Beamish.

"And you?" said Fotheringay. "You don't mean to say—eh?"

"No," said Beamish, reluctantly. "No, it couldn't."

"Very well," said Mr. Fotheringay. "Then here comes some one, as it might be, along here, and stands, as it might be, here, and says to that lamp, as I do, collecting all my will: 'Turn upside down without breaking, and go on burning steady, and'—Hullo!"

It was enough to make anyone say "Hullo!" The impossible, the incredible, was visible to them all. The lamp hung inverted in the air, burning quietly with its flame pointing down. It was as solid, as indisputable as ever a lamp was, the prosaic common lamp of the Long Dragon bar.

Mr. Fotheringay stood with an extended forefinger and the knitted brows of one anticipating a catastrophic smash. The cyclist, who was sitting next the lamp, ducked and jumped across the bar. Everybody jumped, more or less. Miss Maybridge turned and screamed. For nearly three seconds the lamp remained still. A faint cry of mental distress came from Mr. Fotheringay. "I can't keep it up," he said, "any longer!" He staggered back, and the inverted lamp suddenly flared, fell against the corner of the bar, bounced aside, smashed upon the floor, and went out.

It was lucky it had a metal receiver, or the whole place would have been in a blaze. Mr. Cox was the first to speak, and his remark, shorn of needless excrescences, was to the effect that Fotheringay was a fool. Fotheringay was beyond disputing even so fundamental a proposition as that! He was astonished beyond measure at the thing that had occurred. The subsequent conversation threw absolutely no light on the matter so far as Fotheringay was concerned; the general opinion not only followed Mr. Cox very closely, but very vehemently. Everyone accused Fotheringay of a silly trick, and presented him to himself as a foolish destroyer of comfort and security. His mind was in a tornado of perplexity, he was himself inclined to agree with them, and he made a remarkably ineffectual opposition to the proposal of his departure.

He went home flushed and heated, coat collar crumpled, eyes smarting and ears red. He watched each of the ten street lamps nervously as he passed it. It was only when he found himself alone in his little bedroom in Church Row that he was able to grapple seriously with his memories of the occurrence, and ask, "What on earth happened?"

He had removed his coat and boots, and was sitting on the bed with his hands in his pockets repeating the text of his defence for the seventeenth time, "I didn't want the confounded thing to upset," when it occurred to him that at the precise moment he had said the commanding words he had inadvertently willed the thing he said, and that when he had seen the lamp in the air he had felt that it depended on him to maintain it there without being clear how this was to be done. He had not a particularly complex mind, or he might have stuck for a time at that "inadvertently willed," embracing, as

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it does, the abstrusest problems of voluntary action; but as it was, the idea came to him with a quite acceptable haziness. And from that, following, as I must admit, no clear logical path, he came to the test of experiment.

He pointed resolutely to his candle and collected his mind, though he felt he did a foolish thing. "Be raised up," he said. But in a second that feeling vanished. The candle was raised, hung in the air one giddy moment, and, as Mr. Fotheringay gasped, fell with a smash on his toilet table, leaving him in darkness save for the expiring glow of its wick.

For a time Mr. Fotheringay sat in the darkness, perfectly still. "It did happen, after all," he said. "And 'ow I'm to explain it I don't know." He sighed heavily, and began feeling in his pockets for a match. He could find none, and he rose and groped about the toilet table. "I wish I had a match," he said. He resorted to his coat, and there was none there, and then it dawned upon him that miracles were possible even with matches. He extended a hand and scowled at it in the dark. "Let there be a match in that hand," he said. He felt some light object fall across his palm, and his fingers closed upon a match. He lighted the candle, and happening to look up he met his own gaze in the looking-glass.

"How about miracles, now?" said Mr. Fotheringay at last, addressing his reflection.

The subsequent meditations of Mr. Fotheringay were of a severe but confused description. So far he could see it was a case of pure willing with him. The nature of his experiences so far disinclined him for any further experiments, at least until he had reconsidered them. But he lifted a sheet of paper and turned a glass of water pink then green, and he created a snail, which he miraculously annihilated, and got himself a miraculous new toothbrush. Somewhere in the small hours he had reached the fact that his will power must be of a particularly rare and pungent quality, a fact of which he had certainly had inklings before, but no certain assurance. The scare and perplexity of his first discovery was now qualified by pride in this evidence of singularity and by vague intimations of advantage. He became aware that the church clock was striking one, and as it did not occur to him that his daily duties at Gomshott's might be miraculously dispensed with, he resumed undressing in order to get to bed without further delay. As he struggled to get his shirt over his head he was struck with a brilliant idea. "Let me be in bed," he said, and found himself so. "Undressed," he stipulated; and, finding the sheets cold, added hastily, "and in my nightshirt—no, in a nice, soft, woolen nightshirt. Ah!" he said, with immense enjoyment. "And now let me be comfortably asleep."

He awoke at his usual hour and was pensive all through breakfast time, wondering whether his overnight experience might not be a particularly vivid dream. At length his mind turned again to cautious experiments. For instance, he had three eggs for breakfast; two his landlady had supplied, good, but shoppy, and one was a delicious fresh goose egg, laid, cooked and served by his extraordinary will. He hurried off to Gomshott's in a state of profound but carefully concealed excitement, and only remembered the shell of the third egg when his landlady spoke of it that night. All day he could do no work because of this astonishingly new self-knowledge, but this caused him no inconvenience, because he made up for it miraculously in his last ten minutes.

As the day wore on his state of mind passed from wonder to elation, albeit the circumstances of his dismissal from the Long Dragon were still disagreeable to recall, and a garbled account of the matter that had reached his colleagues led to some badinage. He saw quite clearly the gift required caution and watchfulness in its exercise, but so far as he could judge the difficulties attending its mastery would be no greater than those he had already faced in the study of cycling. It was

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that analogy, perhaps, quite as much as the feeling that he would be unwelcome in the Long Dragon, which drove him out after supper into the lane beyond the gas works, to rehearse a few miracles in private.

There was possibly a certain want of originality in his attempts, for apart from his will-power Mr. Fotheringay was not a very exceptional man. The miracle of Moses' rod came to his mind, but the night was dark and unfavourable to the proper control of large, miraculous snakes. Then he recollected the story of "Tannhauser," that he had read on the back of the Philharmonic programme. That seemed to him singularly attractive and harmless. He stuck his walking-stick—a very nice Poona-Penang lawyer—into the turf that edged the footpath, and commanded the dry wood to blossom. The air was immediately full of the scent of roses, and by means of a match he saw for himself that this beautiful miracle was indeed accomplished. His satisfaction was ended by advancing footsteps. Afraid of a premature discovery of his powers, he addressed the blossoming stick hastily: "Go back!" What he meant was "Change back!" but, of course, he was confused. The stick receded at a considerable velocity, and incontinently came a cry of anger and a bad word from the approaching person. "Who are you throwing brambles at, you fool?" cried a voice. "That got me on the shin!"

"I'm sorry, old chap," said Mr. Fotheringay, and then, realizing the awkward nature of the explanation, caught nervously at his mustache. He saw Winch, one of the three Immering constables, advancing.

"What d'yer mean by it?" asked the constable. "Hullo! It's you, is it? The gent that broke the lamp at the Long Dragon!"

"Look here, Mr. Winch," said Mr. Fotheringay, annoyed and confused, "I'm very sorry. The fact is—"

"Well?"

He could think of no way but the truth. "I was working a miracle." He tried to speak in an off-hand way, but try as he would he couldn't.

"Working a—! 'Ere, don't talk rot. Working a miracle, indeed! Miracle! Well, that's downright funny! Why, you's the chap that don't believe in miracles. . . . Fact is, this is another of yer silly conjuring tricks—that's what this is. Now, I tell you—"

But Mr. Fotheringay never heard what Mr. Winch was going to tell him. He realized he had given himself away, flung his valuable secret to the fair winds of heaven. A violent gust of irritation swept him to action. He turned on the constable swiftly and fiercely. "Here," he said, "I've had enough of this, I have! I'll show you a silly conjuring trick, I will! Go to hades! Go, now!"

He was alone!

Mr. Fotheringay performed no more miracles that night, nor did he trouble to see what had become of his flowering stick. He returned to the town forthwith, scared and very quiet, and went to his bedroom. "My!" he said, "it's a powerful gift—an extremely powerful gift. I didn't hardly mean as much as that. Not really. . . . I wonder what hades is like!"

He sat on the bed taking off his boots. Struck by a happy thought he transferred the constable to San Francisco, and without any more interference with normal causation went soberly to bed. In the night he dreamt of the anger of Winch.

The next day Mr. Fotheringay heard two interesting items of news. Someone had planted a most beautiful climbing rose against the elder Mr. Gomshott's private house in the Lullaborough road, and the river as far as Rawlings' mill was to be dragged for constable Winch.

Mr. Fotheringay was abstracted and thoughtful all that day, and performed no miracles either on that day or the next, except certain provisions for Winch, and the miracle of completing his day's work with punctual perfection in spite of all the bee-swarm of thoughts that hummed through his mind. And the extraordinary abstraction and meekness of his manner was remarked by

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several people and made a matter for jesting. For the most part he was thinking of Winch.

On Sunday evening he went to chapel, and, oddly enough, Mr. Maydig, who took a certain interest in occult matters, preached about "things that are not lawful." Mr. Fotheringay was not a regular chapel-goer, but the system of assertive skepticism, to which I have already alluded, was now very much shaken. The tenor of the sermon threw an entirely new light on these novel gifts, and he suddenly decided to consult Mr. Maydig immediately after the service. So soon as that was determined he found himself wondering why he had not done so before.

Mr. Maydig, a lean, excitable man, with quite remarkably long wrists and neck, was gratified at the request for a private conversation from a young man whose carelessness in religious matters was a matter for general remark in the town. After a few necessary delays, he conducted him to the study of the Manse, which was contiguous to the chapel, seated him comfortably, and, standing in front of a cheerful fire—his legs threw a Rhodian arch of shadow on the opposite wall—requested Mr. Fotheringay to state his business.

At first Mr. Fotheringay was a little abashed, and found some difficulty in opening the matter. "You will scarcely believe me, Mr. Maydig, I am afraid," and so forth, for some time. He tried a question at last, and asked Mr. Maydig his opinion of miracles.

Mr. Maydig was still saying "Well" in an extremely judicial tone, when Mr. Fotheringay interrupted again. "You don't believe, I suppose, that some common sort of person—like myself, for instance—as it might be sitting here now, might have some sort of twist inside him that made him able to do things by his will?"

"It's possible," said Mr. Maydig. "Something of the sort, perhaps, is possible."

"If I might make free with something here, I think I might show you by a sort of experiment," said Mr. Fotheringay. "Now, take that tobacco jar on the table, for instance. What I want to know is whether what I am going to do with it is a miracle or not. Just half-a-minute, Mr. Maydig, please."

He knitted his brows, pointed to the tobacco jar and said: "Be a bowl of vi'lets."

The tobacco jar did as it was ordered.

Mr. Maydig started violently at the change, and stood looking from the thaumaturgist to the bowl of flowers. He said nothing. Presently he ventured to lean over the table and smell the violets; they were fresh picked and very fine ones. Then he stared at Mr. Fotheringay again.

"How did you do that?" he asked.

Mr. Fotheringay pulled his moustache. "Just told it—and there you are. Is that a miracle, or is it black art, or what is it? And what do you think's the matter with me? That's what I want to ask."

"It's a most extraordinary occurrence."

"And this day last week I knew no more that I could do things like that than you did. It came quite sudden. It's something odd about my will, I suppose, and that's as far as I can see."

"Is that—the only thing. Could you do other things with that?"

"Oh, yes!" said Mr. Fotheringay. "Just anything." He thought, and suddenly recalled a conjuring entertainment he had seen. "Here!" He pointed. "Change into a bowl of fish—no, not that—change into a glass bowl full of water, with goldfish swimming in it. That's better! You see that, Mr. Maydig?"

"It's astonishing. It's incredible. You are either a most extraordinary . . . But no—"

"I could change it into anything," said Mr. Fotheringay. "Just anything. Here! be a pigeon, will you?"

In another moment a blue pigeon was fluttering round the room and making Mr. Maydig duck every time it came near him. "Stop there, will

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you!" said Mr. Fotheringay; and the pigeon hung motionless in the air. "I could change it back to a bowl of flowers," he said; and after replacing the pigeon on the table, he worked that miracle. "I expect you will want your pipe presently," he said, and restored the tobacco jar.

Mr. Maydig had followed all these later changes in a sort of ejaculatory silence. He stared at Mr. Fotheringay fearfully, and, in a very gingerly manner, picked up the tobacco jar, examined it, replaced it on the table. "Well!" was the only expression of his feelings.

"Now, after that, it's easier to explain what I came about," said Mr. Fotheringay, and proceeded to a lengthy and involved narrative of his strange experiences, beginning with the affair of the lamp in the Long Dragon and complicated by persistent allusions to Winch. As he went on, the transient pride Mr. Maydig's consternation had caused passed away, he became the very ordinary Mr. Fotheringay of everyday intercourse again. Mr. Maydig listened intently, the tobacco jar in his hand, and his bearing changed also with the course of the narrative. Presently, while Mr. Fotheringay was dealing with the miracle of the third egg, the minister interrupted with a fluttering extended hand—

"It is possible," he said. "It is credible. It is amazing, of course, but it reconciles a number of amazing difficulties. The power to work miracles is a gift, a peculiar quality, like genius or second sight. Hitherto it has come very rarely and to exceptional people. But in this case . . . I have always wondered at the miracles of Mahomet, and at Yogi's miracles, and the miracles of Mme. Blavatsky. But, of course! Yes, it is a simple gift! It carries out so beautifully the arguments of that great thinker"—Mr. Maydig's voice sank—"his grace the Duke of Argyll. . Here we plumb some profounder law, deeper than the ordinary laws of Nature. Yes—yes, Go on. Go on!"

Mr. Fotheringay proceeded to tell of his misadventure with Winch, and Mr. Maydig, no longer overawed or scared, began to jerk his limbs about and interject astonishment. "It's this what troubled me most," proceeded Mr. Fotheringay; "It's this I'm most mijitly in want of advice for; of course he's at San Francisco—wherever San Francisco may be—but of course it's awkward for both of us, as you'll see, Mr. Maydig. I don't see how he can understand what has happened, and I daresay he's scared and exasperated something tremendous, and trying to get at me. I daresay he keeps on starting off to come here. I send him back, by a miracle, every few hours, when I think of it. And, of course, that's a thing he won't be able to understand, and it's bound to annoy him; and, of course, if he takes a ticket every time it will cost him a lot of money. I done the best I could for him, but, of course, it's difficult for him to put himself in my place. I thought afterwards that his clothes might have got scorched, you know—if hades is all it's supposed to be—before I shifted him. In that case, I supposed they'd have locked him up in San Francisco. Of course I willed a new suit of clothes on him directly I thought of it. But, you see I'm already in a deuce of a tangle—"

Mr. Maydig looked serious. "I see you are in a tangle. Yes, it's a difficult position. How you are to end it—" He became diffuse and inconclusive.

"However, we'll leave Winch for a little and discuss the larger question. I don't think this is a case of the black art or anything of the sort. I don't think there is any taint of criminality about it at all, Mr. Fotheringay—none whatever, unless you are suppressing material facts. No, it's miracles—pure miracles—miracles, if I may say so, of the very highest class."

He began to pace the hearthrug and gesticulate, while Mr. Fotheringay sat with his arm on the table and his head on his arm, looking worried. "I don't see how I'm to manage about Winch," he said.

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"A gift of working miracles—apparently a very powerful gift," said Mr. Maydig, "will find a way about Winch—never fear. My dear sir, you are a most important man—a man of the most astonishing possibilities. As evidence, for example! And in other ways, the things you may do—"

"Yes, I've thought of a thing or two," said Mr. Fotheringay. "But—some of the things came a bit twisty. You saw that fish at first? Wrong sort of bowl and wrong sort of fish. And I thought I'd ask some one."

"A proper course," said Mr. Maydig, "a very proper course—altogether the proper course."

He stopped and looked at Mr. Fotheringay. "It's practically an unlimited gift. Let us test your power, for instance. If they really are . . . If they really are all they seem to be."

And so, incredible as it may seem, in the study of the little house behind the Congregational Chapel, on the evening of Sunday, Nov. 10, 1896, Mr. Fotheringay, egged on and inspired by Mr. Maydig, began to work miracles. The reader's attention is specially and definitely called to the date. He will object, probably has already objected, that certain points in this story are improbable; that if anything of the sort already described had indeed occurred, they would have been in all the papers a year ago. The details immediately following he will find particularly hard to accept, because among other things they involve the conclusion that he or she, the reader in question, must have been killed in a violent and unprecedented manner more than a year ago. Now, a miracle is nothing if not improbable, and as a matter of fact the reader *was* killed in a violent and unprecedented manner a year ago. In the subsequent course of this story that will become perfectly clear and credible, as every right-minded and reasonable reader will admit. But this is not the place for the end of the story, being but little beyond the hither side of the middle. And at first the miracles worked by Mr. Fotheringay were timid little miracles—little things with the cups and parlour fitments, as feeble as the miracles of Theosophists, and, feeble as they were, they were received with awe by his collaborator. He would have preferred to have settled the Winch business out of hand, but Mr. Maydig would not let him. But after they had worked a dozen of these domestic trivialities their sense of power grew, their imagination began to show signs of stimulation, and their ambition enlarged. Their first larger enterprise was due to hunger and the negligence of Mrs. Minchin, Mr. Maydig's housekeeper. The meal to which the minister conducted Mr. Fotheringay was certainly ill-laid and uninviting as refreshment for two industrious miracle-workers, but they were already seated, and Mr. Maydig was descanting in sorrow rather than in anger upon his housekeeper's shortcomings before it occurred to Mr. Fotheringay that an opportunity lay before him. "Don't you think, Mr. Maydig," he said, "if it isn't a liberty, I—"

"My dear Mr. Fotheringay! Of course! No—I didn't think."

Mr. Fotheringay waved his hand. "What shall we have?" he said, in a large, inclusive spirit, and, at Mr. Maydig's order, revised the supper very thoroughly. "As for me," he said, eyeing Mr. Maydig's selection, "I'm always particularly fond of a tankard of stout and a nice Welsh rabbit, and I'll order that. I ain't much given to Burgundy," and forthwith stout and Welsh rabbit promptly appeared at his command. They sat long at their supper, talking like equals, as Mr. Fotheringay presently perceived with a glow of surprise and gratification of all the miracles they would presently do.

"But," the minister was saying, "this gives us—it opens—a most amazing vista of possibilities. If we can work this miraculous . . ."

"The thing's unlimited, seemingly," said Mr. Fotheringay. "And, about Mr. Winch—"

"Altogether unlimited." And from the hearthrug Mr. Maydig, waving the Winch difficulty aside, unfolded a series of wonderful proposals—pro-

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posals he invented as he went along.

Now what these proposals were does not concern the essentials of this story. Suffice it that they were designed in a spirit of infinite benevolence, the sort of benevolence that used to be called post-prandial. Suffice it, too, that the problem of Winch remained unsolved. Nor is it necessary to describe how far that series got to its fulfilment. There were astonishing changes. The small hours found Mr. Maydig and Mr. Fotheringay careering across the chilly market square under the still moon, in a sort of ecstacy of thaumaturgy, Mr. Maydig all flap and gesture, Mr. Fotheringay short and bristling, and no longer abashed at his greatness. They had reformed every drunkard in the parliamentary division, changed all the beer and alcohol to water (Mr. Maydig had overruled Mr. Fotheringay on this point); they had, further, greatly improved the railway communication of the place, drained Flinder's swamp, improved the soil of One Tree hill and cured the Vicar's wart. And they were going to see what could be done with the injured pier at South bridge. "The place," gasped Mr. Maydig, "won't be the same place to-morrow. How surprised and thankful every one will be!" And just at that moment the church clock struck three.

"I say," said Mr. Fotheringay, "that's three o'clock! I must be getting back. I've got to be at business by eight. And besides, Mrs. Wimms—"

"We're only beginning," said Mr. Maydig, full of the sweetness of unlimited power. "We're only beginning. Think of all the good we're doing. When people wake—"

"But—" said Mr. Fotheringay.

Mr. Maydig gripped his arm suddenly. His eyes were bright and wild. "My dear chap," he said, "there's no hurry. Look"—he pointed to the moon at the zenith—"Joshua!"

"Joshua?" said Mr. Fotheringay.

"Joshua," said Mr. Maydig. "Why not? Stop it."

Mr. Fotheringay looked at the moon.

"That's a bit tall," he said after a pause.

"Why not?" said Mr. Maydig. "Of course it doesn't stop. You stop the rotation of the earth, you know, time stops. It isn't as if we were doing harm."

"H'm!" said Mr. Fotheringay. "Well." He sighed. "I'll try. Here—"

He buttoned up his jacket and addressed himself to the habitable globe, with as good an assumption of confidence as lay in his power. "Jest stop rotating, will you?" said Mr. Fotheringay.

Incontinently he was flying head over heels through the air at the rate of dozens of miles a minute. In spite of the innumerable circles he was describing per second, he thought; for thought is wonderful—sometimes as sluggish as flowing pitch, sometimes as instantaneous as light. He thought in a second, and willed. "Let me come down safe and sound. Whatever else happens, let me down safe and sound!"

He willed it only just in time, for his clothes, heated by his rapid flight through the air, were already beginning to singe. He came down with a forcible, but by no means injurious, bump in what appeared to be a mound of fresh-turned earth. A large mass of metal and masonry, extraordinarily like the clock tower in the middle of the market square, hit the earth near him, ricochetted over him, and flew into stonework, bricks and masonry, like a bursting bomb. A hurtling cow hit one of the larger blocks and smashed like an egg. There was a crash that made all the most violent crashes of his past life seem like the sound of falling dust, and this was followed by a descending series of lesser crashes. A vast wind roared throughout earth and heaven, so that he could scarcely lift his head to look. For a while he was too breathless and astonished even to see where he was or what had happened. And his first movement was to feel his head and reassure himself that his streaming hair was still his own.

"Whiz!" gasped Mr. Fotheringay, scarce able to speak for the gale. "I've

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had a squeak! What's gone wrong? Storms and thunder. And only a minute ago a fine night. It's Maydig set me on to this sort of thing. What a wind! If I go on fooling in this way I'm bound to have a thundering accident! . . .

"Where's Maydig?

"What a confounded mess everything's in!"

He looked about him so far as his flapping jacket would permit. The appearance of things was really extremely strange. "The sky's all right, anyhow," said Mr. Fotheringay. "And that's about all that is all right. And even there it looks like a terrific gale coming up. But there's the moon overhead. Just as it was just now. Bright as mid-day. But as for the rest—Where's the village? Where's —where's everything? And what on earth set this wind a-blowing? I didn't order no wind."

Mr. Fotheringay struggled to get to his feet in vain, and after one failure remained on all fours, holding on. He surveyed the moonlit world to leeward, with the tails of his jacket streaming over his head. "There's something seriously wrong," said Mr. Fotheringay. "And what it is—goodness knows."

Far and wide nothing was visible in the white glare through the haze of dust that drove before a screaming gale but tumbled masses of earth and heaps of inchoate ruins, no trees, no houses, no familiar shapes, only a wilderness of disorder vanishing at last into the darkness beneath the whirling columns and streamers, the lightnings and thunderings of a swiftly-rising storm. Near him, in the livid glare, was something that might once have been an elm tree, a smashed mass of splinters, shivered from boughs to base, and further, a twisted mass of iron girders—only too evidently the viaduct—rose out of the piled confusion.

You see, when Mr. Fotheringay had arrested the rotation of the solid globe, he had made no stipulation concerning the trifling movables upon its surface. And the earth spins so fast that the surface at its equator is travelling at rather more than 1,000 miles an hour, and in these latitudes at more than half that pace. So that the village and Mr. Maydig and Mr. Fotheringay and everybody and everything had been jerked violently forward at about nine miles per second—that is to say, much more violently than if they had been fired out of a cannon. And every human being, every living creature, every house and every tree—all the world as we know it—had been so jerked and smashed and utterly destroyed. That was all.

These things Mr. Fotheringay did not, of course, fully appreciate. But he perceived that his miracle had miscarried, and with that a great disgust of miracles came upon him. He was in darkness now, for the clouds had swept together and blotted out his momentary glimpse of the moon, and the air was full of fitful, struggling, tortured wraiths of hail. A great roaring of wind and waters filled earth and sky, and peering under his hand through the dust and sleet to windward, he saw by the play of the lightnings a vast wall of water pouring toward him.

"Maydig!" screamed Mr. Fotheringay's feeble voice amid the elemental uproar. "Here!—Maydig!"

"Stop!" cried Mr. Fotheringay to the advancing water. "O, for goodness' sake, stop!"

"Jest a moment," said Mr. Fotheringay to the lightnings and thunder.

"Stop jest a moment while I collect my thoughts!"

"And now what shall I do?" he said. "What shall I do? Whiz! I wish Maydig was about."

"I know," said Mr. Fotheringay, "and for goodness' sake let's have it right this time."

He remained on all fours, leaning against the wind, very intent to have everything right.

"Ah!" he said. "Let nothing of what I'm going to order happen until I say 'Off!' . . . Whiz! I wish I'd thought of that before!"

He lifted his little voice against the

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whirlwind, shouting louder and louder in the vain desire to hear himself speak. "Now then—here goes! Mind about that what I said just now. In the first place, when all I've got to say is done, let me lose my miraculous power, let my will become just like anybody else's will, and all these dangerous miracles be stopped. I don't like them. I'd rather I didn't work 'em. Ever so much. That's the first thing. And the second is—let me be back just before the miracles begin; let everything be just as it was before that blessed lamp turned up. It's a big job, but it's the last. Have you got it? No more miracles, everything as it was—me back in the Long Dragon just before I drank my half-pint. That's it! Yes."

He dug his fingers into the mould, closed his eyes, and said "Off!"

Everything became perfectly still. He perceived that he was standing erect.

"So you think," said a voice.

He opened his eyes. He was in the bar of the Long Dragon, arguing about miracles with Toddy Beamish. He had a vague sense of some great thing forgotten that instantaneously passed. You see that, except for the loss of his miraculous powers, everything was back as it had been, his mind and memory, therefore, were now just as they had been at the time when this story began. So that he knew absolutely nothing of all that is told here to this day. And, amongst other things, of course, he still did not believe in miracles.

"I tell you that miracles, properly speaking, can't possibly happen," he said, "whatever you like to hold. And I'm prepared to prove it up to the hilt."

"That's what you think," said Toddy Beamish, "and prove it if you can."

"Looky here, Mr. Beamish," said Mr. Fotheringay, "let us clearly understand what a miracle is. It's something contrariwise to the course of Nature done by power of will. . . ."

H. G. Wells.

THE BARGAIN THEORY OF WAGES.*

WHAT is, perhaps, the most unfortunate feature of Professor Davidson's book is that the author has applied to his work a title which by no means gives a clue to its contents. The work is, in reality, a critical review of several important Wage Theories and Wage Factors, the consideration of the "Bargain Theory of Wages" forming less than one-sixth of the whole.

The first four chapters are devoted to a review of the different wage theories, four in number, each treated in its chronological order, and an endeavour is made, with a fair degree of success, to connect these with successive stages in the development of the conditions of labour.

First of all, the author deals with what he terms the *Subsistence Theory*—perhaps better known as the "Iron and Cruel Law"—a theory which views the rate of wages as dependent upon the cost of the labourer's subsistence, and which bases itself "on a real or assumed analogy between wage labour and slave labour."

With the growth of industrial freedom, and "the change in the position of the employer from domination to mere predominance," came the acceptance of the *Wages-Fund Theory*, formulated and developed by economists between Ricardo and Mill. According to this theory the labourer enters into the determination of the rate not as a passive but as an active force. Assuming, as it does, "that there is, in every society, a given amount of capi-

* The Bargain Theory of Wages, by John Davidson, M.A., D. Phil. (Edin.), Professor of Political Economy in the University of New Brunswick. New York and London, : G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1898.

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tal which is unconditionally destined for the payment of wages by labour;" that the number of labourers is comparatively constant, and that the sole medium of distribution is competition; the labourer is given, by the exercise of continence, the means of raising the rate of wages. But after having been accepted uncritically for at least a century, the Wages-Fund Theory was suddenly rejected by economists.

In its place, and in criticism of it, arose the *Produce Theory*, or theory of the "Productivity of Labour;" the ablest exponent of which was the late Francis A. Walker. The labourer was now looked upon not merely as a force in the determination of the rate, but as *the* force. The idea that wages are paid out of a predetermined fund is dispensed with, and in its place finds favour the idea that the wages of labour are paid out of and determined by the produce of labour. The rate, thus, depends on the degree of efficiency.

But present industrial conditions, the growth of Trades and Labour combinations, and the organized conflicts of labour and capital, have called forth what Dr. Davidson aptly terms the "*Bargain Theory* of Wages." The price of labour is looked upon as varying between two points, the estimate of the labourer forming the minimum, the estimate of the employer forming the maximum. The estimate of the labourer, again, is the result of two factors, one positive and one negative, the utility of the reward and the disutility of the labour, "while the estimate of the employer is, on the whole, dependant upon the indirect utilities afforded by what he purchases, or, rather, is the discounted value of the product of the labourer's exertions." Between the two points thus formed the rate of wages will vary according to the relative strength of the two parties to the bargain.

In his review of these four theories Professor Davidson has attempted to give full recognition to the idea of *Evolution* in wage theories. But in his criticism of the first three he has added little that is new, while the chapter on the Bargain Theory, in which signs of independence are shown, is, perhaps, the weakest of the whole.

The remainder of the work is devoted to a consideration of some important wage factors, the influence of Mobility of Labour, of Trades Union organizations, and of the methods of modern industrial remuneration, being each discussed. The chapter on the influence of Mobility of Labour is extremely interesting, but its value is very seriously impaired by an almost entire lack of references. Whole pages of statistics are given without the slightest hint as to the source from which they were obtained.

The consideration of the effects of Trades Unions on the rates of wages is, perhaps, one of the strongest features of the book, although the author's obligations to the works of Brentano, Webb, and others, are great and obvious.

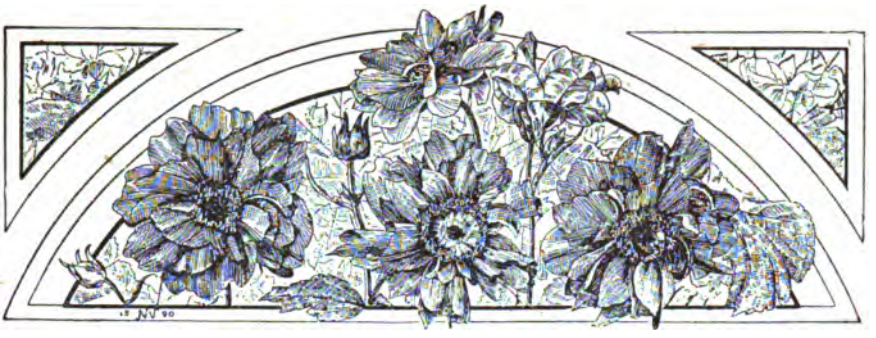
The arrangement throughout the work is excellent, and Dr. Davidson's method is very clear, logical and convincing, with, however, a somewhat frequent tendency to become too metaphysical in his treatment of purely practical problems. His style is, unfortunately, often harsh and laboured, a feature which detracts seriously from the interest of the book. An example will suffice to show this:

> "It is probable that, owing to various causes, the limits claimed by, and allowed to, labour, are being steadily pushed forward year by year; but the labourer is still far from absorbing the whole of the debatable ground, because, as we shall see, and as we have seen, though the fact was otherwise expressed, the rise of the labourer's estimate renders, through the greater efficiency that generally follows higher wages, possible a rise of the employer's estimate." (P. 143.)

On the whole, however, the work shows earnest study and thought, a strict impartiality, and a wide and thorough acquaintance with economic literature. It will certainly be found most useful to any student of the Wages Question.

W. Bennett Munro.

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THE BATTLE-CALL OF ANTI-CHRIST.*

"But one of the soldiers with a spear pierced His side, and forthwith came thereout blood and water."
—St. John, XIX., 34.

A FORETHOUGHT of the fated reign of peace
Fell on the soul of Antichrist, I dreamed;
And his brow darkened, and his hate-lit eyes
Aloft glared lurid through the mist of space.
Then vast and shadowy rose the Lord of War
And shook his right hand at a far White Throne,
Brooding unutterable blasphemies.
Anon he gazed upon our shuddering world,
The while, with voice that fires or freezes souls,
He spake his message to the circling winds
And roused to battle all his myrmidons:

"Up, despot, trembling for a blood-bought crown!
The smouldering flame that threatens thine own house
Hurl at another's; lead thy people on
By glory's flaring torches to their doom.
(Ever the spear
Pierces the spirit of the Prince of Peace!)

"Yoke Victory to thy chariot and ride on,
Trampling the pride of nations, Conqueror!
Let thy maimed warriors writhe alone; for thou
Art scorn of God for His vile images,
(And scorn of mine
For Him who pleads for them at God's right hand.)

"Pause not to reck the ruin thou hast made:
Is not the comet's course foredoomed, and thine?
A deathless name outweighs a million deaths,
And orphans' sighs are mute 'mid the acclaim
Of multitudes.
(What is the grief of Jesus unto thee?)

"Statesman, behold, thy trustful neighbours sleep,
And rust is on their swords, your blades are sharp!
Swift and relentless press thy specious claim;
Not thine the toil or risk, thine fame to win
With others' blood,

* NOTE.—There being so many diverse opinions as to the personality of the Antichrist, it appeared a warrantable license to conceive him to be the Spirit of War, the exact antithesis and contrast to the Prince of Peace. In selecting an unconventional blank verse stanza I followed a suggestion of Bulwer Lytton that such a metrical form might suit a solemn theme; and, besides, the detached lines seemed specially adapted to convey the malignant asides of the arch-fiend.

The allusion in the second and third stanzas is, of course, to the first Napoleon, who is made to style himself "the scorn of God," in one of Alfieri's poems:

"Son lo sdegno di Dio: nessun mi tocchi!"

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(That human blood that filled the veins
of Christ !)

" Flushed with a spotless triumph, patriots,
From brave defence advance to stern revenge
And urge a war of conquest and bequeath
A heritage of hatred to your sons,
(For freedom's sake
Stabbing His soul who 'came not to destroy' !)

" Wake, silent trump of holy discord ! Sword
Of God and Gideon, hew the Gentiles down !
Slay, in your ruth for graceless babes unborn !
Clash, rival crosses, mock the Crucified !
Blaze, lethal fires !
(*I* will accept the incense that *He* loathes.)

" Poets sublime who sway the souls of men !
Sing still of arms and human hecatombs,
And wrath and glory and the pride of race ;
Let rhymesters mumble of love, pity, peace.
(Sing ye the spear
That glances from its victims to Christ's heart.)

" And thou, enthusiast, whose genius caught
The soul of Revolution and enchained
The fiery spirit in a song, thy strains
Again shall stir rapt throngs to fratricide :
'To arms ! to arms !'
(Christ mocks me with His pity from His throne !)

" Sound trump and drum and fife and clarion,
Sound, to the rhythmic march of warriors,
With priestly benedictions on their pride
And beauty's smiles upon their waving plumes,
(Marching in pomp
To wound the wearied spirit of their Christ !)

* * * * * *

" Oh, pygmy pomp and blazon of man's war !
When Michael strove with Satan 'mid the stars,
There were seraphic deeds and agonies
And not this earthly death ! Nathless I crave
Unnumbered slain——
The sin of His own slayers tortured Him !

" Hail to thy memory, war of wars, that jarred
Awhile the calm of heaven, when Pride and Hate,
Stung by the still rebuke of love supreme,
Rose, fought and fell ! And to thy memory hail,
Symbolic spear,
That wounded the dead Christ on Calvary !

" Dear is the murderer's dagger ; dear the rack
That strains the frame of one who testifies
With his last breath to Christ ; dearest the spear
That stabbed Him on the Cross and stabs Him still,
Each thrust a balm
To soothe my sleepless memory in hell !"

Francis Blake Crofton.

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EDITORIAL COMMENT

Women and War.

THE subject of the relation of women to war is one which has as yet received little attention from the press and the public. My own belief is that women might prevent war if they wished. The United States nation is now engaged in an unnecessary struggle with Spain; and did the mothers and sisters of the young men now at the front try to prevent it? Alas, no! They are now weeping and tearing their hair, but their cherub-faced sons and brothers come not again. Their hearts are torn with anguish and grief and they are distracted by mental pictures of the trenches of the dead, and the groans and sufferings of the wounded. The mother wakes from her troubled dreams and cries out in her anguish, "God save my boy!" Should her boy be returned to her safe and sound, she is willing to say with the good man of the East, "Now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace. . . . for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." The young wife presses the wailing child to her bosom and whispers in tears the name of the father whom the child may never know. The betrothed maiden lays away the finery upon which she has spent so many loving hours, and a tear drops among the laces before the drawer is closed. Why all this weeping and lamentation? Because the mothers and sisters began to protest too late. When the politicians and contractors and war fiends were crying the nation on to a senseless struggle, the women said not a word.

It would be the same in Canada, if similar circumstances were to arise. Our females seem to accept with resignation the poet's dictum that men must work and women must weep. The females of Europe accept it, too. There are white ribbon societies, temperance societies, prohibition unions, Christian Endeavour unions and all the rest of the hundreds of senseless organizations which honeycomb our religious civilization. But where is the Peace Society?

The great trouble lies in the fact that women are too narrow, too short-sighted, too ignorant, too hard of heart. Are the United States mothers and daughters weeping for the starving mothers and daughters in Cuba? Have their souls been torn in anguish as they have read of their sufferings? Not a bit of it! It was not that which drove the United States nation to war with Spain, or which nerved the United States mother to encourage her son to enlist. She sent him to the front, if she sent him at all, because she wished him to glorify himself and her. She had no thought for the dark-skinned female, holding her babe to the desert breast and listening to the wail of hunger which she could not satisfy. The other day, before Santiago, a father—an Englishman—gave a United States soldier a five dollar gold-piece for a tin of beans with which to feed his starving children.

It is not the franchise that women need, it is the broad sympathy which will lead them to look out upon suffering humanity, which will induce them to perceive the horrors of war, and which will cause them to prevail upon those who love them and acknowledge their influence that the day when men should strike each other in earnest has passed

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away. Instead of driving men on to extreme measures by extravagance and social ambition, let the women spend less and think more. The blue-ribbon societies and all the others are not to be despised, but the War Fiend has invaded the civilization of the Western World, and the Western Woman must drive him back to his home beyond the waves, or years of suffering shall be her portion and her inheritage.

Dominion Day.

Some Canadians have become so weary of hearing the question of Canada's destiny discussed that they shiver when it is brought up again. Neverthelss, the 1st of July comes around quite regularly in the yearly cycle, and as July 1st, 1867, saw the confederation of the provinces into the Dominion of Canada, it is quite reasonable that the progress that has been made and that may be made should be considered. Of course, there is a large number of people who do not know what national progress means, who could not tell you when Confederation took place, who do not know what Canada buys or what she sells, who know nothing of their responsibilities as citizens. These people indulge in a pleasure excursion on the 1st of July and never stop to think why the holiday occurs. If they are ladies—and the most of them are, bless them—they go on with their "says she's" and "says he's" and "says I's" and their talk about shirt waists and their neighbours, and forget that it is a day on which their boys and their girls might be taught some little thing about Canada that would be the mustard seed which might develop into the great tree of a true citizen's patriotism. These people, male and female, do not talk of Canada's destiny on the 1st of July or on any other day, despite the oft repeated boast that "Canada has the finest educational facilities in the world."

But a certain number of intelligent men and women do perceive the significance of Dominion Day, the national holiday, and they cannot help being led to consider the question of Canada's possible political destiny. One man accepts without reserve, Canada's growing connection with the Empire. Another man* points out that even if there had been no revolt of the American colonies, the people now contained in the United States could not be now governed by a Governor-General sent from England; and he thus implies that poor little Canada with her five millions is small enough to have a governor or a governess, but when she grows up to sixty-five millions she will have a lover, a husband of her own. One New York paper says that the conduct of the Mayor of Niagara—a town of about a thousand inhabitants—in declaring the 4th of July a public holiday because a United States town across the river helped to celebrate Dominion Day, showed that Canadians were in sympathy with the United States and would ere long be celebrating the fourth of July instead of the first. Another New York editor, whose paper is less yellow and has as a consequence less circulation in the fire-eating Republic, speaking of Canada's progress, says: "A true, national spirit has been engendered. Devotion to the Mother Country and to the Empire has been strengthened and confirmed, and all these things have been achieved to an extent that would have been not only impossible, but unconceivable, without the unifying bond of the Dominion." A great Canadian who has been a close observer of North American civilization for over thirty years, walks along the street of a large Canadian city and says: "This easy victory of the Americans over the Spaniards means that we will have to fight for our lives within a year." The Liberal Country Weekly declares against any further military expenditure or training of militia, because Sir Wilfrid Laurier is in power and there is an Anglo-American understanding. The Tory country Weekly declares that the preferential tariff is killing home industries, and anyway it shouldn't have been instituted until

*A sermon preached in Toronto on July 3rd, and reported in the morning papers of the next day.

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such time as Great Britain gave us a preference in her markets.

Where are we, in the midst of all this babel and confusion, to go for light? Perhaps the advice given by a prominent journalist to the members of the Canadian Club, of Toronto, may be taken with good results by the whole Canadian people. "Stop talking about Canada's destiny," said he. "Make the country prosperous, progressive, and the destiny will take care of itself." In this spirit we will celebrate Dominion Day as a day for stock-taking, for retrospection, for gaining renewed inspiration and fresh hope, not a day for endeavouring to pry into the plans of the Creator of the universe. For there is no doubt that no man's wisdom can foresee the destiny of this country; that will be moulded and directed by the morality, the righteousness, the high-mindedness of the successive generations of Canadian citizens.

A lack of sturdy men whose aims are high
No surging tide of plenty can supply.
Doomed is the State, whatever its avails,
Where probity falls down and conscience fails.
Not gold nor iron, grain nor ships nor coal,
Can make a nation great that lacks a soul.
This above all, then, brethren, we should know
How by our growth to make our country grow
In that true glory whose foundations lie
In justice, freedom and integrity.*

A Hasty Alliance.

During the past two months the proposed Anglo-American understanding has occupied a great deal of attention in Great Britain and Canada, and a very fair amount of similar enthusiasm in the United States. The idea of an understanding which will enable both branches of the English race—if it may be called such—to work side by side with one aim and one ambition is certainly most worthy. If it can be successfully carried into performance it will be the most important political development of the nineteenth century.

The officials of Great Britain have always been courteous and kind and considerate to the United States. These gentlemen have gone so far as to pay the United States a million dollars more for Alabama claims than was actually necessary. They gave up half of the State of Maine because they did not care to remark that a certain map was a forgery. They have always used respectable language about or to the United States. When, therefore, they now say that they value United States friendship and approve of Anglo-Saxon unity, I cannot accuse them of inconsistency. Nor can I in my own mind feel that they are insincere.

On the other hand, the official representatives of the United States have, during the last hundred and twenty years, called us Britishers all sorts of names. They have heaped contumelious words upon us at every opportunity. They have reviled John Bull at every turn. When Cleveland sent his famous Venezuelan message, the United States people made him a hero; and they all cried out, "Sic 'em Cleve, old boy!" Now they have repented. In the twinkling of an eye they have been converted. I believe that they are sincere and that they will never be rude again. But who will blame me if I wait a few months before shouting for Anglo-Saxon unity? All Canada is shouting and my voice will not be missed. Nevertheless, I am anxious to record the fact—being rather a shameless individual—that I am not shouting. I want also to state that I did not shout on the 4th of July. Nor did I jeer; I have never jeered at the United States people. If they promise to be good, and if they keep up to their present professions, I shall ultimately accept them as brothers. They cannot expect me to do more than this.

Personally, I have no objection to Lord Wolseley, Lord Dufferin, Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Sir Charles Tupper expressing their appreciation of the United States and their desire to see permanent friendly relations between the two countries. These gentlemen represent the officialdom of Great Britain and of Canada and are

* From a poem by C. S. Martin, read before a Greek letter society at Cambridge on June 30th, 1898.

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speaking semi-officially. They are without doubt quite sincere in their desire to have the two branches of the nation act in unison. But I do object to their pushing Mr. Chamberlain's idea with too much cheap publicity. Let them say what they think and feel without descending to fulsome flattery which they may some day wish they they had left unsaid. The United States people have a large appreciation of their own strength, importance and brilliancy ; and it is not necessary that Britishers should pursue a course of conduct which might cause that self-appreciation to swell and burst. What the United States nation lacks is ballast, and flattery will not help it to acquire that very necessary quality.

Canadians have never said uncomplimentary things about the United States, and we should not act as if we are anxious to make amends for past sins. We have never been accused, even by the United Statesers themselves, of being afflicted with a desire to pull feathers out of the eagle's tail. Whereas, the editorial offices of most of the large dailies in the United States have a lion's tail hung on the wall, and for years every member of each staff has had his daily training in the twisting of that tail. The result has been quite evident in their acknowledged dislike for the British lion, and their perfect ability to twist his tail upon the shortest notice, or slightest opportunity. Even now, when most of the United States newspaper editors are practising the new tunes of Anglo-Saxon Unity, some of the magazines and other periodicals are piping red-hot blasts about the way the Britishers were trampled upon in 1776 and 1812. It may all be historically true, of course, but it is rather jarring to the nerves of a sensitive Anglo-Americaner.

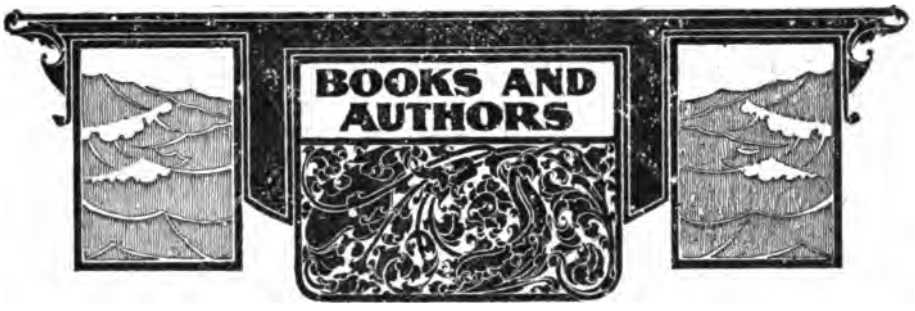
Let us hope that the sins of both nations will soon be blotted out, that memories may become more and more indistinct, and that the two peoples shall in the future live in such amiable concord that they will always be willing to yield a dispute rather than say a harsh word. When this times arrives—and Canada hopes that the arrival will be soon—the era of universal peace will be nearer, and the higher interests of mankind will be more thoroughly safe-guarded.

Canada's Prosperity.

June 30th marks the close of Canada's fiscal year, and July is therefore Canada's stock-taking month. Looking back over the twelve months just gone, it is quite clear that the rate of development was maintained and probably advanced. The quantity of goods sold abroad was enormously increased, and the value of the imports showed also that our buying power is on the rise. From the statistics already to hand, it is quite clear that the volume of business done internally and externally is much larger, when reckoned in dollars and cents, than it ever was. The net profits also seem to be greater. The farmer received more money for his grain, and prices of wages, implements and other supplies were not higher. The merchant sold more goods and had fewer bad debts. These two classes of the community received therefore more net profit. The cost of government has slightly increased, and while this must be lamented it is not serious enough to cause trouble in the country. The people of Canada are fast learning that this is an expensive country to govern, and that a promise to economize made by any political party is merely a statement made with a view to influencing votes. Every person is pleased to see the Yukon developed, but the Yukon for a few years will be an expensive part of our territory.



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NEW FICTION.

SOME men use their abilities in one way, some in another. Some employ them in politics, some in statecraft, some in diplomacy, some in militarism, some in business, some in invention, some even in wickedness and evil. Every man possesses a cunning of some sort, although the quality of it varies with the individual. In fiction there is no man of to-day who can exceed the cunning, the resource, the ability to plot and plan possessed by Anthony Hope. The "Prisoner of Zenda" stormed and caught the public fancy, because the author presented a plot the following of which roused the mental activity, the imagination, the pleasure in incident and event which every intelligent reader possesses. Anthony Hope had nothing to teach, but he possessed much which would please. He gave the world pleasure, and the world repaid him with praise and patronage.

"Rupert of Hentzau"* possesses the same kind of charm and interest which made the "Prisoner of Zenda" and Anthony Hope famous. It is a sequel in which the leading characters re-appear. The restored King rules Ruritania, but with a weak hand. His wife, the lovely Princess Flavia, shares his public honours, but gives him not the love which a true wife bears to the true husband. She still clings to her memory of Mr. Rassendyll, the English adventurer, and the story opens with the troubles which come upon her because she endeavours to send a letter to her absent lover. This falls into the hands of the banished Rupert of Hentzau, the brother of the King. The story winds hither and thither with alarming and exciting rapidity. Duel and battle, battle and duel, flight and escape follow like the blacksmith's strokes upon the red-hot iron. The King is killed by Rupert, Rupert is killed by Mr. Rassendyll, and Mr. Rassendyll is killed by a servant of Prince Rupert. Only old Sapt, Fritz, and the Queen are saved from the slaughter.

Nothing ever stops Anthony Hope. The people crave excitement and he gives it to them. As his hero he takes an English adventurer who holds secret communication and loving converse with the wife of a king; he delineates as his heroine a woman who marries a man she does not love and then serves him half-heartedly. These may inspire the public, may win their admiration, but if they do, then so much the worse for the public.

After penning the above opinion of this book, I came across a criticism of a very different kind, written by George W. Smalley in the New York *Herald*. He complains that at a certain point in each of his novels, Mr. Hope turns romance into extravaganza and breaks the spell. I had not thought of it in that way but now I agree with Mr. Smalley. I laughed when in "Simon Dale" Louis XIV. took a flying leap into the rowboat; and in "Rupert of Hentzau," every

*Toronto: George N. Morang.

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time a man was killed, I was forced to smile. I have no explanation to offer ; I simply state the fact.

In the course of his review, Mr. Smalley says :

"The true criticism upon this last romance is not, I think, that it is a sequel, but that it is a romance in which some of the first conditions of romantic narrative are neglected. The same was true of "Phroso." The same was true of "Simon Dale." In all three Mr. Hope allows himself at times an undue license. He never fails at the outset to fix the attention of his reader. He starts with a series of assumptions, so cleverly conceived that they are readily accepted. He creates an atmosphere. He creates a set of circumstances and of characters, all plausible ; all, or almost all at the beginning, convincing. Then over-confidence sets in. He begins to make drafts on his readers' credulity. To put it in a different way, he has so just a confidence in his own manner of handling incidents and people that he does not stay his hand when the incidents become extravagant, or the people cease to act from probable motives."

Richard Harding Davis has a cunning akin to that of Anthony Hope, but not so great. His stories move with a snap and a dash which is almost as exciting, even though his characters are less Machiavelian. "The King's Jackal"* has a good plot, though not thoroughly worked out. It gives a vivid picture of a life which has a greater air of reality about it than the life so fantastically pourtrayed by Anthony Hope. Louis, the banished king of Messina, is staying in Morocco, ostensibly planning a chance to get back his throne. He is attended by a dissolute female, known as the Countess Zara, two male intriguers, and a fourth individual known as "The King's Jackal." This is an earnest young nobleman by the name of Prince Kalonay. An American girl, Miss Carson, with more money than common sense, desires to aid the King to secure his throne and to restore the Catholic religion in his kingdom. Another American, a newspaper correspondent, appears on the scene, unmasks the King, and by revealing his duplicity brings the honest Prince Kalonay and Miss Carson into a beautiful understanding. The story has an honest ring about it ; but to class it as "great," or even as being equal to "The Soldiers of Fortune," would be the height of impudence.

"John Marmaduke,"† by Samuel Harden Church, is a novel somewhat similar in intricacy of plot, though showing less cunning in the devising of odd and thrilling incidents. It is a story which moves more evenly and with less of that rush so characteristic of everything which has its origin in these later years. The author has written a history of Oliver Cromwell, and now seeks to further elucidate his character by giving us a romance connecting with that great general's invasion of Ireland in 1649. John Marmaduke is commander of a troop of Ironsides, and does much fighting in the campaign. During this, he meets and falls in love with an Irish Catholic lady. After much difficult wooing he marries her, and thereby incurs the severe displeasure of Cromwell. The lady's character is a very unusual one, and it wins very much on the reader. Although a fine rider, an expert swordswoman, and as intense in her loves and hates as any other Irish lady, she never commits an act which compromises her womanly dignity. Unlike the Countess Flavia, whom Anthony Hope pourtrays, or the Countess Zara and Miss Carson whom Richard Harding Davis has created, she is an ideal. She engenders wholesome enthusiasm and honest admiration. The picture of Cromwell is a strong one. It explains the ferocity of his nature, the earnestness of his aims and the fanaticism of his religious zeal ; besides this, it shows that he was no more bloodthirsty than were the peoples among whom he lived.

The book is slightly marred by one or two minor defects which indicate that the

*Toronto : The Copp, Clark Co.
†Toronto : The Copp, Clark Co.

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author has not the polish nor the delicate touch of the other two story-tellers whose words have just been considered. Nevertheless, because his picture has fewer centre-pieces, and exhibits more thoroughness in the working out of detail, it will, perhaps, leave a more lasting impression on the reader's mind.

CANADA AND ITS CAPITAL.

Sir James Edgar's "Canada and its Capital" is a book which reflects considerable credit both on the publisher* and the author. The volume is handsomely printed and bound, the cover being appropriately and tastily decorated. The author has compiled much material of an interesting and entertaining character, although the contents are of an exceedingly heterogeneous character. After treating of the scenery in and about the capital, he traces the history of the district under the French regime, follows with the story of Philemon Wright, and explains how Ottawa came to be the Capital of Canada. He afterwards deals with such interesting subjects as Vice-Regal Functions, Sports, Literature, The Future of Canada, and The Canadian System of Government. A large number of illustrations add interest to the text.

While the book may be accepted as a memento of the honourable gentleman's term as Speaker of the House of Commons, it cannot be regarded as a distinct addition to our history. Indeed, it is plain that the author does not aim to produce a strictly historical work, although much history has been embodied in it. Biography, descriptions, impressions, sporting chronicles, literary information and political opinions on national questions are combined with the history of the Capital, but combined in such a manner as not to be displeasing. The style of the writer is more open to criticism, being rather crude and amateurish. Sir Wilfrid Laurier "first took to journalism"; every executive act "is subject to be criticized"; "in 1787 the English institutions were not developed"; "it is not fine, big boys that are required, but smart little boys." The making of paragraphs is not based upon good usage, while many of the sentences and phrases are awkward and obscure. The phrases quoted above can hardly be justifiable, nor can the following sentence: "He studied both the navigation of the latter river, and its fitness for settlement." He tells us that Sir John Thompson "formed a government as First Minister," although most of us know that the statesman who forms a government is by virtue of the act the first in that government. Numerous other crudities mar what is otherwise an interesting volume.

MISCELLANEOUS.

In 1834 Benjamin Brodie, then indisputably the leader of the surgical profession of London, England, and for some years sergeant-surgeon, reduced the recognition due to his eminence and was made a baronet. His income was about $50,000 a year, almost wholly derived from his practice. He wrote several works, the chief being his "Psychological Inquiries." A very thorough and interesting biography of this eminent surgeon has just been published in London by T. Fisher Unwin, in his "Masters of Medicine Series."

The latest issue in the Victorian Era Series (London: Blackie & Son; Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.) is "English National Education," by H. Holman, M.A. To a Canadian this book shows clearly that England has not progressed as fast as Canada in the matter of national schools. Nevertheless, many arguments in favour of a broad, non-sectarian basis for national schools will be found

* Toronto: George N. Morang.

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in its pages. "The woeful waste of energy in sectarian struggles" is clearly pointed out. The fear that education would make more and cleverer rogues and rascals is shown to be groundless. Proof is advanced to show that education has not made the masses discontented, but has rather made them more constitutional and less revolutionary. What is said on bright, cheerful and artistic schoolrooms and on thoroughly trained teachers might be taken to heart in Canada.

"The Canadian Live Stock Annual and Gentleman's Year Book" has been issued for the first time by The Hunter, Rose Co., Toronto. It contains some official statistics, the tariff, sporting records, historical events and information of a like character. It is a very valuable work, and what few weaknesses there are in it will, no doubt, be eliminated in the future yearly issues.

"Stories Told out of Lodge" is a political satire by a clever Toronto lawyer, A. T. Hunter by name. It shows the rottenness, deceit and corruption which, while not overpowering, still linger in our politics. The story is very brightly written and reveals more than ability: it reveals an intimate knowledge of the inside workings of several secret societies which flourish in this country (Toronto: The Toronto News Co., paper 25 cents).

"Trusts, Combines and Monopolies" is the title of a paper republished in pamphlet form from *The Queen's Quarterly*. The author is E. R. Peacock, a clever graduate of Queen's University, and at present a master in Upper Canada College. Besides handling his subject in a very attractive and pleasing manner, Mr. Peacock has crowded into his brief treatment of it much valuable information.

An interesting historical pamphlet on the Canadian Rebellion has just been issued by Raoul Renault, Quebec. It is entitled "1837, and My Connection with It," and was written by Thomas Storrow Brown, who died in Montreal in 1888. The author eulogizes very strongly the Papineau Party.

"The Care of the Sick," by Dr. Billroth (Toronto: The Hunter, Rose Co., cloth, $1.50) is an exceedingly valuable household book. Dr. Billroth is an Austrian scientist, and the translation seems to be well done. The large number of illustrations add materially to the value of the text, as does the very exhaustive index. The binding is neat and substantial.

Among the new issues in Colonial Libraries is "Dawn," by Rider Haggard, in Longman's; "Kronstadt," by Max Pemberton, in Cassell's; and "Helbeck of Bannisdale," by Mrs. Humphrey Ward, in Macmillan's. The latter two are new, and the last was briefly reviewed in last month's issue of this publication.

Number Two of The Educational Review's Canadian History Readings is to hand. It contains articles on The Cabots, Port Royal, Physiography of Nova Scotia, An Acadian Marchioness, Fort Cumberland, andThe Siege of Penobscot. All are by leading Maritime Province writers (The Educational Review, St John, N.B., paper, 10 cents.)

The "Bulletin des Recherches Historiques," published by Pierre-Georges Roy, Levis, Quebec, contains each month much valuable historical matter which cannot be overlooked by any person desiring to be thoroughly familiar with all sides of Canadian history.

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ST. LAWRENCE ROUTE AND THE GRAIN TRADE. Edward Farrer.

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THE

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VOL. XI. SEPTEMBER, 1898 No. 5.

SEP 6 1898

THE ST. LAWRENCE ROUTE AND MANITOBA GRAIN TRADE.

BY EDWARD FARRER.

SIR WILFRID LAURIER has said that the question of the day in Canada is transportation. It is a question everywhere, owing mainly to the drop in prices during the last twenty years. When wheat was $1.50 per bushel the cost of transportation was not the vital factor it is to-day, when the price is so much less. The general movement in behalf of lower transportation rates is caused, as economists put it, by the fact that whilst improved transportation has contributed greatly to the fall in prices, it has not similarly reduced its own price; in other words, while formerly ten bushels of wheat would fetch enough to carry 100 bushels, say, 250 miles, it would now be necessary to sell fifteen bushels to transport the same quantity the same distance, so that, to quote Professor Mavor, of the University of Toronto, "The transportation charge tends at present to form a progressively increasing proportion of the realized price of the article transported."

What Mr. Laurier had particularly in mind, however, was the question of transportation from the North-West. The Canadian route from the Sault to the Welland Canal, and from the Welland to Montreal and Quebec, has cost the people over $50,000,000 for canals, besides a large sum for harbours and dredging; yet the bulk of the grain traffic of Manitoba is going to the Atlantic by way of Buffalo and New York. For every bushel of Manitoba wheat sent to Montreal for export in 1893, two bushels were sent to Buffalo and New York; in 1894 the proportion was three to one in favour of the American route; in 1895 as much as eight to one; in 1896 three to one; in 1897 five to one.

The export of grain from Manitoba is destined, we all believe, to become an immense traffic, and it is of importance, after all we have spent and are spending on the St. Lawrence route, that the trade should not be diverted in this fashion to the United States.

The reasons why it seeks New York in preference to Montreal appear to be these: First of all, Montreal is handicapped by its remoteness from the ocean, and by the freezing of the St. Lawrence so soon after the Manitoba harvest. It was cruel of nature, when she had built so majestic an outlet from the Great Lakes to the Atlantic, to place that heavy ban upon it. Wheat does not begin to reach Fort William in large quantities till the first of October. Ordinarily the last ocean vessels leave Montreal about November 20. But as it takes on an average 10 to 12 days for a cargo to reach Montreal from Fort William, the Manitoba shippers do not care to ship to Montreal after November 10. On the other hand, they can ship to Buffalo as late as the first week in December; it takes a week to send a cargo from Fort Wil-

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liam through to New York, and their insurance runs to December 10. Buffalo has thus an advantage of thirty days of shipping time at the busiest period of the year. Besides, when the wheat gets to Buffalo the owner has the choice of four ocean ports, New York, Boston, Baltimore and Philadelphia, open the year round—an important consideration.

Secondly, the speculative market at New York enables the Manitoba shipper to insure himself against a drop in price while the grain is in transit. For instance, when he has 100,000 bushels of No. 1 hard ready to ship from inland elevators to Fort William, he wires his New York agent to buy an option for the delivery of 100,000 bushels of No. 2 red, the standard grade there, a fortnight thereafter. The option, of course, goes up and down with the market while the No. 1 is on its journey and protects the No. 1. Hence, as he says, the banks need not worry about his account. The option is bought in when the Manitoba grain arrives. There is no speculative market at Montreal, so that the Manitoba shipper lacks this sort of protection at that port. Moreover, the longer duration of the voyage to Montreal increases the risk of a bad turn in the market; it also represents an extra loss of interest on the wheat while in transit.

In the next place, and this is perhaps the chief reason, it is usually cheaper to use the American route. The Manitoba shipper has no sentiment in his soul; the sole question with him is how to lay down grain at Liverpool at the lowest cost. There is not much difference between the cost of getting it to Montreal and the cost of getting it to New York, Boston or Baltimore. But the objective point is Liverpool, and it is almost always cheaper to get it to Liverpool via New York than via Montreal, because as a rule, ocean rates from New York are lower. There are more steamship lines at New York and Boston than at Montreal, and greater competition among vessels of greater carrying capacity. At Montreal he is in danger of being "held up" by a sudden demand for increased rates, especially towards the close of the season; consequently it is difficult for him to know in advance at Winnipeg exactly what a shipment for Liverpool via Montreal is going to cost at its destination. Again, at Montreal the grain may have to wait three or four days till a vessel is ready to take it, and when a vessel does turn up, the facilities and appliances for loading it are not up to date; while if the shipment should miss the last vessel it costs money to store it or send it to Boston or St. John. In consequence of these drawbacks, Montreal is not regarded favorably by Manitoba shippers. There are only a few buyers in Montreal competent to handle the blocks of wheat now shipped from Manitoba, and the number is not likely to increase till the port has been modernized.

These, briefly stated, are the reasons why Montreal has lost the greater part of the Manitoba grain traffic. But it is necessary to a full understanding of the subject that we should look a little beyond immediate causes.

As most persons know, the shipping business on the Upper Lakes has undergone remarkable expansion since a 16-foot channel between Buffalo and Duluth was obtained in 1882. Prior to 1882 the available depth was 9½ feet. At that depth the route could move only comparatively small shipments, indeed was little better than a local route. The Upper Lakes are now a great through route between East and West, carrying bulky commodities at a very low rate, and, what is probably as important, tempering the rates of all the railways running from the agricultural States to the Atlantic seaboard. It is quite supposable that but for cheap lake rates and the effect of lake competition on rail rates, the Northwestern States might not have been able to make wheat-growing pay in the recent era of low prices; in other words, might have stood still instead of adding millions to their population; and that it would have been impossible to bring the iron ore of Lake Superior to

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the coal of Pennsylvania, Ohio and Illinois, that is, to have made the iron and steel industry of the United States what it is to-day. The old sailing vessel has gone and along with it the iron steamer, once considered a leviathan. The present type is the steel steamer, with double bottom and triple expansion engines, capable of carrying 5,000 tons of cargo at a speed of thirteen miles an hour. One of the steamers lately built for the Bessemer Steamship Company measures 475 feet over all, and has a carrying capacity of 6,500 tons. The substitution of steam for sails with the improved facilities for loading, unloading and fueling, has greatly augmented the working power of the fleet, a lake steamer being able to do something over twice the work of a sailing vessel of like tonnage. In a recent report to the Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Tunell, of Chicago, shows that in this way the carrying power has been increased two and a-half times since 1885. Formerly fifteen or sixteen round trips were considered a good season's work in the ore business between Lake Superior and Lake Erie ports, whereas twenty-two round trips are now usually made. On June 30th, 1897, the gross tonnage of the steel vessels on the lakes was 490,000 tons. The wooden tonnage was 885,000 tons. Steel was the material used in the construction of eight-ninths of all the tonnage built last year. In 1897 the freight received and shipped at Buffalo, the eastern terminus of deep-water navigation, exceeded 10,000,000 tons. The shipments of coal from Buffalo exceeded 2,400,000 tons, the receipts of grain and flour over 200,000,000 bushels. The aggregate tonnage of freight carried on the Upper Lakes was 30,000,000 tons; the quantity going through the canals at Sault Ste. Marie in a season of 230 days being about twice the traffic of the Suez Canal in 365; while the traffic which passed up and down the Detroit River is said to have exceeded the foreign and coastwise traffic of London and Liverpool combined. It is hard to realize that it is only sixty years since the first American vessel was launched on Lake Superior, and since the first vessel arrived at Chicago from the Lower Lakes. "On that occasion all the male inhabitants of the village, including the boys, numbering nearly 100, assisted in dragging the craft across the bar." The village has now 1,500,000 inhabitants, and 30,000,000 people, about the population of England and Wales, dwell in the eight States bordering the Upper and Lower Lakes.

As said, the period of greatest expansion dates from 1882, when a 16-foot channel was obtained. Since then the centralization of industries, with the concentration of population in large manufacturing centres, has been going on with considerable rapidity, and the process has undoubtedly been hastened in the watershed of the Upper Lakes by the ease and cheapness with which food and raw materials are carried long distances from the place of growth and extraction to the place of consumption and manufacture. The huge steamers bring down grain, flour, iron ore and lumber, and carry back coal, salt, building material and heavy factory goods, thus effecting an exchange between East and West of the coarser staples which the railway could not effect at anything like so low a cost. Now, however, a 21-foot channel is all but completed. Shortly before his death, General Poe, of the United States army engineers, who had charge of the St. Mary's Canal and other improvements, said, in a report: "The increase from 9½ feet to 16 feet brought about a truly extraordinary development of lake commerce, the result being most notable, perhaps, in the character of the vessels employed. Give the commerce a channel from Buffalo to Duluth that shall be navigable on a draft of 20 feet, and it needs no prophet to foretell a more wonderful growth still." I suppose it is safe to say that steamers carrying 7,000 tons of cargo or more may be looked for so soon as the harbours are made deep enough to accommodate them; that, low as they are, rates have not nearly

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touched bottom, nor can any limit be set as yet to the development of a commerce already of colossal proportions.

Unfortunately the St. Lawrence route lies outside the deep-water area. There is only 14 feet of water in the Welland Canal and an available depth of only 9 feet in the canals below Kingston. About all the United States Government has had to do is to improve the lakes themselves; whereas we have had to dig a series of canals aggregating 70 miles in length past the rapids of the St. Lawrence and round Niagara Falls, at a time when we have been building a transcontinental railway and carrying on other burdensome enterprises. There is no prospect, at present at any rate, of our being able to deepen the Welland to 21 feet. That is a task we might, perhaps, have undertaken had it not been deemed advisable to deepen the canals below Kingston in order to obtain a uniform depth of 14 feet from Lake Erie to Montreal; but to do the two works simultaneously would be a heavy strain. Sanguine persons believe the United States will sooner or later deepen the Canadian canals to 21 feet in the interest not of our trade but of their own. Professor Emory R. Johnson, an authority on the subject of American waterways, says in a recent work:

"There has been a good deal of discussion whether the deep-water channel to the sea should pass by way of the St. Lawrence or from the lakes to New York City; but the question seems clearly to have but one answer so far as the United States is concerned. However desirable it may be for Canada to have deep-water communication between her western territory and Quebec, Montreal and her other eastern cities, and however important it may be for Canada to have a water route from Canadian fields, forests, mines and shops to Liverpool and other markets of Europe, the case with us still remains different. Our concern is primarily to connect the Great Lakes with the great cities of the Eastern States. These are our chief markets. Trade with England is desirable, but it has only a secondary importance. The traffic on the Welland Canal is comparatively light; in 1890 it was only about one-third that on the smaller, essentially barge-traffic Erie Canal. The St. Lawrence route would not only have less commercial value for us, but it would increase rather than lessen our commercial and political independence. Our political relations with Canada and England would be injured by such a waterway. We should have about 1,400 miles of coast from which our ocean cruisers and men-of-war could be excluded. As long as Canada remains a dependency of Great Britain, our commercial and political interests will remain opposed to hers."

At all events, American co-operation is not in sight.

Vessels carrying 175,000 bushels of wheat, or 200,000 bushels of corn, sail into Buffalo from Fort William, Duluth and Chicago. Such cargoes cannot be taken through the Welland. At Port Colborne, the Lake Erie end of the Welland, connection between the Upper and Lower Lakes is broken as effectually as though it was the meeting place of a standard gauge railway with a narrow gauge. The largest cargo that has ever passed through the Welland was probably that of the *Algonquin*, belonging to Hagarty & Co., of Toronto, which took 67,000 bushels of wheat through last summer. Ordinarily, when a steamer reaches Port Colborne with more than 60,000 bushels she is obliged to lighter; then when she reaches Kingston or Prescott she has to transfer all she has on board to barges, which take it down the 9-foot channel to Montreal. With 14 feet of water all the way from Port Colborne to Montreal, rates to Montreal will certainly be reduced. Per contra, the deepening of the Erie Canal, now in progress, will have the effect of reducing water and rail rates between Buffalo and New York, while the rate from Fort William and Duluth to Buffalo is sure to be reduced when the 21-foot channel is fairly going and the supplementary improvements finished. It is obvious that the advantage to Montreal in having 14 feet of water from Lake Erie will not of itself enable her to recover the Manitoba grain traffic from Buffalo and New York under the new conditions making for lower rates by the latter route.

My own notion is that it was a mistake for the Government to deepen the canals below Kingston. True, it had been decided on by the former Government; nevertheless, I venture to think it would have been better to spend the

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money in deepening the Welland to 21 feet. The Chief Engineer of the Public Works Department tells me there was no engineering difficulty in the way. Nothing in the economics of water transportation is much better established than that the modern lake vessel abhors canals. With her costly equipment she cannot afford to incur the delay and danger inseparable from passing through them. Between Kingston and Montreal there are 43 miles of canals, as against 27 miles on the Welland. I have not been able to find a practical man who believes that when those 43 miles are deepened to 14 feet, lake vessels will make use of them to get to Montreal; the vessels, it is universally thought, will, as now, tranship at Kingston or Prescott to barges. Had we deepened the Welland to 21 feet and left the lower canals as they were, the position would have been this: Vessels could have carried cargo from Fort William or Duluth to Kingston for nearly as low a rate as to Buffalo. The 27 miles of canalling in the Welland, and the difficulty of procuring return cargoes at all times, would, of course, have militated against the route; still, the rate to Kingston would have been materially lower than now. Then from Kingston to Montreal, 178 miles, we should have had the present barge service of 9 feet to compete with a barge service of 9 feet—the depth the Erie will have when the projected improvements are finished—from Buffalo to Albany by canal and from Albany to New York by river, a total distance of 500 miles. Under such circumstances the rate from Lake Superior to Montreal would have been sufficiently low to recover for Montreal at least a portion of the Manitoba traffic, and to augment the export via Montreal of grain from Chicago and Duluth.

Let us return to the actual situation. There are already 300 steamers or more on the Upper Lakes which cannot pass through the Welland, and consequently cannot enter Lake Ontario. All of these, or nearly all, are United States vessels. I am sorry to say the Canadian fleet on the Upper Lakes is quite insignificant. Of the vast tonnage going through the Sault canals only four per cent. is Canadian. A Canadian steamer of the latest United States type would be hard set to earn expenses. She would be cut off from Montreal, Toronto, Hamilton, Kingston, etc., by the termination of deep-water navigation at Port Colborne. She might sail to places like Owen Sound, Parry Sound and Goderich; but, as everyone knows, there are no ports of any great account on the Canadian shores of Huron, Erie or Superior; whereas United States steamers do business with Chicago, Milwaukee, Cleveland, Detroit, Toledo and Buffalo, with an aggregate population of 3,000,000, as well as with many smaller cities and towns situated on the Upper Lakes, some, like Escanaba and Marquette, with a booming shipping trade. Furthermore, Canadian vessels, large or small, operate at a disadvantage in being excluded from the vast stream of United States lake commerce. Manifestly, if a vessel has a cargo both ways she can make more, and yet charge less, than if she has a cargo only one way. A Canadian vessel going to Duluth for a cargo of grain for Kingston is usually obliged to go light, because not allowed by United States law to carry from one United States port to another—as, for example, from Oswego or Buffalo to Duluth. Going to Duluth light she cannot afford to accept as low a rate to Kingston as a United States vessel which has reached Duluth with a full or partial load from Buffalo. That is to say, she not only suffers directly through being deprived of purely United States traffic, but the deprivation cripples her in the competition for traffic between United States ports and Canadian ports. This is why the Canadian fleet is insignificant by comparison with the United States fleet, and the largest Canadian vessels, with a few exceptions, mere tubs by the side of the largest United States vessels.

The larger the vessel the less the cost of carrying per bushel and the longer the time in which navigation is possible in the fall. The report for 1896 of the Buffalo Merchants' Ex-

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change says, with a touch of Populism: "The future of the business on the lakes seems to be most discouraging to the owners of small vessels; the business is apparently drifting into the hands of capitalists and corporations, one concern having built during 1895 sixteen large steel vessels, at an expense of $3,000,000, and they are still building." "The vessels now being built," says an American expert, "can be navigated with safety in the fall under conditions which would have been dangerous to the class of vessels prevailing ten years ago."

For these reasons Canadian vessels are unable to make as low rates as United States vessels. This rule may admit of exceptions; all the same it is the rule. Hence, in their anxiety to regain the Manitoba traffic, the Montreal Board of Trade has asked the Dominion Government to permit United States vessels to carry grain for export from one Canadian port to another. The theory is that if United States vessels were allowed to carry grain from Fort William to Port Colborne, Kingston, Owen Sound, Midland or Parry Sound it would be possible to lay it down at Montreal cheaper than it can be laid down for at New York. The fact that a good deal of export grain is carried in United States bottoms from Chicago and Duluth to Kingston for Montreal in preference to Buffalo is cited in support. There is no denying that United States competition between Fort William and Eastern Canadian ports would reduce the rate to Montreal. A United States vessel of the smaller class going to Kingston or Prescott with Manitoba wheat could return to Duluth, on the way back to Fort William, with a load of coal or something else from Oswego or Sodus Point—a traffic from which Canadian vessels are debarred. This of itself would be a consideration in favour of lower rates. Canadian vessel-owners protest that to allow the United States to participate in Canadian traffic while Canadians are rigorously excluded from United States traffic would be grossly unfair, and, as they put it, unpatriotic; and add that if United States vessels are going to carry the harvest of Manitoba to the St. Lawrence, the harvest might as well go to New York at once and be done with it so far as Canadian interests are concerned. The answer of Montreal is that it is a serious matter to contemplate the diversion of the export trade of the Canadian Northwest to United States seaports. It is so much lost to Canadian labour, steamships, railroads, banks, etc.; furthermore, if New York is to be the regular outlet for Manitoba, Manitoba may some day ask what there is left for her in the connection with Old Canada that she should prolong it.

Some maintain that the opening of the railway to Parry Sound will restore the traffic to Montreal. It is difficult to see how. The Canadian Pacific, which in railroad parlance originates the traffic, has elevators at Owen Sound, to which port its passenger steamers run from Fort William, and rail connection from Owen Sound with Montreal. Yet, except in a year like 1897, when prices were higher than usual, it has not been able to carry much export grain from Owen Sound to Montreal in competition with the Buffalo route. It carries next to none all-rail from Fort William to Montreal; the all-rail traffic could not be made to pay and was abandoned years ago. The grain brought to Owen Sound by the Canadian Pacific steamers, which, however, are not grain-carriers in the proper sense, is mostly for Ontario millers, although last year, as just observed, a considerable quantity was for export from Montreal and St. John. The line from Parry Sound to Montreal will be a trifle shorter than the Canadian Pacific line from Owen Sound, but that will make no difference. Since, in ordinary seasons, the Canadian Pacific cannot make money by hauling Manitoba wheat for export from Owen Sound to Montreal and St. John in competition with the Buffalo route, notwithstanding that it has the haul from the place of growth to Owen Sound, I do not see how the Parry Sound road can cut much of a swath in the trade.

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It is true that United States railways haul wheat from Buffalo tc New York in competition with the Erie canal, indeed, get the lion's share of the traffic, and while it is 440 miles by rail from Buffalo to New York it is only 390 from Parry Sound to Montreal. But the conditions of transportation at Buffalo and Parry Sound and along the respective routes are so different that it does not follow that what the United States roads do the Parry Sound road can do. The United States roads start grain trains of sixty cars, each car containing 1,000 bushels, from Buffalo. The grades on the Parry Sound road would not allow of a train of that weight being drawn by a single locomotive. Again, local traffic on the New York Central, Erie, West Shore and Lehigh is out of sight greater than on the Parry Sound line; and there is an indefinitely better chance of obtaining a return load to the point of departure. Besides, Manitoba wheat can be carried from Fort William to Buffalo in United States steamers at a lower rate than from Fort William to Parry Sound in Canadian. The ordinary quoted rail rate from Buffalo to New York "alongside," *i.e.*, alongside the ocean vessel, is five cents per bushel, $1.67 per ton, but the actual rate is frequently less. Last fall it was four cents from vessel at Buffalo to alongside vessel at New York. The Parry Sound road cannot charge more to Montreal, or it will get none of the traffic. It may be able to carry Manitoba grain to Montreal for that sum. But to say that, under a running agreement between the Dominion Government and the Parry Sound road, Manitoba grain can be shipped for four or five cents, at a profit to both carriers, from Parry Sound to Montreal and thence over the Drummond County road to Quebec and the roundabout Intercolonial to St. John, 1,150 miles, with the cars returning empty, looks like a very wild assertion.

The Parry Sound road may possibly stand a better chance at carrying United States wheat to Montreal. It can employ United States steamers and barges between Duluth and Parry Sound, which will ensure a lower water-rate than can be obtained between Fort William and Parry Sound, where the traffic has to be carried in Canadian bottoms. Only here again the rate to Parry Sound will be higher than the rate to Buffalo, because the vessels carrying grain to Parry Sound will have to return empty, whilst those going to Buffalo have return cargoes. Everyone will rejoice if the Parry Sound road shall succeed in bringing a greater volume of United States grain to Montreal; but, to be candid, the prospect is not bright.

The best authorities, Canadian and United States, whom I have been able to consult, say the true if not the only way of recovering the Manitoba traffic for the St. Lawrence route is for the Canadian Pacific Railway Company to put large grain steamers, with barge consorts, between Fort William and Owen Sound, running them in connection with the railway at Fort William and with a first-class ocean steamship line owned by the company at Montreal, so that the Manitoba shipper can get a through rate and through bill of lading direct from his elevator at Brandon, Morris or Indian Head to Liverpool. This, it is believed, would give Montreal a pull over the United States route which she can hardly hope to get in any other manner. What is of more moment, it would add to the value of all the grain annually produced in the Canadian Northwest by reducing the cost of transportation of the surplus for export. It would bring the Manitoba wheat grower, the Montreal or Toronto buyer and the English wheat-broker closer together, and enable them to handle the crop to better advantage all round. At the close of navigation grain stored at Owen Sound or Montreal could be shipped over the Canadian Pacific line to West St. John. The distance would be: Owen Sound to Montreal, 460 miles; Montreal to St. John, 480; total 940—a long rail haul, to be sure, but with this vital fact in its favour, that it would be merely part of a continuous

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rail and water haul in the same hands from Manitoba to the United Kingdom, a distance of 4,500 miles. As it is, the Canadian Pacific ceases to have any interest in the grain once it reaches Fort William. The transportation from Fort William to Montreal, and the transportation from Montreal across the Atlantic, are separate and distinct transactions.

Such a plan would not call for any fresh canal expenditure by the Dominion. The grain steamers of the Canadian Pacific would not enter the Welland but go straight to Owen Sound. It would be immaterial whether the Welland or the canals below Kingston were deepened or not. One of the most eminent waterway engineers in the United States, a man familiar with the Great Lakes and the St. Lawrence route, wrote to me the other day:

"We all know how cheaply the Canadian Pacific, with its railway lines running from ocean to ocean, can carry merchandise across the continent—what an advantage it has over the so-called transcontinental roads in the United States, which have to receive freight from, and deliver freight to, other roads that have the hauling half way across or more. On the same principle the Canadian Pacific could carry wheat from the place of growth in Manitoba to Fort William and thence to Liverpool on its own steamships from Montreal at a rate which no other route or combination of transportation interests that I know of could touch. When Montreal was closed it could fall back on St. John, where it has already built up a large export business, and which would become a still more important seaport if it were the winter terminus of Canadian Pacific ocean vessels. Given a Canadian Pacific steamship line at St. John in winter, fed with Manitoba wheat, it ought to carry a great deal of the Ontario and Quebec produce which now goes to Europe from Portland and Boston.

"The Navigation Laws, compelling British trade to be done in British bottoms, were repealed long since as unsound in principle, I am sure there is no economic heresy in the doctrine that the trade of a country should be carried by that country's own land and water routes if the service can be performed by them as cheaply as by the routes of a foreign nation. Looking at Canada all over, a country of length without breadth, with her western provinces separated from the eastern by uninhabited if not uninhabitable stretches of desert, while lying for hundreds of miles alongside our hustling Prairie States, of which, indeed, Manitoba is the northern projection, it seems to me she, of all countries, ought to keep her carrying trade in her own hands if she can. For a like reason, she ought to keep her seaboard provinces in closer touch with the rest of the country by establishing a winter port there. Were I a Canadian Minister I should not vote a dollar to a Canadian Atlantic service except on condition that it fulfilled the ends here outlined—that it regained for Canadians the carrying of their own harvest in the North-West, and promote the solidification of the country by uniting Manitoba to Montreal and St. John. In my judgment, the Canadian Pacific Railway is the only agency that can establish and successfully operate a steamship line capable of doing this, simply because it alone has the machinery to work with—a transcontinental road all the way from Vancouver and Winnipeg to Montreal and St. John, affording unequalled facilities for feeding Canadian ocean steamships and for carrying the cargo from the place of origin to Europe at lowest cost. The wheat crop for export of the Canadian North-West amounts at present, I understand, to twenty million bushels annually. If by the project just outlined only five cents a bushel were added to its value and to the value of the wheat not exported—and that is a rather low estimate—the payment of a subsidy of $1,000,000 a year to the Canadian Pacific ocean line would be recouped to Canada two or three times over every year."

I have no idea what the views of the Canadian Pacific Company are, nor indeed whether the scheme admits of being worked out or not just now; but the opinion of this distinguished United States authority is worth considering by the company and by the Government.

Under any circumstances it is time to reconstruct Montreal harbour. We should also abolish the canal tolls and wharfage charges. There are no tolls on the Erie Canal and no harbour dues on grain at New York, whereas the canal tolls on the St. Lawrence route and the Montreal wharfage charges amount to half-a-cent per bushel. The immense sum which Canada has spent on the St. Lawrence above and below Montreal cannot be considered well invested till Montreal is able to supply a quicker ocean service with lower rates, so that the Canadian exporter may have something like as good a chance as his United States competitor. Anyone can see that the west end of the harbour is in a hopelessly congested state. The Grand Trunk has one track by the Wellington bridge, the Canadian Pa-

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cific one from Hochelaga. This is all the access the railways have to the wharves and harbour, and they are prohibited by a by-law, which to a stranger must read like a bit of Chinese legislation, from moving cars except at night. The prime requisites of a harbour are, first, channels deep enough to admit vessels of the largest size; second, such arrangements for loading and unloading that vessels may get in and out with the least possible cost and delay, which, of course, implies that the railways shall have plenty of room for storing, shunting and running cars alongside the ship. London has ten miles of docks; Liverpool eight miles, which have cost $200,000,000; Glasgow six miles, cost $65,000,000; at New York the wharves are distributed over a frontage of fifteen miles, at Baltimore of six miles, and at Boston of four miles. The principal wharves at Boston, the Cunard and Allan, are not in the city proper, but have been built at some distance from it, on the other side of a channel, for the purpose of providing the railways with more convenient access. At Portland the wharves are spread over a frontage of 8,000 feet. At Montreal the frontage in the west end, where the older shipping firms are in possession, does not, I am told, exceed 3,500 feet. Yet the famous Plan No. 6 actually proposed to crowd 14,000 feet of wharves into that space, although at the east end a magnificent stretch of unoccupied river front is available for wharves, warehouses, elevators, railway lines and all the other apparatus of a great port.

Montreal is served for the most part by steamers of the old-fashioned type, of 4,000 and 5,000 tons. There are larger ones, but very few. Such vessels cannot carry freight at as low a rate as the modern steamer of 8,000 tons and upwards which does business at New York and Boston.*

Putting Manitoba aside for a moment, see how this affects the farm staples of Ontario. Here is the average ocean rate per ton on cheese and butter from Montreal and Boston to Liverpool, from May 7 to October 30, 1897:

	Cheese.	Butter.
	s. d.	s. d.
From Montreal....	21 9	26 9
" Boston.....	13 3	13 3

All the export cheese and butter of Ontario does not go to Liverpool; a great deal goes to London and Glasgow, and to these ports Boston rates average less than rates from Montreal. It is likewise true that rates on flour, hay and cattle from Boston are lower, as a rule, than rates from Montreal. All of which means that the Ontario farmer loses a large sum annually by reason of the existing condition of things at Montreal, and would be benefited probably more than any one else were the Ottawa Government to take the harbour in hand.

New York is asking Congress to deepen the ship channel in that harbour from 30 to 35 feet. "Our prestige would be gone," says a shipping man, "if when the 'new vessel,' the leviathan of the future, arrived at Sandy Hook we could not admit her." The expenditure by the United States Government on improvements in New York,

* The *Railway and Engineering Review* says: "Even more noteworthy than the recent attempts to make the trans-Atlantic journey at high speed is the evident decision of the companies that, other things being equal, it pays to build steamers of enormous size. Excepting the White Star ship *Oceanic*, which is building, the *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse* is the largest vessel since the *Great Eastern*. The older vessels, which ranged from 300 to 400 feet in length, are completely outclassed. A good idea of the tendency to build immense vessels may be gained from the following table, in which the largest new steamers of leading lines are compared with the famous *Great Eastern*:

Names.	tonnage.	h.-p.	length.
Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse....	14,000	28,000	649
Kaiser Fredrich.....	12,005	24,000	599
Oceanic.....	17,000		704
Lucania.....	12,950	30,000	622
St. Louis.....	11,629	20,000	534
La Touraine.....	9,778	13,000	520
Furst Bismark	8,250	16,400	500
City of Rome.....	8,144	11,500	560
Teutonic	9,984	18,500	556
Great Eastern.....	18,915	8,000	692

"And the next marine monster, the *Oceanic*, when completed, will be fifty feet longer than the *Kaiser Wilhelm* and twelve feet longer than the *Great Eastern*."

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exclusive of armaments, has been as follows, to June 30th, 1897 :—

Hudson River, above New York - - - -	$1,800,000
Harlem River - - -	1,030,000
East River and Hell Gate-	4,370,000
New York Harbour channel	1,750,000
Total - -	$8,950,000

The North River improvements at New York, carried on by the city, involve the construction of sixteen piers and an outlay of $18,000,000. The United States Government completed in 1892 the work of deepening the Baltimore harbour channel to 27 feet, and is now engaged in deepening it to 30 feet, the cost of this latter work being estimated at $2,500,000. At Boston the United States Government is deepening the principal channel to 27 feet. At Philadelphia, which is 100 miles from the open ocean, the United States Government has just completed a ship channel 26 feet deep at mean low water, at a cost of $2,500,000. Down to 1896 the United States Government had spent $2,500,000 on the harbour at Buffalo, $2,125,000 on the harbour at Chicago, $1,700,000 on Oswego harbour, $1,500,000 on Cleveland harbour, $600,000 on Duluth harbour, $1,100,000 on the harbour at Michigan City, and $1,200,000 at Toledo.

At Montreal the entire expenditure on the harbour has hitherto been borne by the harbour itself, the interest on the debt being paid from wharfage dues, which, notwithstanding a recent reduction of 20 per cent., are a perceptible burden on commerce. The Ottawa Government has not spent a dollar on our national port; it has spent over $60,000,000 on the canals leading down to it, and on the St. Lawrence channels below, but the harbour itself, the key of the situation, is left to the mercy of local effort.

The policy of the day is to trade more with Europe and less with our own continent—a policy forced on us by the Dingley Act, which, although Mr. Dingley might deny the soft impeachment, is to some extent an expression of United States dislike, not of us as Canadians, but of our connection with England. If, however, trade with England is to be profitable, and there is no denying that it is subject to the natural drawbacks incidental to all trade carried on at long range, it is obvious that we must have as quick and as cheap an ocean service as the people of the United States, whose commodities have the same free access as our own to the British market. And I for one am unable to see how such a service is to be established at Montreal till the Dominion Government takes hold of the harbour and places it on a thoroughly modern footing, as the Government at Washington is doing with the chief seaports and lake ports of the United States. In proposing to utilize the east end of the harbour Mr. Tarte is moving in the right direction, but he should go further, and ask Parliament to assume the debt incurred for past, present and future improvements. That done, and the Canadian Pacific induced to co-operate with the Government in founding a fast passenger and freight service, so that wheat may be shipped direct from Manitoba and Fort William, Minnesota and Duluth, to Liverpool by the St. Lawrence route, Montreal will once more be in the running as an ocean port; while the farmer of the Canadian North-West, together with the farmer of Ontario, will be benefited to a very important extent indeed.

Edward Farrer.

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PREHISTORIC LIBYA AND ITS PYGMIES.

REVIEW OF SOME SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERIES MADE BY A CANADIAN.

THE division of labour is essential not only to industrial pursuits, but also to modern scientific research; and if a man wishes to devote himself to such studies, he must select his field, and be content to delve patiently, like a mole, out of sight. If he proves to be a lucky explorer, who has hit on a scientific Klondike, his reputation is made, and he reaps laurels, if not a golden harvest.

Mr. R. G. Haliburton, Q.C. (whose brother was recently made Lord Haliburton), has collected his essays and articles written since 1881 into one volume* in which he gives the fruits of his enquiries respecting the primitive races and early history of North Africa, a country which may be best described by its ancient name—*Libya*.

While collecting all the data possible as to the unknown nomadic races of the Sahel and of Southern Morocco, he happened on something of great interest of which he was not dreaming—the existence of a pygmy race about 4 feet high in Southern Morocco, identical in appearance and even in name, *Akka*, with Schweinfurth's little savage folk of Equatorial Africa. It is a comparatively civilized race, called by the Berbers "the little *Talebs*" (Scribes), and reverenced as possessing "no canny" lore, for they know the stars and their secrets better than ordinary mortals. Each of them, therefore, is addressed as *Sidi Baraker* ("Our Blessed Lord").

We may make use of Mr. H. J. Morgan's useful and laborious work, "Canadian Men and Women of the Time." His biographical sketch of Mr. Haliburton says of him: "Continued ill health compelled him in 1881 to give up his law business in Canada, and to spend his winters in tropical or semi-tropical climates. Since 1881 he has devoted his attention chiefly to scientific subjects. They have reference (1) to the discovery of a very simple calendar among savages and early civilizations regulated by the Pleiades, or 'the seven stars'; (2) To the discovery of a pygmy race in North Africa. In 1890-1 he devoted nearly eight months to enquiries in Morocco on the subject, the results of which were embodied in a paper written by him for the 9th Congress of Orientalists, which awarded him a medal for his discovery, which was commented upon, *pro* or *con*, by all the leading London papers. *The Times* reported it at length, and made it the subject of a long editorial. (3) To survivals of dwarf races in the Pyrenees and America. (4) To the Holy Land of Pount of the Dra Valley of Southern Morocco."

As it is now conceded that he was right, even by his most furious critics, as to the existence of these pygmies in North Africa and Spain, it is desirable that this new subject should be placed within the reach of enquirers, for hitherto his papers have been scattered among scientific journals, or the publications of societies, and have been practically inaccessible to ordinary students.

In his preface Mr. Haliburton says: "The discovery of a pygmy race in North Africa in 1887-8, and 'the acrimony of dissent' on the part of *The Times* and some other London papers that greeted the reading of my paper on the subject, excited much attention and surprise, especially as the 9th Congress of Orientalists (1891), before whom it had been read, had awarded me a medal. Over six years have since elapsed, and *The Times* editorial, which is now reproduced, will be read with interest by the light of later discoveries that have put an end to all

*Printed privately in Toronto in 1897, under the title "How a Race of Pygmies was found in North Africa and Spain, and Essays on other Subjects."

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doubt and discussion as to the existence of the pygmy race in question.

"My various papers relating to this and kindred subjects . . . will be a record of my work and of the difficulties I have met with in prosecuting my researches. Some of them refer to pygmy survivals in Spain and America, but most of them relate to the races and archæology of North Africa.

"Though it is hardly necessary to state that Professor Virchow stands at the very head of European scientists, it may be as well to mention that he is famous as a specialist respecting dwarf races, as well as Cretinism. Prof. Starr, of the Department of Anthropology in Chicago University, is well-known as the translator of *Les Pygmées* of de Quatrefages, a work published only a few months before I learned of the existence of a pygmy race in Morocco."

We understand that this volume is intended to be Part II. of a work the first part of which will contain essays on Imperial and Colonial problems, of all of which, however, it has not been possible to find copies. It is hoped that in a few months the missing essays will be found in England. Meanwhile fifty copies of the present volume of scientific papers have been struck off for circulation among leading libraries in England and America, and among persons specially interested in such subjects.

The essays are prefaced by extracts from the comments of Professor Virchow and Professor Starr; and to these we may add some letters of Professor Sayce, one of the very first Orientalists and Egyptologists of the age.

In the course of a paper by Professor Virchow* on "Extracts from Mr. Haliburton's writings," he says: "The statements of all eye-witnesses as to the physical condition of these dwarfs agree. Their height is given as 4 ft. 6 in., from 4 ft. 2 in.; also 'not higher than four feet.' The women are the size of a little girl; men with beards, that of a small boy. They have a peculiar reddish complexion, like that of the Redskins of America; quite different from that of the Moors, Arabs, Blacks, etc.; according to others, of a 'mahogany colour.' They are broad and muscular; their hair is 'crisp and curly, short, woolly,' like that of the Blacks. In appearance they are so much alike that it is difficult to distinguish one from the other . . . The fact that south, and to some extent on the heights of the Atlas, a dwarf race is living that has woolly hair and a reddish complexion, seems to be beyond doubt, and we must certainly give the credit of that discovery to Mr. Haliburton, who first proved the existence of these dwarfs."

*Verhandlungen der Berliner Gesellschaft fur Anthropologie, Ethnologie, und Urgeshichte; Rediget von R. Virchow Sitzung von 20 Jule, 1895.

The Ruins of Pount, in the Dra Valley.

"A special interest is due to the discovery of these dwarfs through the manifold references which he writes, and which he has tried to harmonize with old Egyptian traditions, an endeavour in which no less an authority than Prof. Sayce stands beside him.

"Mr. Haliburton found that the old Egyptian god, Didoo, which Brugsch is said to have called 'a Nubi-Libyan divinity,' must have originated south of the Atlas, where rivers and tribes bear the name . . . The god Didoo Osiris is said to be known in that region as Didoo-Isiri, and in the Dra Valley are said to be found the ruins of an old town of image-worshippers, called by the natives Ta-Pount, also *Anibna-Didoo* (the town of Didoo). Thus the query arose, should the Holy Land of Pount of the Egyptians be looked for here, and not at the Indian Ocean? The statements of Mr. Haliburton about Ta-Pount (Arab, Tabount) are somewhat obscure. It appears that the ruins lie in the upper Dra Valley, in the district of Warzazat. In them are found small figures with horse or bull heads, which are called Beni Mahkerbu, Beni Hazor, and Beni Kerbu; and also Patiki, just as the small people are called. The figures are said to be 18 in. to 3 ft. high, half human, half animal, some

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with the body of a human being and the head of an ape or dog. The small people adore Didoo-Isiri. In ancient times there was a treasure of gold found buried in Pount.

"Professor Sayce reminds us that Schiaparelli discovered a grave near Contra-Syene, in which an inscription says that Harkhuf, therein buried, had been sent by Pepi II. (Sixth Dynasty) on an expedition to the South, and that he brought back from the King of Ammaan, among many other kinds of gifts, a Denga dwarf from the Land of the Holy Spirit, who could dance divinely, like the Denga dwarf which the late Chancellor Urdudu brought from the land of Pount in the time of King Assa (Sixth Dynasty). This expedition was a thousand years earlier than that of Hannu, which itself is to be placed one thousand years before the celebrated expedition of Queen Hartasu. The latter, however, was in quite a different direction from that of Hannu, which was towards the West, 'The Holy West, The Land of Truth.' Long ago Bunsen sought for Put, or Pount, in Mauritania. Mr. Haliburton also brings the story of Jonah and the Perseus Mythus in connection with that country.

"In Ta-Pount is said to be the grave of the fat queen Hlema, or Hlema Mena. Even now the dwarfs of the Dra Valley are called Pouni or Ou Mena (Mena's People). Two Dafur Blacks, whom the writer saw in Cairo, spoke of Ta-Pount and Hlema Mena, and the name Didoo inspired them with dread. (He does not recall the Carthaginian Dido.)

Dwarf Survivals in Spain.

"Finally, Mr. Haliburton also claims that survivals of dwarfs exist in Spain, both in the Pyrenees and in other parts. He appeals to the explorations of the British Consul at Barcelona, Mr. Macpherson, who found in the Eastern Pyrenees, in the Val de Ribas, people of 1 m. to 1.17 m. in height, copper-coloured, with broad, flat noses and red hair, who are active and robust. Previous to that similar statements had been made. An accurate description of the Val de Ribas (Province of Gerona) is to be found in *Kosmos*, May, 1887. Macpherson found them especially in the Collada de Tosas; and he lays stress on the fact that they have often been considered to be Cretins, but that both Cretins and dwarfs are found in that district. Their hair is described as being mahogany-coloured wool."

Mr. Haliburton adds a note to Prof. Virchow's references to Pount: "Until Ebers suggested that Pount was situated in the far East, Put, or Phut, was held to be connected with Libya, and, according to Bunsen, is admitted to mean in the strictest sense Mauritania." J. G. Müller, in his *Die Semiten*, says, "the old suggestion that Put refers to the Libyans is confirmed by Champollion, and also by Bunsen (1.572)."

The earliest traditions of the Egyptians make "the Holy Land of Pount" to have been the cradle of their race, from which their ancestors brought with them their ancient gods, when they descended to the Nile valley.

Following Professor Virchow's comment are those of Professor Starr, of the University of Chicago, made in the *North American Review* for March, 1896, in his article on "The Pygmy Races of Men." Mr. Morgan quotes him as writing: "Half of my article on 'The Pygmy Races of Men,' in the *North American Review*, was devoted to Mr. Haliburton's discoveries. It is possible that his idea that the history of man begins with a "*Dwarf Era*" may in time be accepted by science."

A Pre-Egyptian Civilisation in Libya.

While visiting Tangier as an invalid in 1881, Mr. Haliburton's attention was drawn to Southern Morocco and its inhabitants, who greatly differ in their manner, looks and habits, from the natives who live north of the Great Atlas, and he embodied the results of his enquiries in a paper read at Montreal before the American Association for the Advancement of Science in August, 1882, in which he says: "The

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Riffians, known still to us as 'the Riff Pirates,' inhabit the northern portions of Mount Atlas. To the south of that mountain is a tribe of excellent artificers in brass and copper called Shelluhs, Shilhas, or Shilhachs, who inhabit the province of Sus, and are therefore called *Susi*. There are other tribes still farther south. The results of my enquiries proved that there is a marvellous collection of ancient myths, legends, &c., among the Susi that seem to carry us in succession to Britain, Greece, Rome, Phœnicia and Egypt, and even to Babylon; while one very remarkable festival seems as if it had reached them from the Aztecs, or *vice versa*. The great Mother of the Greeks, Damater, appears as Ta Mata, 'the Mother who presides over the cornfields.' 'Apalo, a good god, who comes and plays upon a harp,' suggests the enquiry is not Apâlo, the original form of the name. To this a note is added, "'Aplo' is the Etruscan form of the name." The story of Hercules and Geryon is found there, and connected with the great mummy cave which is under the peak of Teneriffe, Adon is said to have been 'slain by a boar, and heaven and earth all weep for him. He was greatly beloved by Tachal and Isai.' Many striking survivals of classical myths are given, borrowed perhaps by the Greeks, for 'Herodotus says that the *dress of the statue of Minerva was borrowed from the Atlas country*,' and, according to him, 'a Berber shield, ornamented with a fringe of long strips of leather, suggested the idea of the snakes encircling the head of Medusa.'"

But we cannot give more of the examples of this which are supplied. The author says further:

"These are a few of the traditions and beliefs that carry us to Greece and Rome. We meet with Phœnician traditions also as to Isiri, who 'taught the three letters,' while the belief in an imperfect creation, in which the forms of animals and men were blended together, recalls a similar tradition of the old Chaldæans. To this there is a note." According to one of my Susi informants, the Aiissawa rites symbolize this idea of men representing wild beasts, while the fat Moor on horseback represents the good spirit who civilized primeval man; and this was the origin of *mumming*. Of Egyptian ideas there are, perhaps, traces in a belief as to seven brothers, who sail in their ship across the sky, and carry with them the spirits of the dead.

"The early Egyptians seem to have borrowed many of their religious ideas from an older civilization in the Atlas country, for it has been conjectured by an eminent authority that all the magical features of the ritual of the Egyptians, and their belief as to the danger attending the passage of the soul to Hades, were derived from the people south of the Atlas. (See Smith's Dictionary of the Bible, *tit* "Magie.")

"The earliest traditions of Greece point to Mount Atlas, and to the Garden of the Hesperides, which was on the flank of that mountain. The Susi told me that their people were the most ancient in the world. Diodorus Siculus says that the Atlantes claimed to be the oldest of nations, and that their country was 'the birthplace of all the gods of antiquity.'

"Solon was told by Egyptian priests the same tale, that the Atlantes were the first great commercial and maritime people, and exceeded in wealth all the great nations of later times, and that they extended their conquests as far as Greece, but in consequence of an irruption of the sea the great island they inhabited was buried under the waves in a single night. History proves, too, that the Berber race was once dominant over North Africa, and it is probable that they supplied the Hycsos or Shepherd dynasty, that ruled over Egypt for centuries, and who have been connected with the Moors, or Berbers, by Movers."

The following note suggests why the world lost sight of Southern Morocco and its past:

"Ionian and Carian mercenaries were largely employed not only by the Pharaohs, but also by the Libyans, thousands of years before the time of

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Homer, who must have been familiar with the history, traditions and position of the Atlas country. The Ionians divided the world into four quarters. One of these was Libya, not Egypt. In time these mercenaries ceased to be employed in North Africa, and as the Carthaginians kept all strangers out of their country, the later Greeks lost almost all knowledge of the geographical position of Mount Atlas, and even transferred it and its myths to the Danube and to the Caucasus. Hence we have the Amazons of Libya and of Asia, and an African and an Asiatic Hercules."

"Leo Africanus, himself a Moor, has described that country as it appeared in his day, and has told how the Arabs had ravaged it, destroying the cities and burning the ancient books of the Berbers, and states that near the walls of one town, the stones of which, as large as those employed in constructing the Coliseum, had defied the fury of the invaders, gold and silver medals are to be found with characters which he had in vain endeavoured to decipher, and that everything indicates that at a former period these cities must have been the homes of a prosperous people."

Are not Atlantis and Pount two names for the same country?

Respecting both Atlantis and Pount the Egyptians had traditions of a pre-Egyptian civilization. It seems clear that two such prehistoric civilizations cannot have existed in Libya.

For many years the ideas of Champollion, Bunsen and other old authorities connecting Pount with Morocco have been given up, and so persistently have scholars turned to the East for the origin of early civilizations that their weakness has been put down to a *mirage Orientale*. Mr. Haliburton claims that to this day the Cyclopian ruins of Pount exist in the Dra Valley, and that that region is still called and regarded as "The Holy Land of Pount," *Dmim Kiel Pount*. Even the Fat Queen of Pount is a household word in southern Morocco. But within the past eighteen months, according to two letters received from Professor Sayce by Mr. Haliburton, excavators have brought to light evidences that seem to settle the fact, that the prehistoric inhabitants of the Nile Valley were light or red-headed Libyans.

In 1893 Professor Sayce wrote Mr. Haliburton: "I return you your book with many thanks. Your name will hereafter be attached to the discovery of dwarf races in North Africa, as Schweinfurth's is to that of the dwarfs of Central Africa. It is one of the most important discoveries that have been made for a long time. I wonder if your dwarfs have anything to do with the Neolithic people who carved the forms of animals, birds and men on the sandstone rocks of North Central Africa, when the Sahara was a fertile plateau."

In February last he wrote from Assouan, Egypt: "That one at least of the Neolithic races of Egypt, whom the Pharaonic Egyptians found here, was Libyan is now quite clear. Quebell the other day mentioned to me that in every case in which he found any hair in the prehistoric graves of this country, it was of a red or light colour. You will remember that 'the Typhonian men,' who were the enemies of the Pharaonic Egyptians (the followers of Horus), had *red hair*, and that it was accordingly the fashion to sacrifice red-haired men in some parts of the country down to a comparatively late date. I was so glad that you have followed my suggestion to embody your discoveries in a volume. It comes, too, very opportunely, just at the moment when excavators in Egypt have drawn attention to the Libyan origin of pre-Egyptian civilization."

Writing from Queen's College, Oxford, June 19th, 1898, he says:

"I found your book welcoming my return to Oxford and have been since greedily reading it. It is exceedingly interesting and full of facts that are important to science. I am so glad that you have at last put your papers and articles together. The world can now appreciate the value of them, and

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the extent of your services to anthropology. You must feel very happy in having so completely demolished your adversaries. I hope that some attention will now be turned to Morocco and the Berbers. Recent discoveries in Egypt lend an additional value to your researches. It is now quite clear that the Pharaonic Egyptians came from Babylonia, bringing with them their culture and the knowledge of bronze and engineering. The result was that they overpowered the native population, which was in an advanced stage of the stone age, and made them work first at embanking the Nile and digging canals, and then at architectural monuments which they have left us. Now, it is rational to suppose that a part, at least, of 'the prehistoric' population was Libyan, and it is noticeable that whenever any of its hair has been found, it is always red or auburn. The suggestion, moreover, has independently come to both Mr. Arthur Evans and myself, that the prehistoric population possessed a system of writing of its own from which the Libyan alphabet is descended, and that it continued to be used by the side of the Pharaonic hieroglyphs on pottery and the like. But this portion of the subject still needs working out.

"I was much disappointed at not seeing you at Cairo this spring."

Canadians may well be proud of these discoveries made by one of their fellow-citizens, and of the fact that his scholarly work has won encomiums from such masters of science as Professors Virchow and Sayce.

Norman Patterson.

THE HAPPY MOTHER.

(*Florida Times-Union.*)

AN' O! may I never live single again—
I wish I may never live single again;
I hae a gudeman, an' a hame o' my ain,
An' O! may I never live single again.
I've twa bonnie bairns the fairest of a',
They cheer up my heart when their daddie's awa':
I've ane at my foot, an' I've ane on my knee,
An' fondly they look, an' say "Mammy" to me.

At gloamin' their daddie comes in frae the plow,
The blink in his e'e, an' the smile on his brow,
Says, "How are ye lassie, O! how are ye a',
An' how's the wee bodies sin' I gade awa'?"
He sings i' the e'ening' fu' cheerie an' gay—
He tells o' the toil an' the news of the day;
The twa bonnie lammies he taks on his knee,
An' blinks o'er the ingle fu' couthie to me.

O! happy's the father that's happy at hame,
An' blythe is the mither that's blythe 'o the name;
The frown o' the warld they hae nat to dree—
The warld is naething to Johnny an' me.
Tho' crosses will mingle wi' mitherly cares,
Awa', bonnie lasses—awa' wi' your fears;
Gin ye get a laddie that's loving an' fain,
Ye'll wish ye may never live single again!

—*Alexander Laing*

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THE MAKERS OF THE DOMINION OF CANADA.

A Series of Twelve Illustrated Papers on Famous Men and Incidents of Canadian History, from the Norse and Cabot voyages until Federal Union (986-1867.)

BY SIR JOHN G. BOURINOT, K.C.M.G., D.C.L., AUTHOR OF "THE STORY OF CANADA," AND OTHER WORKS ON THE HISTORY AND GOVERNMENT OF THE DOMINION.

XI.—THE BUILDERS OF A CANADIAN DOMINION FROM OCEAN TO OCEAN, (1864-1873)—*Continued.*

5.—THE WORK ACCOMPLISHED BY THE QUEBEC CONVENTION.

THE Quebec Convention of 1864 sat for seventeen days, and succeeded in maturing a plan of union which, already after thirty years of practical experience of its working, seems well adapted on the whole to meet the necessities of the immense country which it governs. It is unfortunate that we have no full report of the deliberations and debates of this great meeting. We have only a fragmentary record from which it is difficult to form any adequate conclusions as to the part taken by the delegates in the numerous questions which necessarily came under their purview. Mr. Joseph Pope, for years the able confidential secretary of Sir John Macdonald, has edited and published all the official documents bearing on the origin and evolution of the British North America Act of 1867, but despite all the ability and fidelity he has devoted to the task the result is most imperfect and unsatisfactory on account of the absence of any exact original report of proceedings. Consequently a careful writer hesitates to form any positive opinion based upon these reports of the discussions, still no one can doubt that the directing spirit of the conference was Sir John Macdonald. Meagre as is the record of what he said, we can yet see that his words were those of a man who rose above the level of the mere politician, and grasped the magnitude of the questions involved. What he aimed at especially was to follow as closely as possible the fundamental principles of English parliamentary government, and to engraft them upon the general system of federal union. Mr. George Brown took a prominent part in the deliberations. His opinions read curiously now. He was in favor of having the lieutenant-governors appointed by the general government, and he was willing to give them an effective veto, without advice, on provincial legislation. He advocated the election of a legislative chamber on a fixed day every third year, not subject to a dissolution during its term—an adaptation of the American system. He went so far as to urge the advisability of having



VISCOUNT MONCK.
First Governor-General of the Dominion, 1867.

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the executive council elected for three years—by the assembly, we may assume, though the report does not state so—and also of giving the lieutenant-governor the right of dismissing any of its members when the House was not sitting. Mr. Brown consequently appears to have been the advocate, so far as the provinces were concerned, of principles that prevail across the border. He opposed the introduction of responsible government as it now obtains in all the provinces of the Dominion.

We gather from the report of discussions that the Prince Edward Island delegates hesitated from the beginning to enter a union where their province would necessarily have so small a numerical representation. With respect to education, we see that it was Mr. (afterwards Sir) Alexander Galt who was responsible for the provision in the constitution which gives the general government and parliament a certain control over provincial legislation in case the rights of a Protestant or a Roman Catholic minority are prejudicially affected. The minutes on this point are defective, but we have the original motion on the subject, and the note of Sir John Macdonald himself that it was passed, with the assent of all the provinces, at the London Conference. The majority of the delegates appear from the outset to have supported strenuously the principle which lies at the basis of the Confederation: that all powers not expressly reserved to the provinces should appertain to the general government, as against that principle of the constitution of the United States which, as Sir John Macdonald pointed out, had led there to great difficulties in the working of the federal system. Sir John Macdonald also, with his usual sagacity, showed that, in all cases of conflict of jurisdiction, recourse would be necessarily made to the courts, as was the practice even then whenever there was a conflict between Imperial and Canadian statutes.

In the seventy-two resolutions adopted by the Quebec Convention we see clearly expressed the following principle as the fundamental basis of the federal system of government:

"*A Federation with a central Government exercising general powers over all the members of the union, and a number of local governments having the control and management of certain matters naturally and conveniently belonging to them, while each Government is administered in accordance with the British system of parliamentary institutions.*"

"*The residuum of legislative power, after the enumeration of the powers especially given to the Dominion Parliament and the provincial legislatures, generally rests with the central Government.*" *

6.—ESTABLISHMENT OF THE FEDERATION.

These seventy-two resolutions were submitted to the Legislature of Canada during the winter of 1865, and passed in both Houses by large majorities after a very full discussion of the merits of the scheme. The opposition came chiefly from Mr. Antoine Dorion, Mr. Luther H. Holton and other able men in the ranks of the Reform party who were unwilling to follow Mr. Brown and his Liberal colleagues in their wise departure from mere "partyism." It was argued that the Legislature had no special mandate from the people to carry out so vital a change in the political condition of the provinces, but this argument had relatively little weight in view of the dominant public sentiment which, as it was obvious to the most superficial observer, existed in the valley of the St. Lawrence in favour of a scheme which seemed certain to settle the difficulties so long in the way of stable government, and offered so many auspicious auguries for the material, political and social progress of the provinces embraced in the federation. In the Maritime Provinces, however, the prospect for some months was far from encouraging. Much dissatisfaction was expressed with the financial terms, and the haste

* See Bourinot's "How Canada is Governed, pp. 40, 125.

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with which the Maritime delegates had yielded to the propositions of the Canadian Government and given their adhesion to the larger scheme when they were only authorized in the first instance by their respective legislatures to consider the feasibility of a maritime union. In New Brunswick Mr. Tilley found himself in a minority as the result of an appeal to the people on the question; but his successor, Mr. (afterwards Sir Albert) Smith, a member of the Mackenzie Cabinet from 1874 until 1878, was defeated at another election, and the new Legislature gave its approval of union, largely under the conviction that it was essential to the security of the provinces, then threatened by the Fenians. In Nova Scotia the situation was aggravated by the fact that the Opposition was led by Mr. Howe, who had been always the idol of a large party in the country, and an earnest and consistent supporter of the right of the people to be consulted on every measure immediately affecting their interests. As I have previously shown, he had been as far back as 1854 one of the most eloquent advocates not only of a federal union but even of the grand ideal scheme of the federation of the empire, which he again urged as his first choice in the discussions which arose between him and the promoters of union, who charged him with inconsistency. He succeeded in creating a powerful sentiment against the terms of the measure, and it was not possible during 1865 to carry it in the Legislature. It was not attempted to submit the question to the people, as was done in New Brunswick —indeed such a course would have been fatal to its progress—but it was eventually sanctioned by a large vote of the two Houses, who were chiefly influenced by the facts that it was strongly approved by the Imperial Government (who sent out Sir Fenwick Williams, of Kars, as Lieutenant-Governor with special instructions); that both Canada and New Brunswick had given their consent; and that it was proposed to make such changes in the financial terms as would be more favourable to the Maritime Provinces. In Prince Edward Island and Newfoundland it was not possible for the advocates of federation to move successfully in the matter.

A conference of delegates from the provinces of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Canada was held in the December of 1866 at the Westminster Palace Hotel in the City of London. The members on behalf of Canada were Messrs. Macdonald, Cartier, Galt, McDougall, Langevin and W. P. Howland, the latter having succeeded Mr. Brown in the Government; of Nova Scotia, Messrs. Tupper, Henry, McCully, Archibald and W. Ritchie, who took Mr. Dickey's place; of New Brunswick, Messrs. Tilley, Johnson, Mitchell, Fisher and R. D. Wilmot, afterwards Speaker of the Senate and Lieutenant-Governor. The latter was a Loyalist by descent and replaced Mr. Steeves, subsequently elevated to the Senate of the Dominion. The results of their deliberations were some changes in the financial provisions of the Quebecplan with the view of satisfying the opposition as far as possible in the Maritime Provinces, but without disturbing the fundamental basis to which Canada had already pledged itself in the legislative session of 1865. All the difficulties having been removed, the Earl of Carnarvon, then Secretary of State for the Colonies, submitted to the House of Lords on the 12th February, 1867, a bill intituled "An Act for the union of Canada, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick and the government thereof and for the purposes connected therewith." It passed the two Houses with very little discussion, and the royal assent was given to it on the 29th of March of the same year. It is interesting to know that in the original draft of the Bill as given us by Mr. Pope in "Confederation Documents," the united provinces were to be called the "Kingdom of Canada," but when it came eventually before Parliament they were designated as the "Dominion of Canada," and the writer had it from Sir John Macdonald himself that this amendment did not

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HON. J. CAUCHON.
First Speaker of Senate, 1867.



HON. J. COCKBURN.
First Speaker of Commons, 1867.

emanate from the colonial delegates, but from the imperial ministry, one of whose members was afraid of wounding the susceptibilities of the Government of the United States, then incensed at the attempt of the Emperor Napoleon to establish an imperial dynasty in America.

To make this review complete for purposes of reference by the readers of this magazine, I may add that the union came into operation by royal proclamation on the first of July, 1867. The first Governor-General was Viscount Monk, who had been head of the executive government of Canada throughout all the stages of Confederation after 1864. He was an Irish nobleman, who had been Lord of the Treasury in Lord Palmerston's government. He was a collateral descendant of the famous general of the Commonwealth, created the Duke of Albemarle after the Restoration. Without being a man of remarkable ability he was gifted with admirable discretion, and gave all the weight of his sagacious counsel to bring about a federation, whose great benefits from an imperial as well as a colonial point of view he fully appreciated as a British statesman. The Premier of the first Federal Government was naturally Sir John Macdonald, who chose as his colleagues Sir Geo. E. Cartier, Sir S. L. Tilley—to give them all their later titles—Sir A. T. Galt, Sir W. P. Howland, Mr. William McDougall, Mr. P. Mitchell, Sir A. G. Archibald, Mr. A. F. Blair, Sir A. Campbell, Sir H. L. Langevin, Sir E. Kenny and Mr. H. Chapais. Mr. Brown had retired from the coalition government formed in 1864, some months before the union, nominally on a disagreement with his colleagues as to the best mode of conducting negotiations for a new reciprocity treaty with the United States, but notoriously, as it was commonly reported, through his intense jealousy of Sir John Macdonald, whose dominant influence in the Government he could not brook.

8.—THE FIRST PARLIAMENT OF THE DOMINION—SKETCH OF ITS FAMOUS MEMBERS.

The first Parliament of the new Dominion of Canada met in the

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HON. ALEXANDER MACKENZIE.
Member of First Parliament—Afterwards Premier.



SIR J. J. C. ABBOTT.
Member of First Parliament—Afterwards Premier.

autumn of 1867 in the new buildings at Ottawa—also chosen as the seat of government of the Federation—and was probably the ablest body of men that ever assembled for legislative purposes within the limits of old or new Canada, and has never been equalled in point of intellectual strength by any of its successors so far. In the absence of the legislation which was subsequently passed with respect to Ontario and Quebec against dual representation—or the election of representatives to both the Dominion Commons and the local legislatures—it was composed of the leading public men of all parties in the two provinces in question. Such legislation had been enacted in the Maritime Provinces before 1867, but it did not prevent the ablest men of New Brunswick selecting the larger and more ambitious field of parliamentary action. In Nova Scotia, Sir Charles Tupper was the only man of eminence who emerged from the battle in which so many unionists were for the moment defeated. Mr. Howe came in at the head of a strong phalanx of anti-unionists—Repealers, as some called themselves—but it was not long before he recognized the futility of further opposition to a federal union, supported by the great mass of people irrespective of creed and nationality throughout British North America, and obviously essential to the consolidation of imperial interests in the British dominions on the northern half of this continent. He was faithful to those principles of loyalty to the Crown and Empire which had forced his father to seek refuge in Nova Scotia, and which had been ever the mainspring of his action even in the trying days when he and others were struggling for responsible government. He believed always in constitutional agitation, not in rebellion.

As I write now I have before me the "test roll" on which the members of the first House of Commons of the new Dominion inscribed their names after they had taken the oath of allegiance required by the constitutional law. About twenty-six years have passed since that roll was completed and folded away at the close of the first Parliament of the Dominion

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among the archives of the Clerk's department. Unfolding it once more, let us for a moment or two study the signatures of the men of 1867-72—of the most famous Parliament of Canada—and think how many of them have ceased to sign since those memorable years. This roll consists of a long, broad sheet of vellum, at the head of which is engrossed the title: "Oath of Allegiance of Members of the House of Commons of the Dominion of Canada. First Parliament." Then follows the oath given in the British North America Act of 1867, in English and French: "I, ——, do swear that I will bear true allegiance to Her Majesty Queen Victoria. So help me God." The signatures of all members elected during the Parliament appear in due order on this one roll, which consists of seven columns, together with the names of the commissioners appointed by the Crown—the Clerk and other prominent officers of the House—to administer the oath. The first name on this historic roll is that of the eminent Canadian statesman, Sir Charles Tupper, whose signature is written in a rapid, uncertain way, nowise indicative of his decision of character and his positive style of debate. Then follows the name of Alexander Morris, a Cabinet Minister, a Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba, and a founder of Confederation. Just below is the name of Sir J. C. Abbott, then chiefly distinguished as a commercial lawyer, but, at a later time, on the death of Sir John Macdonald, as First Minister of the Government of Canada. Following his bold lettering is the clear, well-defined signature of William Macdougall, an incisive, logical debater, long distinguished in Canadian public life. The name of Alexander Mackenzie, a Liberal Premier from 1873 until 1878, is written in that clear, steady hand, illustrating his sturdy Scotch character and decision of character. John Hamilton Gray, one of the fathers of Confederation, writes his name in a neat, graceful hand, giving prominence to Hamilton. A little further down is the not very legible or elegant signature of Mackenzie Bowell, who became Prime Minister in 1895, but was in those early days only in the rank and file of his party. In the middle of the column is a collection of rapid strokes, which



PARLIAMENT HOUSE AT OTTAWA.
Where the First Dominion Parliament Met in 1867.

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long experience tells the writer is the name of the great Canadian, Edward Blake. Here is the bold, clear signature of Stewart Campbell, once Speaker of the Nova Scotia Assembly, a polished gentleman and graceful debater, who died a district judge in his native province. Next follows the plain signature of Charles Fisher, once Attorney-General of New Brunswick, one of those very rapid speakers that the Maritime Provinces produce in numbers, and a father of Confederation. A former Chief-Justice of Ontario, an old student of Sir John Macdonald's, Robert Harrison, signs his name in bold letters, which were characteristic of his own portly presence. Last but one on the column is the very modest signature of David Mills, who has won for himself in the years that have passed a high reputation for his diligence as a public man and his earnest study of the constitution of his own and other countries.

At the top of the next column is the signature of Joseph Howe, written in a clear, running hand, taking up the whole space allotted—the signature of a poet, orator and statesman, who commenced his life in a printing office with a composing stick, and ended it in the old stone Government House at Halifax, where he was refused admittance in the days of Lord Falkland. The third name, written in a graceful, easy style, is that of the most famous minister of the Crown that the dependencies of England have yet produced—Sir John Alexander Macdonald. Charles A. Colby, for a short time a member of a Dominion Cabinet, a careful, thoughtful speaker, whom Parliament misses in these later days, when Canada requires the services of all her best men, signs his name in a very unostentatious way, characteristic of his demeanour. J. G. Blanchet, a speaker of the Quebec Assembly and of the Commons, is the next prominent man on the list. Sir Samuel Leonard Tilley, for many years a very conspicuous figure in the politics of British North America, before and since confederation, the first exponent of the protection policy of the Macdonald administration from 1879, writes his name in an ordinary business hand. John Costigan, in a delicate hand, represents the name of a faithful Irishman, afterwards a member of a Conservative Government. The large clear letters of the signature of H. G. Joly recall a pleasant gentleman bearing an historic name. In the same column is the signature of Christopher Dunkin—noted in parliament for his extremely tedious, though well studied, learned speeches—written in a careless style, not at all characteristic of his cautious manner of public speaking or ordinary conversation. Sir Hector Langevin, who took part in the Quebec convention, writes his signature in that careful, natty way which has not altered a whit for over thirty years. The scratchy uncertain letters that immediately follow indicate the name of Geo. Et. Cartier—thus abbreviated—one of those liberal-minded, patriotic statesmen who, freeing themselves from national prejudices, have been instrumental in laying—deep and firm, as we must all hope—the foundations of a confederation. Albert J. Smith, Minister of Fisheries in Mr. MacKenzie's government, knighted for his services in connection with the



SIR MACKENZIE BOWELL.
Member of First Parliament—Afterwards Premier.

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HON. DAVID MILLS.
Member of First Parliament—now Minister of Justice.

Halifax Fishery Award, one of the results of the Washington Treaty of 1871, writes an illegible scrawl. Thomas B. Gibbs, who for a short time was a Cabinet minister, writes his name in a clear commercial hand. At the foot of the column is the very clumsy, but bold, signature—very characteristic of the man—of E. B. Wood, the "Big Thunder" of the public platform, who died Chief Justice of Manitoba.

An almost undecipherable signature heads the third column of the roll. It is recognized by experts as that of Pierre J. O. Chauveau, once Premier of Quebec, Speaker of the Senate, President of the Royal Society of Canada, an orator of the old regime, a *littérateur* of note and a polished gentleman. The recognized Nestor of the Liberal party, Luther Holton, who died a few years later, deeply regretted by friends and opponents, while in attendance on parliament, wrote his signature in a small, symmetrical manner. Sturdy Joseph Rymal, the grandson of an Upper Canada Loyalist, who was gifted with a great fund of rough, natural humour, gives a signature which bears the impress of the plough. The remarkably small, unpretentious signature below is by no means an index to the emphatic character and portly person of Timothy W. Anglin, once Speaker of the Commons. One of the most modest, retiring signatures on the whole page is that of John Carling, who held office for a long time in Conservative administrations, and was knighted some years later. Lucius Seth Huntington, who possessed the gift of oratory in a remarkable degree, a Minister in Mr. MacKenzie's Cabinet, evidently liked a very scratchy pen. Immediately following is the somewhat original signature of a famous leader of the Liberals of French Canada, Antoine Aimé Dorion; one of those gentlemen whose unsullied character in political and private life, and unvarying courtesy of demeanour, gave dignity to the public life of Canada. Further down is the small, neat signature of Thomas D'Arcy McGee—the last signature he ever appended to a similar public document, for a few months later he was the victim of a midnight assassin. Soon after the name of the brilliant Irishman comes the neat, lady-like handwriting of John Hillyard Cameron, a polished gentleman, great lawyer and eloquent speaker. Closing the column is the hesitating, ambiguous signature of Sir A. T. Galt, famous in finance and eloquent in debate, and, above all, a true Canadian in thought and aspiration. In the fourth column we meet with the jerky, inelegant signature of Richard John Cartwright, then a prominent member of the Conservative party—a signature not at all indicative of his incisive style and force of expression

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in the debates of later years, when he spoke from the Liberal benches as Sir Richard. A Minister of the Crown and a Lieutenant-Governor in later years, A. W. McLelan, an exceptionally fortunate man, since he was generally in office from 1867, signs his name in an ordinary business style. Alfred Jones, a prominent man ever since in the councils of the Liberal party, a Minister in Mr. MacKenzie's government, takes up only a very small space with his unpretentious name. In the next column a Minister of Finance and a very successful man in his subsequent career in England, John Rose, banker, baronet and imperial privy councillor, writes his signature in a free way, with the John a little doubtful. Sir W. P. Howland, member of the Westminster Palace Conference—afterwards Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario—writes his name in a hasty scrawl. Adams G. Archibald, urbane gentleman, Dominion Secretary of State, Lieutenant-Governor of two provinces, Knight of St. Michael and St. George, writes his name, probably for once in his life, so that one may read it. John Henry Pope, in later times a Minister in Sir John Macdonald's Ministry, a man of political sagacity, a keen political manager, denotes his name by a few faint scratches. Further on is the hasty signature of Alonzo Wright, who, in the twenty years before him in parliament, was to make himself the most popular man in the House for his urbanity and hospitality in his spacious mansion on the banks of the picturesque Gatineau, and too rarely delighted his peers with flights of genial humour and eloquent periods, illustrating a mind that reveled in much miscellaneous reading. Towards the foot of the fourth column is the very small, neat signature of Sir Francis Hincks, an old-time Liberal, one of the earnest advocates of responsible government, a Prime Minister of old Canada, a governor of one of the dependencies of the empire, who was chosen by Sir John Macdonald to replace Sir John Rose as Finance Minister, a position he was to hold for a relatively short time and then retire permanently from Canadian public life. In the sixth column, representing the

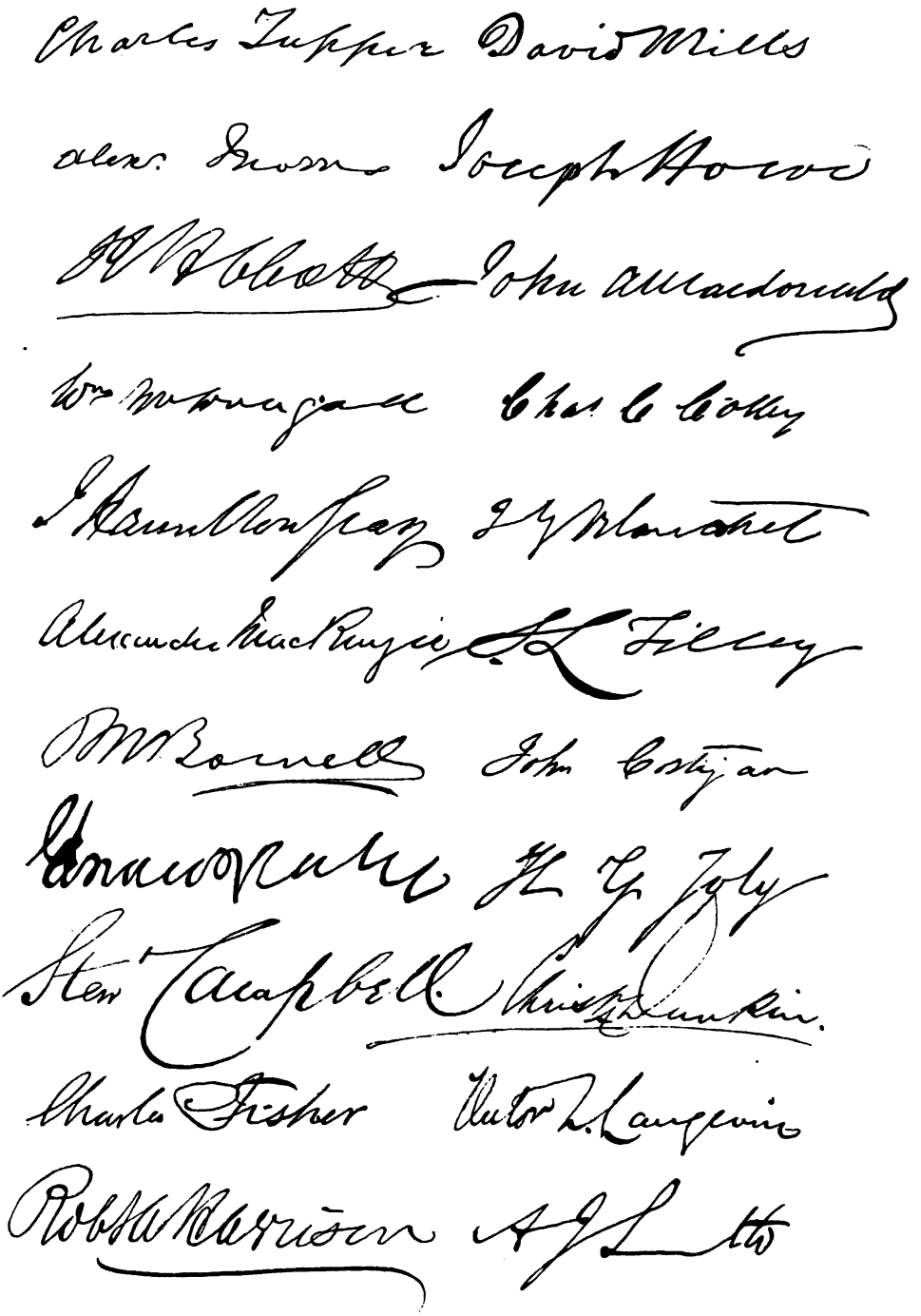


SIR RICHARD CARTWRIGHT.
Member of First Parliament—now Minister of Trade and Commerce.



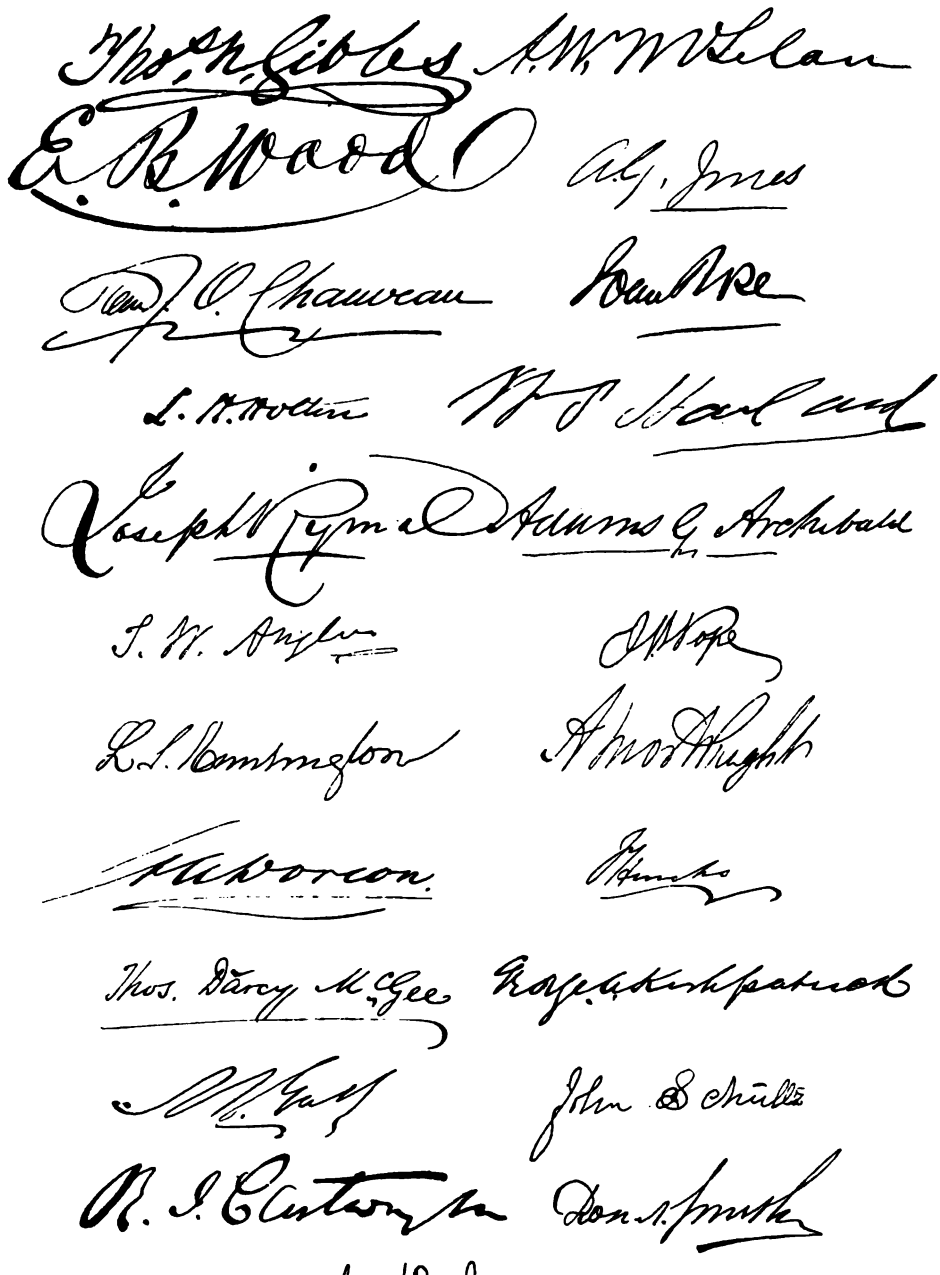
HON. T. D'ARCY McGEE.
Member of First Parliament—Assassinated 1868.

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AUTOGRAPHS OF MEMBERS OF

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FIRST DOMINION PARLIAMENT.

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members elected in the third session of this Parliament, we meet for the first time with the symmetrical signature, in a running hand, of George Airey Kirkpatrick, afterwards Speaker, Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, and a K.C.M.G., who was returned after the death of his father, whose name appears previously on the roll of 1867. The remainder of the roll is chiefly noteworthy as illustrating the development of the Dominion, for we see the signatures of the representatives, first of the new Province of Manitoba, and later of the Province of British Columbia, which came into the federation during this Parliament, as I shall show in another paper. We see the names of John Christian Schultz, then conspicuous for his conflict with Riel in the first Northwest Rebellion, and later, Lieutenant-Governor of the Province; of Donald A. Smith, a man of great financial ability, who subsequently became associated with the Canadian Pacific Railway, and received a peerage from the Queen.

But here we may close the roll; for the other names are less noteworthy, and, in many cases, probably forgotten by the Canadian world. The first Parliament will always be memorable for its intellectual strength; but of the one hundred and ninety-one men who signed the roll from 1867-72, only six appear on the roll of 1896, and these are Sir R. Cartwright, Sir Charles Tupper, Hon. Mr. Costigan, Mr. M. C. Cameron (lately appointed Lieutenant-Governor of the Northwest Territories), Sir Henry Joly de Lotbinière and Mr. Scriver. Sir Mackenzie Bowell, Mr. Mills, (now Minister of Justice in the Liberal Government led by Sir Wilfrid Laurier), M. Bellerose, Sir John Carling, Mr. L. McCallum, Mr. Masson, Sir C. A. P. Pelletier, who were members of the first Parliament, now occupy seats in the Senate, of which body the latter is Speaker.

Of the seventy-two members first appointed to the Dominion Senate in 1867 only the following, seven in all, are still alive and occupy their seats in the same chamber: J. C. Aikens, who was a member of Sir John Macdonald's Ministry, and subsequently became Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba when he retired from the Upper House, but was re-appointed in 1896; W. A. Allen, the urbane Chancellor of Trinity University and Speaker of the Senate for a short time; of R. B. Dickey, a member of the Quebec Convention; of David Reesor, long connected with the local affairs of the Yorks in Ontario; of J. F. Armand, a member of a family who came to Canada during the French revolution of 1793; of William Miller, one of the members whose vote finally carried union in the Nova Scotia Assembly, and a Speaker of the Senate; of David Wark, long connected with the public affairs of New Brunswick, now in the ninety-fourth year of his life. Of the thirty-three members of the Quebec Convention of 1864 only seven remain to recall that momentous event in the history of Confederation: Sir Charles Tupper, who still displays great intellectual vigour as leader of the Conservative Opposition in the House of Commons; Sir Oliver Mowat, who has at length found a well-earned rest in the Government House at Toronto; William McDougall, who shows no inclination to venture again into the uncertain conflicts of party, and is almost forgotten in the retirement which he seems to prefer; Peter Mitchell, who occupies a relatively unimportant position in connection with the Marine and Fisheries Department which he organized with such signal ability; Sir Hector Louis Langevin, of whom I have written elsewhere as living a secluded life at Quebec; A. A. Macdonald, who has been a Lieutenant-Governor of Prince Edward Island and has now a seat in the Senate; and Mr. Dickey, a member of the same House. Of the members of the Westminster Palace Hotel Conference there only remain Sir W. P. Howland, and the gentlemen just named, with the exception of Mowat, Dickey and Macdonald, who took part only in the great meeting of 1864.

(To be concluded next month.)

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OVER THE ROSES AND UNDER THE VINES.

A COMEDIETTA IN THREE SCENES.

Dramatis Personæ :

MR. PHILIP STANLEY, a young lawyer.
MRS. FREEMAN.
MISS ELIZABETH FREEMAN, her daughter.
MISS LILIAN REED, her friend.
MISS FLORENCE CASIMIR, her friend.
MISS LAURA MOORE, her friend.
WILLIAM, coachman to Mrs. FREEMAN.

SCENE I.—*Before the Freeman residence. Time—Saturday afternoon.* Miss FREEMAN, Miss REED, Miss CASIMIR, Miss MOORE.

Miss FREEMAN.—I hope that I have not kept you waiting too long, girls. But I knew that the horse would not be here for some time, and so did not hurry.

Miss MOORE.—That is right—never hurry.

Miss REED.—Oh, you surely delayed designedly, that we might wait on this verandah and gaze into this garden. When the carriage does come, I am going to refuse to move.

Miss MOORE.—So am I. It is so delightful here.

Miss CASIMIR.—Yes, you lackadaisical young creatures, just like you! But if you don't work for usefulness, you must for pleasure.

Miss FREEMAN.—Oh, now, Florence, they do work hard—these dear girls.

Miss MOORE.—I laundried four blouses belonging to mother and the girls this morning, and the one I have on, too.

Miss REED.—And I baked bread and made a cake, and gave singing lessons to two ladies, who intend to make their fellow-creatures more miserable upon every opportunity.

Miss CASIMIR.—You are both exonerated, and I will not confess what I did.

Miss FREEMAN.—I dusted the house after breakfast, and then finished "Dianah of the Crossways."

Miss MOORE.—Well, it is no waste of time to read Meredith.

Miss FREEMAN.—What a formidable phalanx we four people make standing together!

Miss REED.—And behold! The enemy heaves in sight.

Miss CASIMIR.—Goodness, Bess! It is Mr. Stanley coming to see you.

Miss REED.—How will he have courage in broad daylight to make the attack? And what is the weapon he beareth?

Miss MOORE.—I don't see anything.

Miss REED.—No, I thought he had something in his hand. I perceive a hesitation about his feet. Let him turn and flee!

Miss CASIMIR.—Why, he knows we have seen him.

Miss FREEMAN.—Oh, girls, do behave! He will hear you.

Miss CASIMIR.—But he will want to stay, and we shall not be able to go.

Miss REED.—Not he! He wishes he were where "Full fathom five thy father lies."

[*Mr. Philip Stanley, after having fumbled in his crowded pockets, and thrust the bunch of roses, which he had intended to give Miss Freeman, under his hat, finally approaches.*]

Miss FREEMAN.—Oh, how do you do, Mr. Stanley?

Mr. STANLEY.—How do you do.

[*He bows in turn to the others but does not remove his hat, whereat a sensation of surprise circulates among the ladies.*]

Mr. STANLEY.—I have been at least fortunate enough to catch a glimpse of all of you. But you must not let me detain you even for a moment.

Miss FREEMAN.—I am sorry that we should have been going out. We had

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DRAWN BY W. GOODE.

"Mr. Stanley bows but does not remove his hat."

promised to call on the Fletchers this afternoon. They have just got back from England, you know. But you must see mother, Mr. Stanley.

Mr. STANLEY.—Oh, no, pray don't call her. I had intended to make only a hurried call. The fact is, I am overwhelmed with work at present, and—

Miss FREEMAN.—But it is too warm to return without first resting. Oh, here is mother.

(*Enter Mrs. Freeman.*)

[Mr. STANLEY *moves forward to meet her, but does not lift his hat.*]

Miss CASIMIR (*aside*).—What rudeness! Not even to your mother!

Miss MOORE (*aside*).—So queer of him!

Miss REED (*aside*).—Poor soul! He is distrait.

Mrs. FREEMAN (*laughing and turning to the girls*).—Mr. Stanley has just been telling me, girls, that having nothing to do to-day, he thought he would come and see us. Now, you would feel more flattered if he had much to do, and yet—

Miss FREEMAN (*interrupting rather coldly*).—He told us a minute ago that he was very busy.

Mr. STANLEY.—You ladies have really legal minds.

Miss CASIMIR.—Well, I'll never want you for a witness, Mr. Stanley.

Mr. STANLEY.—Ah, no, no—I am very easily confused—I am, in fact—quite timid, and—

Miss REED—Heavens! Mr. Stanley! There's a caterpillar under your hat!

Mr. STANLEY (*starting*).—I am not afraid of it.

ALL TOGETHER.—Oh! oh! Take it off!

Mr. STANLEY (*setting his teeth*).—Nay, why disturb it? Let it be.

Mrs. FREEMAN.—I beg you, Mr. Stanley remove it!

Mr. STANLEY.—But it is against my principles to——

Miss REED.—It is a large green caterpillar. Ugh!

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Mr. STANLEY (*desperately*).—I know.

ALL TOGETHER.—You don't mean that you put it there?

Mr. STANLEY.—I did indeed.

Miss REED.—Gracious! It has a leaf now!

Mr. STANLEY.—Pray don't observe it, Miss Reed, it is at ease.

ALL TOGETHER.—Take it off!

Mr. STANLEY.—I am determined that it shall not be molested. Don't you know that the New Yorkers——

Miss FREEMAN.—It makes me shudder—I cannot look at you.

(*The carriage arrives.*)

Miss FREEMAN.—Oh, here is the carriage. Come, girls! Good-by, Mr. STANLEY. (*Turning to the coachman*) You were a long time, William.

WILLIAM.—Yes, Miss, the 'orse was 'ot; I couldn't run 'im, Miss.

[*William gets out to help the ladies in, and sees their horrified glances fixed on Mr. Stanley's head.*]

WILLIAM. — Gosh, Sir, you 'ave a boa-constrictor on your 'ead!

[*Whereupon he dashes the gentleman's hat to the ground, and the roses lie scattered in deep red shame.*]

SCENE II.—*The Freeman residence.*
Time—A week later.
Mrs. FREEMAN, Mr. Philip STANLEY.

Mrs. FREEMAN. — You will find Elizabeth in the summer-house, with her three friends. They are sewing together while one reads aloud. The four girls have so much in common that they are almost inseparable.

Mr. STANLEY. — I can quite understand it. They are most charming girls, and seem to possess that large-mindedness which is necessary to substantial friendship. If you will allow me to do so, then, Mrs. Freeman, I shall make my way across to their little arbour.

Mrs. FREEMAN.—Oh yes, go; they will be glad to see you. I only wish that I could accompany you and defend you a little from their mischievous tongues.

Mr. STANLEY.—I have become somewhat emboldened since last week.

(*Mrs. Freeman goes away smiling*)

SCENE III.—*The Arbour. Time—Same.*
Miss FREEMAN, Miss REED, Miss CASIMIR, Miss MOORE.

Miss REED (*turning the book, face downward, upon her knee*).—Some one else will have to read now for a little while. My throat has given out. Oh, (*looking dreamily through the trees*) what a beautiful day! And what a shame it is that we should be reading



"Gosh, Sir, you 'ave a boa-constrictor on your 'ead!"

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of this most excellent lover, and be ourselves without one!

Miss CASIMIR.—One would hardly suffice for us.

Miss FREEMAN.—Especially the one Lilian would make it.

Miss MOORE.—I don't know, now. I entirely approve of Lilian's—ahem—what shall I say?

Miss REED.—If you would explain to me of whom you speak, I might tell you.

Miss CASIMIR *(calmly)*.—We speak of Professor Merton.

Miss REED *(flushing and endeavouring to appear surprised)*.—You should not speak of a wise man so foolishly. He is, I think, a friend to all of us in a certain sense, but that is all.

Miss CASIMIR.—Oh, indeed, the good creature! One would think he was a Humane Society.

Miss REED (*stoutly*).—He has in himself certainly an association of the humanities. I have not seen him for a very long time.

Miss CASIMIR.—Bess is afraid to say anything because he is a friend of Mr. Stanley.

Miss MOORE.—Which individual I perceive at this moment coming across the garden.

Miss FREEMAN.—Oh, girls!

Miss REED.—Oh, what a pity we are here!

Miss CASIMIR.—It isn't at all; it's a joke after last week.

Miss FREEMAN.—Oh, girls!

Miss REED.—It wouldn't matter so much if it were not for last week. Oh, come, let us get into this cupboard behind the grapevine.

Miss MOORE.—The very thing.

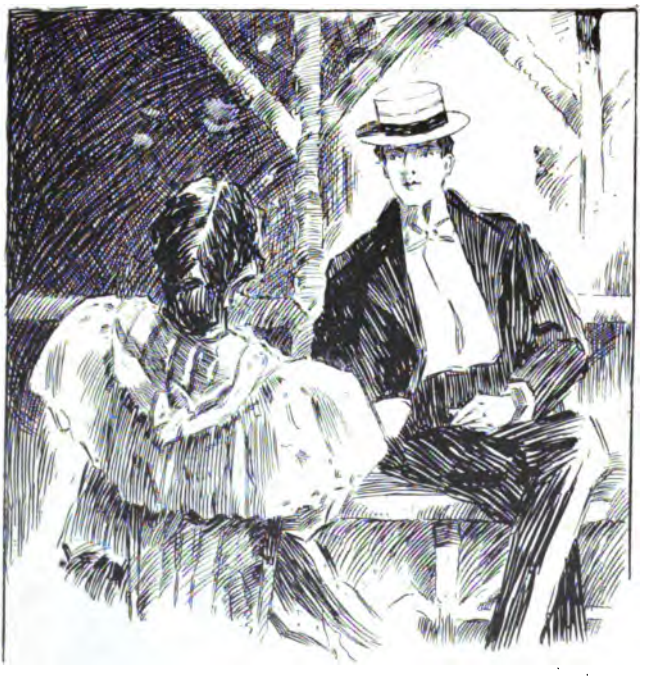
Miss FREEMAN (*eagerly*).—Oh, could you?

Miss CASIMIR.—There isn't room, it would be dreadfully hot and uncomfortable.

Miss REED (*seeking an inducement*).—Oh, come along—he may propose—it will be such fun!

Miss FREEMAN (*with horror*).—Girls!

Miss CASIMIR (*deciding*).—Hurry up, then—let us get settled, or he will be here. (*They crowd into the cupboard.*)



Mr. Stanley.—This is a very complete little arbour.

Miss CASIMIR.—We must have a crack open.

Miss REED.—Oh no, there is plenty of air—these cedar posts are not close together. You must lock it on the outside, Bess, or he might examine it and ——

Miss FREEMAN.—Oh, mercy! What shall I say if he does?

Miss REED (*from within*).—Say you keep spirits in here. That will be true.

Miss CASIMIR (*from within*).—Say you keep liquor in here. That will be true—I am fast becoming a fluid.

Miss FREEMAN.—Shsh!

Miss REED (*in a whisper, from within*).

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—Don't let him stay very long—unless he proposes !

Miss FREEMAN. — Shsh ! Shsh ! (*Whispering*) Girls, I hope you are comfortable.

Miss CASIMIR (*from within*).—You wouldn't *hope* so if you were inside !

Miss FREEMAN.—Shsh ! Shsh ! He is almost here.

(*Mr. Stanley, scrutinising the arbour closely, approaches.*)

Mr. STANLEY.—Ah, Miss Elizabeth, do I find you alone?

Miss FREEMAN.—Yes, Mr. Stanley, I have been sewing a little, and reading at intervals.

Mr. STANLEY. — You have never shown me this retreat before. It is delightfully cool and picturesque.

Miss FREEMAN.—Yes, isn't it? Father is very fond of sitting here. When the grapes are ripe, one can just reach up and break off a cluster, and they are very fine.

Mr. STANLEY.—One thinks involuntarily of Omar Khayyam.

Miss FREEMAN.—Yes. Repeat a little of the *Rubaiyat* for me.

Mr. STANLEY.—Nay, I am too much in the mood he praises—too much inclined to enjoy—to bother with him.

Miss FREEMAN.—I wish there were more for you to enjoy, then.

Mr. STANLEY.—I find enough.

(*There is a scarcely perceptible stir of eagerness from within.*)

Mr. STANLEY.—This is a very complete little arbour. I see your father has built a cupboard on that side.

Miss FREEMAN.—Yes, a kind of little cellarium in which to keep his home-made wine and so forth. I think he keeps his garden pipes and tobacco there too. But you don't smoke, so I need not look.

Mr. STANLEY.—No, I don't smoke.

Miss FREEMAN.—What a glorious day it is!

Mr. STANLEY (*after a moment's thought*).—Yes, a splendid day for sailing.

Miss FREEMAN (*eagerly*).—Oh, the water would be divine!

Mr. STANLEY (*very distinctly*).—Merton is off for a sail, or, rather, he will be. He said he was going down to ask Miss Reed to accompany him.

Miss FREEMAN.—Oh, I am so sorry. I believe she was to be out this afternoon.

Mr STANLEY.—Perhaps she will have returned by the time he gets there. He did not intend to go until four o'clock, and it is now (*looking at his watch*), only three.

[*There is a scarcely perceptible stir within.*]

Miss FREEMAN (*nervously*).—I hope she will. She would be so disappointed. Suppose we go to the house.

Mr. STANLEY.—Oh no, it is so pleasant here I would rather remain. I shall not be able to allow myself more than a brief period of happiness to-day, anyway.

Miss FREEMAN—You do put things in such a fashion, that if I did not know that you speak in exactly the same way to everyone else, it would surprise me.

Mr. STANLEY.—You are mistaken, I don't speak in this way to Professor Merton.

Miss FREEMAN.—I mean every woman.

Mr. STANLEY.—I don't speak so, then, to Mrs. Graham.

Miss FREEMAN.—Oh, well.

Mr. STANLEY.—Nor to Miss Reed, nor to Miss Casimir, nor to Miss Moore, to multiply instances.

[*There is a scarcely perceptible stir within.*]

Miss FREEMAN (*nervously*).—I don't know about that. Won't you come to the house ? I have learned a new sonata which I want to play to you.

Mr. STANLEY.—Oh, presently we can go. Let us stay here a little longer.

Miss FREEMAN (*after a pause*).—What time is it now?

Mr. STANLEY.—A little after three. Merton will just be starting for Miss Reed's house.

Miss FREEMAN.—Oh, I do hope—oh, I have an idea ! We will go and telephone to the Reeds'. If she is out, they may know where she is, and send for her. She was here earlier in the afternoon ; and I don't know where

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she was going after that. Oh, I don't want Professor Merton to be disappointed, nor Miss Reed either, for that matter. Please come, and we will telephone.

[*A silent prayer arises from within the cellarium.*]

Mr. STANLEY (*deliberately.*)—I would rather not. To tell you the truth, I am not as anxious that the Professor should take Miss Reed with him as he is.

MISS FREEMAN.—What in the world do you mean?

Mr. STANLEY.—Well, I must remember that Miss Reed is your friend, but really I don't think she exerts a very good influence over Merton. I think he feels that himself, too.

MISS FREEMAN.—I am utterly astonished. She could not help exerting a good influence over everyone she meets; she has such a beautiful nature.

Mr. STANLEY.—Nevertheless——

MISS FREEMAN.—I certainly do think you forget that she is my friend.

Mr. STANLEY.—I think a great deal of her myself; much more than I do of Miss Casimir or Miss Moore. All I say is that I think she has a bad effect on Merton. It may be his fault as much as hers. As he is my friend, I think I probably have a right to express this opinion. Besides, I would say it to no one but you, and I know it will go no further.

Miss FREEMAN (*after an indignant silence*).—I feel very much annoyed with you. And you can only restore yourself in my favour, first, by telephoning for me, and, secondly, by explaining exactly what you mean about Miss Reed.

Mr. STANLEY.—I really regret that I must not obey your first command, and as for the second, my meaning is so elusive that I can hardly do that either. As I said, it may not be Miss Reed's fault, and I like her much better than your other two friends.

Miss FREEMAN (*distractedly*).—And pray, what have you against them?

Mr. STANLEY.—Pardon me, but I know they will never hear of my criticisms from you. Miss Moore, from the standpoint of attractiveness, is rather—rather—slow mentally, and much too small physically. While Miss Casimir, from the same standpoint, is much too large physically, and has otherwise altogether too sharp a tongue. At least, such is the current opinion among the men I know.

[*There is a more palpable stir within.*]

Miss FREEMAN.—I have almost loss my power of speech.

Mr. STANLEY.—I believe you asked me to tell you. But I seldom point out faults without suggesting possible remedies. As far as Merton is concerned, we must of course leave him and Miss Reed to destiny, but if you could persuade her never to sing, and Miss Casimir never to speak, and Miss Moore to think occasionally, you would really have accomplished a good deal.

Miss FREEMAN.—I refuse to listen to you any longer, Mr. Stanley, I am going in. You may come or not, as you choose.

[*Miss Freeman moves away.*]

Mr. STANLEY.—I think I shall remain, then, thank you; I think I shall rest here, for I am still tired.

Miss FREEMAN (*returning and standing in the doorway*).—You spoke of having only a few minutes at your disposal this afternoon.

Mr. STANLEY.—Yes, but I have decided that, after all, I did enough work this morning. Don't trouble yourself, Miss Elizabeth, on my account. If you will allow me to, I shall have a little siesta.

Miss FREEMAN (*desperately*).—Oh, you couldn't sleep here. The vines are so full of insects, mosquitoes, you know; you would have no peace. Come into the house and I will make you comfortable.

Mr. STANLEY (*placidly*).—Not at all, thank you. I would not have you bother about me. I am very well here.

Miss FREEMAN (*completely reduced.*)—*Stay* here then!

[*She walks rapidly towards the house.*]

[*Mr.* STANLEY *watches her until she has entered, and then turns an amused eye upon the cupboard behind the vines, after which he proceeds to stretch himself*

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rather noisily at full length upon one of the benches, and yawns audibly once or twice. After the lapse of five minutes he rises, and without making the least sound creeps stealthily out of the summer-house. Crossing the garden in the direction covered by the trees and vines from the view of the house, he vaults lightly over the fence, and disappears. Three-quarters of an hour afterwards Miss FREEMAN, *who has been anxiously peering from the drawing-room window, in the hope of seeing Mr.* STANLEY *leave the arbour, rushes in a frenzy across the lawn, muttering to herself: "I will get a policeman if he refuses to come now!"*]

Miss FREEMAN.—(*Upon reaching the arbor she gasps with surprise, and then cries in a tragic voice:*) "Girls!"

(*A mingled moan from within comes in response.*)

Miss FREEMAN (*hastily unfastening the cupboard-door, and dragging out her friends*).—Are you alive?

Miss REED (*faintly*).—We have, I think, a lingering vital spark.

Miss CASIMIR.—Which would kindle, could we lay our hands upon him.

Miss MOORE (*grimly*).—I have been thinking a little.

Miss REED.—The only consolation is, that he does not know what we have endured.

(*Enter Mrs.* FREEMAN.)

Mrs. FREEMAN.—Well my dears, have you had a pleasant time?

ALL TOGETHER.—Pleasant!

Mrs. FREEMAN.—Why, what faces! I met Mr. Stanley down town, and he said that he had spent a delightful afternoon. He said, however, that he and Elizabeth did all the talking, and that the rest were remarkably quiet. But he added that he found an inspiration in the fact of their presence—— which was very pretty of him; was it not?

ALL TOGETHER.—Oh!

Evelyn Durand.

NELL.

NELL, with the sea-gray eyes,
Cheeks with the dream of bloom,
Oft, when the daylight dies,
Visions of you will come.

Standing alone on the shore,
Robed in your quaint attire,
Waiting the beat of my oar,
When the west was a golden fire.

You were a fading flower,
Chilled by the earliest frost—
The fairest in life's bower,
To be the earliest lost.

For a rival boatman came
And bore you away from me,
Beyond the sunset's flame,
Over a bornless sea.

Now, through the twilight years,
Glimmers the nearing dawn,
Seen like a joy through tears,
Which fond hope dreams upon.

Bradford K. Daniels.

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FAILURE OF THE AUSTRALIAN FEDERATION BILL.

BY THE EDITOR OF THE AUSTRALASIAN "REVIEW OF REVIEWS."

FOR twenty golden minutes on the night of June 3rd it was believed in every Australian capital that Federation was won. The boards in front of the great newspaper offices reported that 86,284 votes had been recorded in New South Wales in favour of the Bill. Everyone knew that the fight turned on the New South Wales vote reaching the minimum number of 80,000; and, apparently, this was accomplished. Great was the enthusiasm everywhere; stentorian the triumph! And apart from the shouting crowds, thousands of intelligent men felt as if they had suddenly grown taller in political stature. The bad old days of a divided Australia, gridironed with hostile tariffs, had vanished. A nation was born! But it all turned out to be a dream. The clerks in Sydney had blundered in their addition; the 80,284 vanished from the newspaper boards, and, instead, the real number of votes counted up to that moment appeared — 67,500. And with that dramatic substitution of figures, Australian Federation vanished like a ghost from the stage. But the thrill of exultation and pride, the sense of sudden gain in political scale, which thousands experienced during those few happy but mistaken minutes, supply a hint of what Federation, when it does arrive, will mean. The emotion was not one of partisan triumph; it was the sense that a great stage in the evolution of a nation was reached and passed.

The bill was carried in Victoria by a majority of nearly five to one, in South Australia by more than two to one, in Tasmania by almost five to one; in New South Wales there was a majority for the Bill of 5,458. Taking the first four colonies together, the totals reported up to the present moment are as follows:—

For the Bill	218,929
Against the Bill	107,958
Majority in favour of the Bill	110,971

These figures seem decisive. If democracy means anything at all, or if in Australian politics the popular will is the final argument, the Bill is carried, and Australian Federation is assured. But this is not the case. The majority in favour of the Bill in New South Wales is treated by those who opposed it as "a magnificent triumph" for their side! The Bill, they announce, is dead, and the tables are clear for a new combination. It was in their eyes the darkest crime of the Bill that it would establish "the rule of the minority"; and there was no political wickedness resembling that described as "minority rule." But, somehow, when a minority of 65,954 is able to defeat a majority of 71,412, this becomes, in the judgment of these virtuous democrats, "a glorious victory for popular government!"

The fate of the Bill was decided, not on June 3rd, and by the 65,954 electors who voted against it in New South Wales, but on October 12, 1897, and by the votes of exactly 25 persons. On that day Mr. Nield moved in the N.S.W. Assembly that the minimum number of votes required in New South Wales should be raised from 50,000 to 100,000. The original compact betwixt the Premiers was that a plain majority should carry the Bill. In the Federal Enabling Act, as passed by the New South Wales Parliament, a minimum affirmative vote of 50,000 was fixed, and the other colonies accepted this principle, and in the case of each a minimum vote in the same proportion was fixed. But later on came Mr. Nield's proposal in the New South Wales Parliament to raise the minimum to 100,000; and finally the mini-

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mum of affirmative votes was fixed at 80,000. This was carried by 53 votes to 28, or a majority of 25, Mr. Reid himself voting in the minority. Those 25 gentlemen are responsible for the arrest of Australian Federation. It is a curious result that, under a democracy, 25 votes should thus defeat 71,412 votes. Many, no doubt, will regard the result of those 25 votes with admiration. But for the action of the New South Wales Parliament on October 12, 1897, Federation would have been accomplished on June 3, 1898. This is, no doubt, true; but the result, contemplated from the point of view of pure democracy, is somewhat surprising.

The immediate result of the Federation vote is to make Mr. Reid once more the centre of interest. He had voted for the Bill; but he told his hearers at Milton, "New South Wales had acted very wisely in rejecting it." The electors, in a word, had shown wisdom by following, not his example, but his exhortations! As soon as it was known that in New South Wales the required minimum of 80,000 votes had not been reached, Mr. Reid invited the Premiers of Victoria, South Australia and Tasmania to meet him in conference for the purpose of considering certain changes in the Bill which would make it more acceptable to New South Wales. Sir John Forrest, he suggested, was too far off to attend this Conference, and Mr. Reid proposed that Queensland should be invited to take part in it. Mr. Kingston, with characteristic decision and promptitude, replied that, as a large majority in all the colonies represented at the recent Convention had accepted the Bill, he was not disposed to consider any alterations in it; still less did he favour a Conference which left out a colony originally represented in the Convention, and included one which stood obstinately aloof from it.

Tasmania was even more decided. Sir Edward Braddon "strongly resented" the proposal to make changes without reference to the people in a Bill which had been accepted by the people. Sir John Forrest evidently resented his omission and took refuge in expressive silence. Sir George Turner, wisely anxious to serve Federation in any way, said he was prepared to accept the Conference, but asked Mr. Reid to define the exact changes in the Bill he desired. To an interviewer Sir George expressed the view that, while in details the Bill might be amended, yet "serious changes" would be impracticable. On this Mr. Reid wired that, "Of course, the proposed meeting would be a waste of time unless the Premiers are prepared to make the Bill more acceptable to New South Wales, not in immaterial matters, but in matters of substance." On the same day, June 11th, Mr. Reid delivered an important speech at Milton, defining his policy. The 80,000 minimum, he said, must remain. He desired several changes in the Bill. "Braddon's blot" must be removed; the three-fifths majority in the joint sitting of the Federal Houses must go; he discovered in the railway clauses a hitherto unknown peril. The Federal Parliament might take over the railways of one State and use them to the



SOUTH AUSTRALIAN "CRITIC."

HOW HE DID IT.

MR. REID—I have embraced the cause of Australian Federation.

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AUSTRALIAN FEDERATON BADGE.

injury of another. Mr. Reid was dissatisfied with the settlement of the rivers question, and there were also "other questions" which must be considered and settled. Mr. Reid also wired to Sir Edward Braddon—"I accept your strongly-worded message just received as final refusal to join in the proposed Conference of Premiers, and will make no further communication with you on the subject."

As a result no Conference will be held, a matter to be profoundly regretted. If Mr. Reid had declared that, say, there must be another settlement of the fiscal question, and that the three-fifths majority must go, there is no doubt an earnest attempt would have been made to meet his wishes. Neither of these points is essential to the Bill, and to surrender them would be a cheap price to pay for Federation. But Mr. Reid failed to specify to the other Premiers what exact changes he desired, and his speech at Milton opened up a vague prospect of unknown alterations. It is clear, too, that Mr. Reid desired not merely an alteration in the game, but a change in the players. He jumped at the chance of excluding Tasmania. That colony is tiny in size, and its population of 170,000 bulks small against the 1,300,000 of New South Wales. As an example of the manner in which many persons in New South Wales regard the modest geography of the little southern island, the suggestion of a member of the Convention published in the Sydney *Daily Telegraph* may be quoted: "Tasmania," said that gentleman, "we could treat as a dependency, and send a Government or magistrate over there, with a couple of clerks, to look after it!" And yet Tasmania is an essential part of the defence system of the colonies. Everyone, of course, desires to see Queensland in the Federation, but that colony twice refused to take part in the Convention.

As a result the centre of interest and of action is transferred to the quick-coming parliamentary elections in New South Wales. Federation in all the colonies has hitherto been kept separate from party politics; in New South Wales, however, it now becomes the decisive factor on that field. In that struggle, Mr. Reid and Mr. Barton will be the chief opposing figures. If Mr. Reid wins, the prospects of Federation are remote and unknown. He will, no doubt, attempt to negotiate union betwixt the three eastern colonies, leaving Tasmania, West Australia, and perhaps South Australia to come in later to a Federation whose basis they have had no share in deciding. That policy opens the prospect of a long and distracting struggle. If Mr. Barton wins, the existing Federal Bill, which has already been accepted by majorities in the four colonies, will, with some modifications, be the charter of Federated Australia. Federation will, no doubt, sooner or later, and by one path or another, arrive. Great is Mrs. Partington; great is her mop; but greater still is the Atlantic! Yet it must be a matter of profound regret that betwixt the colonies and a goal so splendid there still stretches a sea of strife so stormy and so wide.

W. H. Fitchett.

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CANADA'S INTERNATIONAL STATUS.

BY SIR CHARLES HIBBERT TUPPER, LATELY MINISTER OF JUSTICE.

CANADA, once a petty Province, considered "a few barren acres of snow," has become practically more powerful and important than many States, possessing, as it does, large powers of self-government. Yet, in the language of the Duke of Newcastle's despatch of 1862: "The main security which Canada enjoys as a portion of the British Empire is the fact, known to all the world, that war with Canada means war with England; not in Canada only, but upon every sea, and upon the shores wherever situated of the aggressive power itself."

Have we as Canadians an International Status?

The present Minister of Justice, discussing in 1894 the position of the Governor-General of Canada who had made use of the word "Viceroy" in the Speech from the Throne, quoted Sir Montague Smith in the case of Musgrove *v.* Pupulido: "His authority is derived from his Commission, and limited to the powers thereby expressly or impliedly intrusted to him;" and again, "all the powers belonging to the Sovereign" are not for the time being intrusted to the Governor-Genral of Canada. Sir Richard Cartwright, during the same year, referred to Canada as "only a dependency whose suzerain state has very solid reasons of her own for wishing to keep on good terms with the United States."

In view of the approaching Conference at Quebec, these statements suggest an interesting subject in the history of a country whose Prime Minister has lately proclaimed it to be a Nation.

The Fathers of Confederation proposed that the Dominion should "constitute and be one kingdom under the name of 'the Kingdom of Canada.'" Sir John Macdonald's statesmanlike and broad grasp of Imperial policy quickly seized upon this idea. Unfortunately at the time Downing Street did not "rise to the occasion." Sir John explains this in a letter to Lord Knutsford, as follows: "The union was treated by them (the Duke of Buckingham and Lord Monk) much as if the British North America Act were a private Bill uniting two or three English parishes." Lord Carnarvon, however, lived to appreciate Sir John's views, and at Montreal, in 1883, told us: "The British North America Act . . . should be viewed as a Treaty of Alliance," and "In self-government you are free."

Wittingly or unwittingly, the British Parliament in 1867 passed an Act which paved the way for the advent of a unique condition of affairs in the history of nations.

Slowly and surely the Canadian system is growing. From an International point of view Canada is developing her strength within the borders of an Empire, but practically, and in fact, she is exerting an influence and obtaining quasi-political recognition abroad. Canada, as Canada, obtains loans, military materials, acknowledgment for her flag, respect for her revenue laws; while the parent Government in London is responsible among the Nations for the acts of the Government at Ottawa. Canada is not, however, a sovereign state, she does not exercise the right, *i.e.*, the full right, of self-government. Lord Cairns said in the case of the United States of America against Wagner (L.R. 2 Ch. App., 582"):

"In the courts of Her Majesty, as in diplomatic intercourse with the government of Her Majesty, it is the Sovereign, and not the State, or the subjects of the Sovereign, that is recognized. From him, and as representing him individually, and not his State or Kingdom, is an ambassador received. In him individually, and not in a representative ca-

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pacity, is the public property assumed by all other States, and by the courts of other States, to be vested."

Our own Todd is authority for the following statement, which will not be contradicted by those who have read the history of the Fielding Tariff and of the so-called preferential clauses in it:

"The responsibility of determining what is the true construction of a Treaty made by Her Majesty with any foreign power must remain with the Imperial Government, who alone can decide how far Great Britain should insist upon the strict enforcement of Treaty rights, whatever opinions may be entertained upon the subject in any Colony specially concerned therein."—(Todd's "Government in The Colonies," 272.)

To turn again to the subject of the development of Canada's political status, time was when all the Colonies were included without consultation in trade arrangements made by England with foreign powers. An Imperial despatch in 1872 stated that

"Her Majesty's Government apprehend that the Constitutional right of the Queen to conclude treaties binding all parts of the Empire, cannot be questioned, subject to the discretion of the Parliament of the United Kingdom, or of the Colonial Parliaments, as the case may be, to pass any laws which may be required to bring such treaties into operation."

We have obtained within a few years a large measure of freedom, exercisable under Imperial authority and sanction be it remembered, in regard to Commerce. In 1865 the British Government agreed to instruct the British Minister at Washington to act in concert with Canada (No. 63 Sessional Papers, 1867-68). In 1871 Sir John A. Macdonald was appointed a Plenipotentiary to negotiate the Treaty of 1871. In 1874 the Hon. George Brown was made a Plenipotentiary to negotiate another Reciprocity Treaty. In 1880 and 1881 Sir Alexander Galt discussed this subject with the Home Government, and the Imperial authorities agreed that hereafter Canada should not be included in Treaties with foreign powers without her consent, but that she should have the right to accept or reject their application to Canada. Subsequently Sir Charles Tupper was appointed (in 1883 and 1888) as Plenipotentiary with other representatives of England to negotiate a Treaty with Spain, and also in 1888 a Treaty with the United States, and again in 1892-3 with France. In a matter of Imperial concern, but incidentally relating to Canada, the writer was appointed by Her Majesty as her agent before an International tribunal. In the cases of the Fisheries Commission and the Behring Sea Commission for the assessment of damages, the counsel who conducted the British case (in which Canada was wholly interested) were Canadians, appointed, in fact, by the Government of the Dominion. In each of these cases, and in all International matters, the real representative of Canada appeared as the Imperial nominee, and, in fact, was and must be subject to the control of the British Government.

The Government of the United States has more than once chafed under the ever-increasing influence of Canada, as the "Power behind the Throne" in Canadian-American matters. Snow, in his "American Diplomacy," says:

"The United States can only negotiate with the Home Government and hold it responsible in matters connected with the Canadian Fisheries; whereas the Dominion Government since 1867 has really taken the matter into its own hands, and put its own construction upon Treaties, and under the name of local regulations may greatly modify the Treaties. Except in the last resort, England seems to have abrogated her authority in Canada."

It was during the progress of the Atlantic Fishery Question that Mr. Bayard wrote to Sir Charles Tupper (May 31st, 1887), deploring "the embarrassment arising out of the gradual emancipation of Canada from the control of the Mother Country, and the consequent assumption by that community of attributes of autonomous and separate Sovereignty, not, however, distinct from the Empire of Great Britain." . . "The awkwardness of this imperfectly developed Sovereignty is felt most strongly by the United

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States, which cannot have formal Treaty relations with Canada except indirectly, and as a Colonial dependency of the British Crown." Discussing the case of the "D. J. Adams" in 1887, the United States Minister in London wrote Lord Salisbury (Jan. 26th): "Still less can the United States Government consent to be drawn, at any time, into a discussion of the subject with the Colonial Government of Canada."

Lord Salisbury, however, in continuing the discussion, speaks of "Her Majesty's Government and the Government of Canada" as, for instance, where he says: "In proof of their earnest desire to treat the question in a spirit of liberality and friendship, these governments are now willing, &c., &c. Mr. Blaine made it a *sine qua non* in the negotiations respecting Behring Sea, that no Canadian should represent the Imperial Government. England must have been "splendidly isolated" when her Foreign Minister caused the Government of the United States to be assured that this extraordinary stipulation would be respected. As a matter of fact, the British Ambassador was assisted and advised by a Canadian delegate, who in the end attended the conferences with Mr. Blaine, and, at the request of the latter, taking part in all of them.

Afterwards, with Mr. Gresham and Mr. Olney, the British Ambassador, assisted directly by Canadian representatives, agreed upon a Treaty for referring the Behring Sea claims to a Commission; and we are now face to face with an International Conference to be held in Quebec, where Canadians associated with Lord Herschell will represent the Crown of England.

The real parties at this Conference will be the United States and Canada; the nominal parties, the United States and Great Britain.

Strictly speaking, Canada has no International Status, notwithstanding her importance at Washington and at Paris. Foreign governments may informally treat with her representatives, and may, in fact, recognize the power of her Parliament within the Empire in all that concerns her; but Foreign Governments understand that Canada, as a Nation, has indeed no existence, no responsibility. The British Parliament, with the British Crown, represents the Sovereign Majesty of the Empire.

Canadian Ministers do not advise the Crown direct. They deal with a limited agent of Her Majesty, and Her Majesty acts upon the advice of her immediate Ministers responsible only to the British Parliament.

As the Lords of the Judicial Committee in Hill *v.* Bigg say:

> "If it be said that the Governor of a Colony is quasi Sovereign, the answer is that he does not ever represent the Sovereign generally, having only functions delegated to him by the terms of his Commission, and being only the officer to execute the specific powers with which that Commission clothes him."

Perhaps the best illustration of the National dependence of Canada and of the absence of any International Status is the rough handling too often accorded to meritorious grievances of those of Her Majesty's subjects who are domiciled in this part of the Empire. The case of the "Araunah," for instance, arose some years ago. Far from any territorial jurisdiction, this vessel, owned in British Columbia, was seized by Russia. The most complete evidence of the unlawful seizures reached the hands of the Foreign Office and of Great Britain's Ambassador at St. Petersburg, when suddenly Her Majesty's Government announced the withdrawal of the claim. The Canadian Government insisted so far as it could on the claim being pressed, but there were no means left for her to act when Lord Salisbury said "No." And Canada cannot call his Lordship to account!

There is the case of the "Coquitlam," ruthlessly seized when 12 miles from land for an alleged breach of the U.S. Revenue Laws. Years have passed. The owners have gone through the courts of the United States as defendants at the suit of the U.S. Government, at great cost and charges, to obtain a judgment in their favour.

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They had appealed to England through the Canadian Government; but to-day they stand fleeced by the unlawful action of U:S. officers, with no redress for loss, costs and damages.

The Canadian Government could only speak through England in this as in the other case.

In such cases as these, and unfortunately there are more, something must be done lest the situation grows intolerable. State reasons may sometimes require us to sacrifice our interests for the National good, but I have yet to learn that an English Government has dared to surrender such claims arising in the case of a ship registered and owned in the constituency of a member of the Imperial Parliament.

The Colonial Office and the Foreign Office can pigeon-hole claims from the Colonies. A different treatment would be meted out were we able to "beard" the Government on the floor of the House. The leaders of British Columbia have for years been as toads under the harrow for the sake of preserving peace between England and America. Their rights have been indicated by a High Court of Arbitration, to be in large part whittled down by the diplomacy of London and Washington.

It is not too much to charge that a handful of men on these Western waters have been made to bear a large part of the cost of preserving peaceful relations between England and America.

In all of this Canada could but protest. That this was done an examination of the Fisheries Blue Book will show. Yet on this subject but half the truth can be known, since, under existing rules and relations with Downing Street, let the Canadian Government protest ever so emphatically, it is only by the will of the Right Honourable the Colonial Secretary that the Canadian Government is permitted to inform the representatives of the Canadian people in Parliament assembled of the nature and contents of the protest.

If we have not reached in our system, developing as it is, that condition where we enjoy the presidency of a Viceroy, there is much to be accomplished before Canada can even claim a direct International status. Indeed, the case of Shortis shows how much we remain yet in a state of tutelage in certain phases of nationality and self-government. The Governor-General in that case, under the laws of Canada, had no duty cast upon him to interfere with the due course of law. He was not advised by Ministers responsible to a Canadian Parliament to interfere; but, forsooth, the judgment of a Canadian Court was upset by the *ipse dixit* of a Colonial Minister who thought the Governor-General might act on his own motion. And we were solemnly told a short time ago in the House of Commons that Mr. Chamberlain (*sic*) approved of our "Viceroy's" conduct in June, 1896!

In the case of Copyright, the publishers and authors of London to-day frustrate the declared wishes of the Canadian Parliament.

We may debate about the growing importance of Canada in Imperial councils, we may discuss the question as to whether the Mother Country ought or ought not to concede treaty-making powers to the Government of our Dominion, but there is no room for the discussion of this proposition: that so far as an International status is concerned, England, as in Milton's time, is standing "with all her daughter-lands about her," and to the nations only England speaks for Canada.

Charles Hibbert Tupper.



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'TWERE FOLLY TO BE WISE.

IT was a foolish fancy, and the most unheard-of thing, the staid F. C. Jennings (as he generally signed his name), successful man of business, unmarried and on the shady side of thirty, taking an assumed name. But he did it. It came about in this way:

"I want to get away a while from everything connected with business," he said to himself. "I want to forget it. I've been tied down fifteen years, and it's a pity if I can't get unloosed from it a few weeks. I'm not going in for jaunting nor sight-seeing. Drifting in a boat or holding on to a fishing-rod—that's the hardest work I want to do this summer. And I won't be bothered answering letters."

He leaned back in his chair and glanced through the glass partition into the store—one of the largest in Ottawa—where the clerks were bustling about waiting on the crowds of customers.

"Jim," he said, turning to an elderly man, who came in and sat down, facing him on the other side of the double-roller desk, "I've made up my mind to take a vacation, say three months."

His partner opened his eyes very wide.

"Yes, three months at least," he repeated emphatically. "I'm entitled to it. I haven't had but an occasional day in fifteen years."

"Where are you going?"

"Down Kingston way, I think. There used to be a creek down there when I was a boy—I suppose it's there yet—where there was some fine fishing. It empties into the lake not far from Kingston. I'm going to spend about half the summer on the water. I'll run up to Kingston once in a while, and if anything occurs that renders it positively necessary for you to write to me, address me there. But don't you write unless you have to."

* * * * * *

It was a pretty picture. The house, a dull grey, with verandahs on all sides, stood a little way back, and a green velvety lawn sloped from it down towards the road. A few stately trees threw great cool shadows across the grass, and at one side a flower garden wafted perfume from a hundred nodding blossoms. Behind the house was an orchard of goodly size, the twisted branches and dancing leaves outlined against the blue waters of Lake Ontario.

On the opposite side of the road spread acres of strawberries, from which came the laughter and voices of merry pickers.

F. C. Jennings, wheeling along the path, came to a stop.

"Now this just suits me," he said under his breath. Then he added aloud: "I wonder if it's a go," with which enigmatic words he proceeded to trundle his wheel up the gravel path that led to the front door of the grey house.

He certainly looked ten years younger than when we saw him last sitting in his office, and he felt so too. The sight of a young woman reclining in a hammock on the verandah as he came close to the house and the thought of his errand decided the course he took; the half-formed thought in his office developed, and in a moment, in his mind's eye, he had changed his identity, and instead of being Franklyn Carew Jennings, of the well-known firm of Mason and Jennings, he was simply Frank Carew, a young fellow out for a holiday.

The young woman—she looked about twenty-two or twenty-three—struggled to her feet, smiling as she did so in a way that made him at once take heart of grace.

"I am looking for a boarding place for the summer," he said, "and along here would just suit me."

"I will ask my mother. We have

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never had a boarder. Most people go to the hotels or cottages in the village."

"Both of which places I am anxious to avoid," he explained. "I want rest and quiet. I expect to spend a good part of my time on the water. Tell your mother I will make her as little extra trouble as possible."

She disappeared through the screen door, and he dropped into an easy willow chair. The boom of bees floated on the perfume-laden breeze. It seemed to him that he had reached a green oasis in the dusty desert of his business life. He gave himself up to the charm of it all.

"I hope I won't have to go farther," was his thought.

A woman of about fifty, with a weary face that yet was sweet, came through the doorway, giving him a scrutinizing glance that soon changed to one of satisfaction, as though she liked the appearance of the tall, good-looking, jauntily-dressed young wheelman.

"I believe I'll make an exception in your favour, Mr. Carew," she said, after he had introduced himself, and repeated his assurances of being little trouble. "My son is away for the summer, and it will not seem as lonesome with a young man about the place."

Terms and other matters arranged, Mrs. Richings went in to get dinner. Frank Carew—as we must now call him—took a walk down to the lake, and was gratified to find a fair-sized boat drawn up on the beach, and a very good boathouse close by.

He walked back to the house and to the verandah, as he knew it must be nearly dinner time, and he was getting hungry. The young woman was lolling in a rocking-chair, her fingers engaged at some kind of delicate embroidery work.

"Constance," called her mother, "will you tell Mr. Carew dinner is ready."

The dinner was delicious, and had been prepared by Mrs. Richings alone. No help was kept in the house, "because," Mrs. Richings said, "we prefer to do our own work."

Mr. Richings came in late. He had been superintending the berry-pickers. His thin face lighted with pleasure when he met Mr. Carew.

"I hope you'll enjoy your vacation, sir. I'm thinking of taking one myself before long. The fishing is fine up the creek, they say. When does Jeannette come home, mother?"

"Constance just brought a letter from the office this morning, and she is coming home in a day or two. She was to come the first two weeks in August, but she's changed with some girl that would rather have her vacation in August."

"Just like her," said her father with a queer chuckle.

The whole of the afternoon Frank Carew spent on the water. There were two boats—one a small skiff—and they were never used when Charlie and Jeannette were away, he was told, Constance never going on the water.

He found himself wishing there was no Jeannette coming. He could put up with one girl, when she was so fair to look upon as Constance Richings, and so retiring—she didn't intrude herself upon one at all—but he was afraid Jeannette would be different. She was fond of the lake, they had said, and he would have to ask her to go with him. He had counted upon having a good, quiet time all by himself. It would bother him awfully to have to play the agreeable to a girl. He wasn't used to them taken singly. He had always considered them from a distance, in groups—the girls that stood behind the counters in Mason & Jennings'—the girls he met in society.

Two days afterward she came. He had thought Constance a most beautiful girl, with her wide-open blue eyes, cherry-red lips and tawny gold hair drawn high in a coronal above her winsome face. But this other, this Jeannette—nothing could equal her beauty he was sure of that. Her eyes were a violet blue under black lashes and arching brows, and her hair—in the shadow it was brown, in the sunlight it was glinted with red. She was slender and rather short. Her features were not

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regular, but no one noticed that, because the colouring and expression were incomparable.

All this Frank Carew thought, and more too. He began to wear his eyeglasses all the time. He had never before worn glasses excepting in the office. He began to wonder if Jeannette would go with him on the lake. The solitary boat rides had lost all their charm. But he learned to his dismay that Jeannette's strong point when at home was helping her mother. He never saw her at breakfast. She was always churning or preserving fruit, having had her breakfast long before. At dinner-time she took her father's place superintending the pickers. At supper-time it was something else.

He became interested, and ended before a week had passed by being deeply in love with her. It was his own fault —he hadn't had the least bit of encouragement. She had rather seemed to avoid him. He didn't understand that. He hadn't noticed the strange flash in her eyes and the slight start when her mother had introduced him to her. He hadn't begun to wear his glasses then.

He began to linger about the house, and watch for a chance to see her. He seemed so restless and anxious that Constance tried her utmost to make things pleasant for him. She brought out her embroidery and sat down on a rustic chair near by where he had thrown himself on the grass one day after dinner. He watched her shapely fingers plying the needle laden with delicate silks; but his thoughts were in the kitchen, where he could hear the steady clatter of the churn. He was trying to imagine Jeannette with her white arms gleaming as she kept the dasher going in rhythmic time to the old ballad she was singing. Constance was talking to him. He tried to be attentive and courteous, but the effort was exhausting. He almost decided in desperation to go to Kingston for a few days.

"I cannot stand another week of this," he thought.

He changed his mind the next morning about going away. At the breakfast table Mrs. Richings met him with her sweet, weary face set and white.

"I'm alarmed about Jeannette," she said. "She went out about five o'clock in the skiff for a row, and it's nearly eight now. I can't see her the whole length of the shore."

"I'll find her," exclaimed Carew, springing out of the door with a bound. He pushed the larger boat out into the water. The breeze was brisk and in his favour, and the jib alone sent the boat dancing along swiftly. He kept as close in shore as he dared, scanning the banks carefully. One mile, two miles, then a turn—and he saw her. She was sitting down a few yards from the shore, looking white and faint.

"I slipped on a stone," she explained, "and I guess my ankle is sprained. Anyway, it hurts so I cannot stand up. I have tried to twice, but the pain was unbearable."

"I wanted these flowers," she continued, holding up a spray of dark red lily-shaped blossoms.

"They are not nearly as handsome as those you have at home."

"I know, but they are different, and they were hard to reach. That was why I wanted them so badly."

He thought he understood.

There was silence for a moment, then he said:

"They are fretting about you at home. Lean on me and I will help you to the boat."

Gently he helped her to the water's edge, then lifted her into the boat. They were at the beach waiting, and her father picked her up and carried her into the house.

For a week he saw a little more of her. She spent most of the time on the verandahs, and Constance sometimes took her place assisting the mother. He made no headway, however, in getting better acquainted with this girl he had set his heart upon whom. She was gentle and friendly, but nothing more.

A dozen times he was on the point of crying out, "Can't you see I love you? You are everything that is lovely and desirable in my eyes"; but the

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words only burned his lips and remained unsaid, for he must not frighten her away. She utterly refused to read the language of his eyes.

The last day of her stay came. She was able to walk about again, and they were busily arranging for her departure on the morrow. The day was a perfect one. He hoped to persuade her to take a sail in the afternoon, but she gave him no chance to ask, as every minute was taken up with preparations for her going.

He came back in the evening from his lonely sail. It was rather warm, and he threw himself down beside a thick hedge that divided the orchard and flower garden. He lay watching the moonlight shining on the water until the soft lapping of the waves lulled him to sleep. Voices close by partially awakened him. He tried to rouse himself completely, but his senses seemed steeped in a dull stupor, and the voices sounded as in a dream.

"You are the strangest girl, Constance, with such opportunities for happiness—boating, bathing, or just resting, looking at the water—instead of wearing out your eyes over that elaborate embroidery."

"You're just like all the city people, Jeannette. They come here and drift around the lake all day, and moon around the shore at night. I don't blame them. They want to get their money's worth, and it's got to last them the rest of the year. You always *did* like the water, though, while I've always had a dread of it. If I go out boating I'm afraid of getting upset. Of course you never think of that—you can swim. When it comes to being strange, Jeannette, I don't think you need to say much. You might be satisfied with less, and stay here with us."

"Oh, no; every dollar I save looks so big to me!" exclaimed Jeannette fervidly.

"What an avaricious little wretch she is," thought Frank Carew, rousing himself, and wondering when they would be going on.

"I wished I liked going out on the lake," said Constance, after a pause.

"Mr. Carew has asked me to go with him several times, and I would like to go to please him—he is so nice."

"I think he would be a good deal nicer if he was not so conceited."

They were moving away now.

"You little rogue," exclaimed Frank Carew, and shaking his fist at Jeannette's retreating figure. "You're a little jealous of your sister, I see."

The next morning her father drove her to the station. Close after them came Carew with an immense bunch of her mother's choicest flowers. She had said at breakfast she wished there was time to gather some.

"For you," was all he said, and her smile, he thought, repaid him a thousand-fold for all his trouble.

He was uneasy and restless all the rest of the day. He sailed around in his boat awhile, then back to the house. He would find out where she had gone. No, he wouldn't either. She had never mentioned it. Most likely to interest him and draw him on. That was the way with girls. They would tease a man and lead him on only to fall in his arms at last. All the heroines in the books did that. But was Jeannette a book girl? He was not sure about that.

Anyway, he would go back to his work, and try to forget her for awhile. If he seemed to drop out of her life for a time she might regret her coldness. He absolutely refused to recognize the truth that she had dropped out of his life.

.

It was F. C. Jennings; there was no mistaking him—he had put his ten years on again with that worried wrinkle between his eyes—who came through the front door of the store soon after it was opened one morning. There was a what's-up-now glance exchanged between two or three of the clerks. He generally came in from the other street where the offices fronted.

He needed some gloves—he had lost a pair that last day on the lake—and he thought to get them early before the morning crowds besieged the counters. He had to inquire the way to the glove

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counter. The floor-walker rapped sharply, and called "Gloves here." Two or three young women were dusting the boxes on the shelves. The nearest one turned around and took a step forward.

"Mr. Jennings!" she exclaimed in surprise, and the boxes slipped from her fingers and rattled down to the floor.

It was Jeannette. He had his eyeglasses on the better to see the gloves.

"Is it possible you belong here?" he cried. "Have you been here long—were you here before I went away?"

His questions came in a breezy rush.

"I have been in your store five years, Mr. Jennings."

"Then you recognized me at your home?"

"You were Mr. Carew there. I tried to convince myself I was mistaken."

"It was just a sudden notion," he said in a matter-of-fact tone, as if it was the most ordinary thing in the world to have done. "I wanted to put my business cares behind my back for a short time."

Two women came along just then.

"Where's them cotton gloves, two for a quarter?" inquired one.

Jeannette reached for the box, and both women began to ply her with questions: "Will they wear good?" "Won't they fade?" "Are these the cheapest you have?" etc.

Annoyed that the women had not gone on to where the other girls were gossiping over their dusting, and utterly forgetting his intended purchase, Mr. Jennings went on to the office.

"I thought you were going to be gone three months, and you've not been gone three weeks," was the greeting of Mr. Mason when he came in an hour later.

"I've had about all the rest I want just now. It's best for me in small doses."

He came through the front door every morning and noon now. It meant a walk around the block to do it, but he didn't mind that. He bought a pair of gloves every two or three days. When it came to the seventh or eighth pair, Jeannette felt it necessary to remonstrate.

"You are getting recklessly extravagant," said she, glancing up with a mischievous light shining in her dusky eyes.

"Your gloves don't seem to wear very well," he said feebly.

"A size larger would probably wear better," she retorted.

At last the chance he waited for came. He overtook her going from the store on a quiet street one evening, and walked along beside her.

"Jeannette," he began, "it is the greatest mystery to me how you can drudge away the summer days behind that counter when you might be revelling among the fruits and flowers of your father's farm".

"I will tell you everything," she said with a sudden uplifting of the flower-like face. "Then you will understand."

"Father is prosperous, as things go. 'He might set his girls up well,' as we country folks say, but he is a little near. You look puzzled. Don't you know what that means? Well, a girl hates to call her father stingy. He is the best father in the world, only he is *close*. In order to have the money I need for a certain purpose I've been standing behind that counter five years."

His eyes softened with sympathy. He started to speak, but she hurried on:

"A friend of mine" (how lovingly her voice lingered on that word) "is studying at the Agricultural College at Guelph. His father, a neighbour of ours, is poor. George has saved enough to buy a few acres near Kingston. I am saving enough to stock our little farm, and we expect to be married in the fall."

What he muttered in reply, and how he left her, he never knew. He felt as though something had shrivelled up inside. He wondered if it was his soul and if it ever would expand again.

"Why should I have been so attracted to her when there was no

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counter attraction to draw her to me?" he bitterly asked himself.

"'Tis the way of the world," came the mocking answer to his thought.

What a mistake he had made. He had thought her a man's girl; one of the kind that is shy and dignified till the man that loves her tells her so—and, of course, he had thought he was that man—then the girl's heart awakes, and she knows she has loved him all the time. No, she had not loved *him* all the time. That was very plain now. She hadn't cared two straws for him. She had been working, and planning and saving to buy a cow and chickens and pigs.

He shuddered.

Then the picture came up before him of another face—far lovelier. Oh yes, Constance was far the best looking—so tall and queenly—and she had been tender and sweet. Ah, how blind he had been. Yet perhaps it was not too late. Her soft eyes and sweet lips might mean a salve to his wound. Yet it might be as well to wait awhile.

He went down to the office the next morning and tried to work. It was impossible. He threw the letters in a heap on the desk

He called for a time-table and looked through it in feverish haste. The train he wanted started within an hour. "I'm off to take another dose of my vacation," he scribbled on a piece of paper, and pushed it over to his partner's side of the desk. He hurried to his boarding-house to pack his grip.

Constance was sitting under the trees as he wheeled up to the gate. She was leaning listlessly back in her chair, a dainty piece of embroidery slipping from her hands.

An enchanting smile lighted her face when she saw him.

"I knew you would come back," she cried.

"And you are glad," he said, and he took her hands in his.

"*Glad!*" she echoed, and the rapture of her voice satisfied him.

A day or two later the following letter reached Jeannette.

"Dear Sister:

"Mr. Jennings is here. I was not surprised at his return. We will be married in October when George and you are. I wanted him to wait until spring, but he wouldn't listen to it. He is so impetuous, but I can excuse it. Although he is thirty-five, he has never been engaged to be married before. And to think you knew who he was and did not tell me.

"I have finished that set of doilies. Now I can give a violet tea when I am Mrs. Franklyn Carew Jennings."

Jeannette folded the letter with a somewhat sardonic smile.

"Such blissful ignorance!" said she under her breath.

* * * * *

Constance made a great social success. Her husband is very proud of her.

"She is much more suitable for the position my wife holds in society than her sister would have been," he thinks.

And she—she believes he loved her all the time. He has never told her different, and he is right. In her case "'Twere Folly to be Wise."

Eva Rice Moore.



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KING STREET, KINGSTON, JAMAICA—ON CHRISTMAS MORNING.

JAMAICA PAST AND PRESENT.

UNTIL comparatively recent years, Jamaica, the Queen of the West Indian Islands, has had little if any interest for the world at large except from a purely commercial point of view. Certainly its slave question and the agitation to recompense the planters attracted attention at one time, but for the bulk of English-speaking mankind it is simply a place or kind of machine into which you empty planters and "niggers" at one end, and draw out rum, sugar, and molasses at the other. To hundreds of thousands, indeed, Jamaica would never have been known but for the name being imprinted on innumerable rum bottles, and for the fact that the majority of bananas and cocoa-nuts, that yearly flood our markets, come from the Island of Jamaica.

At the beginning of the seventeenth century, when well in the hands of the English, most of the Spanish inhabitants forsook the island and betook themselves to Cuba; the greater number of African slaves, of whom the Spanish were said to possess 1,500, fled from the plantations and took up their abode in the mountains. There they existed in a wild state of freedom, living by plunder and theft, and were known by the name of "Maroons." For some time they greatly harassed the English, making sudden unexpected raids upon them, killing, murdering, and stealing, and then retreating to their mountain caves, before the English had time to sally out and cut them off.

In the latter part of the year 1656, however, their leader, a famous negro

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by the name of Juan de Bolas, seeing that all hope of succour was at an end, on account of the final overthrow of the Spaniards, surrendered to the English on terms of pardon and freedom. But as many of them refused to leave their mountain resorts, and continued to live in the same manner as before, by the advent of the year 1736 they had again grown so formidable as to be a terror to the whole island.

All attempts to subdue them having failed, and both parties having grown weary of the conflict, in 1738 a peace was again attained, by virtue of which perfect freedom was assured them and certain parts of the island assigned them to cultivate. For fifty years they continued to live peaceably, and even to this day some are to be met with amongst the caves in the heights of the mountains. Their appearance was striking; they were tall, broad-shouldered, muscular men, with a keen eye and a great acuteness of hearing.

But the old days have passed away, and with them many an old story and legend of great interest, and Jamaica is now a quiet, peaceable country, under good laws and excellent government, while the inhabitants, a civilized, happy people, rejoice under English rule and perfect freedom. In spite of the Christianizing influence and ruling power of the white man, many curious old customs and superstitions still linger amongst the natives and negroes.



A COCOA-NUT PALM.

The stragetic value of Jamaica is very great, and when the two great oceans are connected by the Panama Canal (as they are in all probability almost certain soon to be), the value of the island will be increased an hundredfold to what it is at present, lying as it is directly en route between Central America, South America, Canada and the United States. Captain Mahan, the well-known American author, in an article on the West Indies, in a late number of the "Harper's Magazine," says: "With such advantages of situation, and with a harbour susceptible of satisfactory developments as a naval station for a great fleet, Jamaica is certainly the most important single position in the Caribbean Sea."

At Christmas time, managing to get a few days holiday, I made a trip across the island, to see what was to be seen, and to look into as well as I could the customs, habits, and superstitions of the ancient negroes, coolies, and creoles. We—that is, my friend and I—arrived at our destination at a late hour Christmas Eve, and as we were dead-beat after our thirty mile drive, after a few "Xmas Eve cocktails," we were only too glad to "tumble in" at once. It was early morning when I awoke, and leaning on my window-sill I watched the sun come up, while I tried to realize that it was really Christmas Day—the day of all days that one thinks of home and loved ones, of family gatherings, and cheerful home circles. As the sun sprang above the horizon the clouds of mist arose from the surrounding hills, disclosing picturesque, roughly-built stone cottages perched on their summits. Above, a winding road through bright foliage led up to the walls of a ruined church.

Not many days before, I had read in one of the papers of this very

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ancient church, and so being curious, we that afternoon climbed the zig-zag path to the ruins. After a fifteen minutes' climb, we came to a hole in the broken wall, through which we clambered into the long trampled guinea-grass beyond. Through this we tramped till we came to a little cluster of ancient storm-blackened tombs. As we gazed upon their solid masonry and brickwork, we thought of the curious old negro superstition that causes them to cover over the graves of the dead with brick and stonework, so as to guard and keep within the grave the spirit, or "duppy," of the dead person; for the negroes believe that the dead person leaves behind a freed spirit, or "duppy," that will terrorize the neighbourhood, unless the most careful precautions are taken at the beginning to keep the offensive sprite within bounds.



A SILK-COTTON TREE.

They—the tombs—to the number of thirty or more, lay in even rows on either side of what had once been a carefully kept gravel walk, which ran about the walls of the ruined church. In place of a grassy mound of earth and sod over each resting-place, there was built up to about two feet above the level of the ground a solid brick, long-shaped tomb, with a marble slab let in on the surface, on which was inscribed the person's name and age, with all his talents and virtues, as well as the date of his birth and death. Most of them, in fact all of them with one exception, were so eaten away by the ravages of time and decay, that it was almost impossible to depict anything whatever upon their smooth, time-blackened faces. The one exception was that of an elderly man, whose name I could not decipher, but "who passed away to Eternal rest," so read the slab, in the 86th year of his age, in the spring-time of 1699. Just two hundred years ago, and now even the little graveyard itself was crumbling away into dust!

Rank weeds and tall guinea-grass grew in profusion about the graves, and in a few years hence all traces of cemetery, church, and tombs will have disappeared as completely as if they had never been.

Now-a-days all things are changed, and the city laws allow of the burial of no person in the already crowded churchyards, but provide out of town cemeteries and burying-grounds. Of course, in the country it is different, and village churchyards are still the wonder and "sight" of every little wayside town. When a native dies it is the occasion of great grief, mourning and speechmaking, but the old-day custom of the dead man's friends carrying his body on their shoulders to its last resting-place is done away with, and a common every-day hearse is substituted in their place.

Touching on the Ancient Customs and Burials of the Aborigines, Professor Haddon, M.A.D.Sc., in an article in a recent number of the "Jamaica Institute Journal," says:

"It has been suggested by several writers that the human remains met with in the caves in Jamaica are those of Indians who were attempting to escape from the more warlike Carib, or from the cruelties of the discoverers of the island—the Spaniards; that the caves were places of refuge, and that some of the unfortunate natives became immured, and met their death in one way or another. From a consideration of many of the connected circumstances this explanation appears in most cases untenable. Most of the caves

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are of small dimensions, not larger than sufficient to hold a few living persons. Further, the proportions of the bones do not correspond. Compared with the number of lower jaws and other bones, a deficiency of skulls is always evident; while the limb bones do not show a corresponding completion.

"In this connection, it must however be borne in mind that few of the caves are now in their primary conditions as found by the Indians. No indications that the caves ever formed regular places of habitation are presented, and tropical conditions would never necessitate such a cause. All the circumstances seem to warrant the idea that the caves served the Indians as natural ossuaries, or places where the bones of their fellows, perhaps some time after death, were collected and deposited in a common sepulture.

"What historical knowledge of the methods of the burial of the Indian of the West Indies there is supports this view. Writing of those of Hayti, Ling Roth quoting Oviedo, Moralis, and Ferdinand, Columbus states:—'When a "cacique" died two (or more) women were buried with him. Their custom is to place beside each of them in their sepultures a cup of water, and a portion of the fine bread, or cazabi. The best beloved of the King's wives, or concubines, are buried with him. In some cases the "cacique's" body is opened, and dried at the fire, that he may keep whole. Of others they keep only the head, and others they bring into a grotto and lay a calabash of water and bread on his head'

"In his second voyage Columbus states: 'On examining some things which had been very cautiously sewn up in a small basket, we found a man's head wrapped up with great care; this we judged might be the head of a father, or a mother, or of some person whom they much regarded. I have since heard that many were found in the same state, which makes me believe that my first impression was a true one.'"

The negro is very superstitious, and very unwilling to mention his superstitions to a stranger. Notwithstanding his own unshaken belief in them, he feels that to acknowledge them would be to make himself ridiculous in the eyes of the unsympathetic white man. You may be surrounded with "duppies" of the most malevolent sort, but you will never get a word of friendly warning. The "duppy" performs the most monkeyish and impish tricks. The branches of the towering silk-cotton tree, mysteriously clothed with a parasitic growth, are his favourite haunt. A boy was once so reckless as to throw a stone into one of these trees.



A STREET SCENE IN KINGSTON, JAMAICA.

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The stone was hurled back by a "duppy" lurking amongst the branches with such precision that it struck the boy on his side, causing his death two days later.

Illness which is traced to "duppies" is very likely to prove fatal, for not only does the patient relinquish all hope, but friends and relations withhold their aid, for fear of turning the wrath of the vengeful spirit upon themselves. Often at night some poor wretch of a fellow will be so pestered by the pranks of the "duppies" that he cannot sleep, and through the thin partition his neighbours will hear him vainly adjuring his tormentors to leave him in peace.

The Obi man, who was once such a menace to the white people, is now almost unknown, as those who even as yet do practice this lucrative art are, on account of the strict laws against it, obliged to be very guarded in their dealings with the people. They act the part of the doctor, the fortune-teller, the wizard, something in the style of the witches of the olden days, and are supposed (by the negroes) to make wondrous cures and foresights. They will for a certain sum of money (generally as much as they can get) drive away the malevolent "duppies" which haunt the tormented man, and restore him to health and happiness to his rejoicing friends and family. But the fact that the Obi man's powers do not succeed with the white man has finally induced the negroes to believe that the white man's Obi is more powerful than the black man's, and the latter is gradually dying out of favour and existence with the advent of civilization.

Also, the customs of the old days of slavery are slowly dying out of existence. One, which I read a few days ago, is well worthy of repeating, as it was a very curious old superstition. It seems that when a negro died, his body was carried round and set down before the door of those with whom he had quarrelled, that they might forgive him before he was laid in his last resting-place. Perhaps the dead slave had offended his master. Then the funeral procession stopped before the door of the master's dwelling, the coffin was put down, and one of the mourners went in and stood before the master.

"Well," inquired the master, "what do you want?"

"Sambo dead, massa."

"Well, go and bury him."

"Him can't be buried, massa, till you forgive him."

Then the master went out to the coffin, and rapping three times on it said: "I forgive you, Sambo."

The bearers then picked up the coffin, and lifting it again to their shoulders, passed on with it.

The native girls are (most of them) quite pretty, and most of them—I may safely say all of them—are exceedingly graceful. Accustomed from almost their infancy to carry heavy weights upon their heads, they have grown up tall and straight, with divinely graceful figures, and a manner of walking that one must see to understand. There are all kinds and all colours, from the pure-blooded African native to the almost fair creole, showing only faint traces of the darker blood. Some are dainty and slim, blondes and brunettes; others are short, plump and brown, dressed gaily in some many-coloured garment, and wearing a prodigious display of cheap, showy jewellery and trinkets, which set off to the best advantage their rich, dark complexions. Some of these ever-smiling brown and olive "fairies" are often more attractive than their fairer sisters. Their full lips have winsome curves, and their little white teeth give a coquettish touch to their merry smile.

One decree of civilization which the native girl refuses to adopt is the wearing of shoes and stockings. Her dress must be trim and neat, stiffly starched and smoothly ironed; her hat must be bright and gay with some impossible colours, but her feet are usually bare.

The ancient blood of the fighting African warriors has passed away from the men into the veins of the women, and at the present time the men are

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JAMAICA—THE HOME OF THE BANANA.

lazy and indolent, and the women do all the work. It is she who, with fifty pounds poised upon her head, walks twenty miles to town and market twice a week. It is the women who do the field work, the sugar-cane cutting, the banana picking and loading, and it was only one day last week that when passing through the town I came upon a gang of women busily engaged in pulling down an old stone building.

The ignorance of the men is surprisingly great, and in their ideas they are but children, and I think that I am safe in saying that a white child of twelve years of age knows more than a full grown black does.

In illustration of this point I may cite an example. I asked a black sailor, who in jersey and white—once white—ducks stood one day on the wharf smoking, "if he had travelled much."

"Oh, yes sah," he said, "I'se trabbeled all ober de wurld in de beg ship."

"Well, John," said I (I always call them John when I don't know their names), "I suppose you've been in the Greater Antilles?"

"No, sah, I hasn't been dere yet, sah."

"Well then, John, I have no doubt that you've been in the West Indies?"

"No, sah, I'se hasn't done got dat far yet, sah, but I s'pects to do dere soon, sah."

A brown man of rather a more educated look, who was standing by and who had evidently overheard our conversation, could stand this display of ignorance no longer, and burst in with:

"Where yo' is now yo' fool? Ain't yo' in de West Indies? Ain't yo' in the Greater Antilles? Here is West Indies. Here is Greater Antilles. Huh, yo' fool!" and with a smile of disgust at his compatriot's ignorant display, and a little nod to me, he turned on his heel and walked away.

The style of the native huts is decidedly primitive, though very picturesque.

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Nestling close at the foot of the wooded hills, in a tangle of foliage and colour, cluster the small, native villages. Most of the dwellings are but small one-roomed cabins, built of branches and mud plastered down and dried hard in the sun. These are thatched over with a roof of dried branches or guinea-grass. The life is essentially an out-of-door one, and passing by these cabins about the time of the noon-day or evening meal one has a full view of the cooking, often superintended over by an aged crone, done in broad daylight, under the pleasant shade of some spreading bread-fruit or plantain tree. All about lie the family waiting the completion of the meal, while the half-starved dogs, pigs, goats and hens quarrel over sundry morsels and prowl about at will, inside and outside the cabins. In any country but the tropics it would be a common, vulgar scene. Dirt and disorder everywhere abound, but amid such foilage, such a bloom or colour and brightness as is about, the dirt and disorder disappear and leave but the picturesque behind.

And so with the setting of the sun we will leave them, for as the sun goes down and darkness spreads her nightly mantle over the land the malignant "duppies" come forth, and for this reason, and perhaps because they cannot afford candles, the natives retire to rest and oblivion almost with the setting of the sun.

Norman S. Rankin.

KINGSTON, JAMAICA, Feby 20th, 1898.



JAMAICA— NATIVE CANE-CUTTERS.

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CARNATIONS.

With Illustrations by Tom Wilkinson.

"THERE is Connie Hall's dance to-night," said Violet. "I accepted, you know. You agreed that it was really impossible for us to refuse, Jack."

Mr. Brown passed his cup for more coffee. "I suppose her brother will be there, after all," he said, unpleasantly. "He's back in town, you know."

"Is he?" said Violet, sending the freighted cup back to port, and ignoring the peculiar emphasis upon the "you know."

Mr. Brown shuffled his slippered feet. "I don't care about your dancing with him, Violet," he remarked, assiduously stirring his coffee, and keeping a steadfast gaze upon the circumrotary movement of that turbid little eddy.

"Don't be absurd, dear," said Violet. "You know I couldn't be rude." Mr. Brown, looking up, saw his pretty wife smiling.

"There's Society's iron hand in its velvet glove for you! We have to go to an affair that we don't want to go to—at least, that I don't care about going to—and I have to see you dancing with a fellow I abominate!"

"It's very foolish, your being so absurdly jealous," said Violet, calmly, "considering that I refused him for you."

"He's as mad after you as ever! I think that is reason enough for me to ——"

"How do you know?" said Violet. Then they looked at each other, and Mr. Brown smiled, as if against his will.

"Of course, if you don't think you can trust me," said Violet, with quiet dignity, "we will not go. On the whole, Jack, I do not think I care to go." And she rose, looking pink and pretty in the unaffected guise of offended wifeship.

"Don't be silly, Vi," said her husband. "Of course we'll go. I know Dick's not a bad fellow, but....there! Hang it! I'll not say another word about him! Now, what can I do for you in town?"

"You can mail these letters for me. And I shall want some flowers. Let me see!....Roses? No. Some carnations; some red, and some white, and some pink! What would you like me to wear, my pink and white moire, or my white satin?"

Mr. Brown thought, aloud, that his wife would look perfectly charming in either; and he promised to mail the letters, and to order the flowers and the cab; and to be home to dinner at six-thirty, sharp, as a dutiful young husband, three months wedded, should; and so departed, while his wife at the drawing-room window watched his well-dressed, receding figure, and ingenuously wondered that the self-same feminine art which could turn one man's smile into a thundercloud should with equal facility transpose the choleric mood of another into complete and perfect good-humour.

At that post-meridian but indefinite period known as lunch hour, Mr. Brown remembered that he had forgotten to order the flowers for his wife. Then, with a mild and transient sensation of self-reproach, he realized that he had forgotten altogether the kind of flowers he had promised to send home. He smiled at this evidence of early marital dereliction; but, of course, the sight of the desired flowers would refresh his memory, and suggest their own name to his mind. So he went into a florist's.

He looked about, but saw nothing that stimulated the faculty of recollection into recalling his wife's wishes. The clerk gazed expectantly at him over the counter.

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"I don't care about your dancing with him.'

"What have you got in the way of cut flowers?" said Brown at last, feeling that he must have the appearance of being somewhat in harmony with the prevailing colour of the shop.

The clerk said they had nothing but roses at the moment, and produced a tray of them; but added that they could supply anything that was in season, if Mr. Brown cared to leave an order.

"No, it was not roses," Mr. Brown said musingly, and aloud. Violet had mentioned roses, but.... So he asked the clerk to name the sorts of flowers in season; and at that moment someone touched him on the arm.

"Hello!" said a voice he knew; and a hand was held out. It was Dick Leigh. "What's the difficulty?" said Mr. Leigh. "Have I bought them all up?"

"Have you bought all what up?" said Brown, feeling his way.

"Why, the flowers of the sort you want," said the other. "You are going to Connie's dance to-night, I suppose? Connie commissioned me to buy the flowers, you know; and I have had to go to three shops to get the quantity she wants, though, of course, if she hadn't wanted so many carnations....Hullo! Then you are after carnations, too!"

"You didn't mention carnations, sir," said the florist's clerk, and instantly withered into silence at the thunderous look Mr. Brown gave him. It left the clerk more in the dark than before, so that there may have been a little lightning in Mr. Brown's glance; but it is possible that Mr. Richard Leigh was not lacking in astuteness, for he smiled—to himself.

"I'll look in later," said Brown, anxious to get away. Was it possible that beggar Leigh understood that he had forgotten what Violet had asked him to order? But Mr. Leigh was in a congenial mood, and refused to be shaken.

"Come and have lunch with me," he said, as together they left the shop, the affronted clerk frowning at the unoffending back of Brown. "I know you haven't lunched yet, because you're

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in such capital humour!" Mr. Brown would have liked to refuse, and was endeavouring to articulate a little lie about an engagement at the office.... a splendid risk....a large premium when they were met by two capital fellows, intimate acquaintances of both, one of whom suggested that they should all go and have a drink. So they took that broad and glittering path; and Mr. Brown took the opportunity, while his favourite cocktail was being mixed, to write the word "carnations" in the memoranda pages of his pocket-book. Then, of course, there were more cocktails; and the end of that little chapter, and the beginning of the story proper, or improper, was that these four young gentlemen lunched together, and had wine, and made merry, and drowned the cares of office, or office cares, and vowed, without a dissentient murmur, that after all the world was a jolly old place to live in, now and then.

And between the period during which the aforesaid averment stamped itself in the form of conviction upon the impressionable mind of Mr. Brown, and the period of the latter part of this story, several hours are supposed to have elapsed.

Mr. Brown, standing at a corner, a parcel under his arm, had a vague idea that the evening was like the contents of his pocket-book, far spent. He looked at his watch by the electric light, and after a full minute's inspection of that timepiece discovered that it was not his own timepiece at all, i.e., the one which had been his earlier in the day; but one, which, as far as he could remember, he had never seen before. He remembered, dimly, Dick Leigh insisted on his "bracing up," with a view to going home, and how he had eventually broken from the mentorial comradeship of that gentleman, and joined another set, who were not at all loth that he should spend his money upon them. He remembered, vaguely, of course, having subsequently been in rather questionable company, and in a little card game; and though his reasoning faculties were not in a condition to deal very logically with propositions in analogy, he connected that little card game with a transaction which he surmised must have taken place and resulted in the exchange, to which he had no doubt dumb-



"Mr. Brown would have liked to refuse.

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ly consented, of his gold timepiece for the time-worn nickel-plated chronometer which now reposed in his pocket.

He did not know what material the parcel which he was carrying contained. It could not be anything *very* material, he concluded, since it was very light; but the impression forced itself through the maze of his fuddled understanding into the light of distinct recollection that he had been carrying this parcel with exceeding great care and faithful persistency through the adventurous incidents and perils of the day; and he cunningly reflected that it was really a miracle that the parcel had come through with him.

Well, he would go home! So he called a cab and surlily wondered why the cabman grinned; and as, with a slightly uncertain step, he proceeded to get into the cab, he very properly resented the cabman's unsolicited assistance to that end.

The lights and a stream of people flowed by, and Mr. Brown, huddled in a corner, reflected that Violet, three months a wife, would be displeased and disquieted. Perhaps it would not be best for him to go home for an hour or so. Mr. Brown's senses were returning, one by one, like lost sheep to the fold, rather the worse for wear, but the majority of them serviceable in such a crisis as the present. He had the sense of taste—very bad, and much the worse for wear—and—"tear"; the sense of sight, a little blurred; the sense of hearing, dully; the sense of touch, that he had been "touched"; and he had the sense of smell. In spite of tobacco, he could detect a strange, sweet perfume in the closed vehicle.

"Perhaps some ladies have just been driven to a ball," he suggested, orally, for the select benefit of his own hearing; and then, like a spark struck in the dark, flashed the recollection of his appointment with his wife for Mrs. Hall's dance.

Mail letters—they were still in his pocket; order flowers—they must be in the box he had been carrying; order cab, and be home by six-thirty—he was in the cab, and the city hall clock was striking eleven.

But it is at the eleventh hour that the anæsthetized conscience re-asserts itself. Mr. Brown shrank into his corner, and in doing so crushed the parcel there. He opened it now, and in the intermittent light of the street perceived that it was a cardboard box, such as florists use. It was empty, save for a few bits of smilax and a half-withered bud, that, like himself, seemed to have shrunk into a corner.

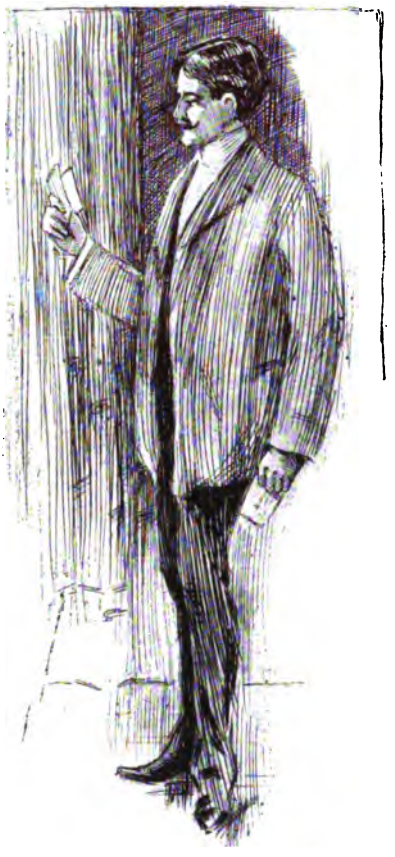
But, perhaps, Violet, thinking he had been unavoidably detained on business, had gone on to the party alone; yet he could not long cling to that poor straw. What of the flowers, that apparently he had bought with the intention—which he could not now recall—of taking them to Violet himself? What of the sleigh which, through his neglect, could not have arrived? Why had he not taken that beggar Leigh's advice, and been persuaded into the sensible course of regeneration not at the eleventh hour? If he had done that, he would now be at the dance with his wife, and, possibly, enjoying himself at a perfectly square little card game in the smoking-room. At all events, his head would not be aching.

He had acted contemptibly toward his sweet, beautiful, and, alas! trusting little wife. He, but three months wedded, to have carelessly forgotten his promises, to have broken his word and appointment with the one being in the world who really cared for him! It was base, execrable, unforgivable; and he upbraided himself with all the censuring adjectives of his limited vocabulary.

Once before, yea, even within that brief period of marital relationship, he he had offended, though less heavily, in like manner; and had cried *peccavi!* and been tearfully forgiven. He felt how Violet would look upon this further transgression, and he shuddered. For he had forgotten his promises, had forgotten her, had forgotten himself, and had broken his word—yea, even doubly.

Poor little Violet! He could pic-

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Mr. Brown reads the letter.

ture that little crushed flower as he would find her; possibly still in her pretty evening gown; disconsolate, half-broken hearted, perhaps in tears, her head upon her fair, round arms.—Well, he must face the ordeal! But he had made up his mind, finally, irrevocably. He would never transgress again.

The cab came to a standstill. The driver jumped down and opened the door. Mr. Brown was at home.

He did not feel so, as he tried the door and then let himself in with his latch-key. Poor Violet! The servants were out, or in bed, no doubt, and his wife, lonely and fearful of burglarious intrusion, had sprung the latch.

A light burned in the hall, and he saw himself in the mirror. He uttered an oath, and snatched the hat from his head. Through the band, garlanded, had been stuck a number of flowers, some red, and some white, and some pink; and these had been frost-nipped, and were half-withered and drooped disconsolately. They were, or had been, carnations. They suggested their own name now. No wonder the cabman had smiled, and that he had thought some ladies had "just been driven to a ball," because the cab smelled so faintly, strangely sweet. And there were more withered flowers in the various button-holes of his coat. He had not noticed them until now, when the mirror introduced them.

Violet had not heard him come in. That was fortunate. He stuffed the unfortunate but offending flowers into his pockets, and, hatless, went quietly up the broad staircase. The house seemed very still, and an undefinable sense of foreboding came upon him. His wife's rooms were in darkness; but in his own dressing-room the electric light was burning, and his glance fell upon a note placed upright upon his dressing-case. It was addressed to him. He clutched at it and ran a trembling finger through the envelope. The note read:

9 p.m.

DEAR JACK:

Dick Leigh has just come, and tells me that you have been "unavoidably detained on business"—but a very paying business, he says—a splendid risk—a large premium—and that you have asked him to take me to Connie's, as you may be very late. I think you might have written me a note, but I suppose you were too busy with that splendid risk! I am glad you are so sensible as to be friends with Dick, and that you lunched together. You can't tell how pleased I am! If you get home in time, and are not too tired, dear, come on to Connie's, and I will keep a waltz for you.

VIOLET.

P.S.—Thanks for the carnations which Dick has brought from you. They are beauties!

Charles Gordon Rogers.

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THE CHAMPLAIN MONUMENT.

"A world of perfect chrysolite, a pure and noble heart."

THE ceremony of unveiling the monument which posterity has erected to perpetuate the glory of Samuel de Champlain, Founder of Quebec, is to take place on the fifteenth day of the present month. The zeal with which the project has been carried out by the citizens is evidence of their appreciation of the magnificent heritage bequeathed to them by the illustrious Frenchman.

It is becoming that this monument should adorn the quaint city, and reveal to the world the image of a man whose life would have adorned any age, or any country; but if no monument existed, the fame of the Founder would not suffer, for the glory of Champlain is as imperishable as the rock upon which he built his city.

The site chosen is particularly appropriate; first, because it is consecrated to his memory as being the place of his death, and in the vicinity of his tomb; secondly, because it is within the area of Champlain's Fort—the scene of so many of the stirring events of his life; and, thirdly, because it is the most commanding position in the city.

The artists, Mr. Chevré, sculptor, and Mr. Le Cardonnel, architect, of Paris, have successfully carried out their designs. Champlain is represented standing on the rock of Quebec, saluting the new country on his arrival from France. In his left hand he holds the commission of Henry IV., to which is attached by a ribbon the great seal of France (le grand sceau de cire jaune) with the three fleurs de lis. The figure is colossal, being fourteen feet nine inches in height; the extreme height of the monument being about fifty feet. The architecture of the pedestal is pure Doric, simple but expressive, and in every respect harmonizes with the character of the Founder.

The feminine figure in high-relief in front of the pedestal represents Quebec, transcribing on the bronze the following words, written by Champlain himself shortly after the foundation of the colony: "Dieu, par sa grâce, fasse prospérer cette enterprise à son honneur, à sa gloire, à la conversion de ces pauvres aveugles, et au bien et honneur de la France." On the right is the genius of Navigation, recalling the fact that Champlain had attained renown as a navigator before he was called to be the Governor of New France. The figure above with outspread wings represents Fame, sounding by trumpet the glories of the immortal Saintongeois, and, in the perspective, the future of the colony is depicted by an outline of the Basilica of Quebec.

The text of the inscription on the pedestal is as follows:

SAMUEL DE CHAMPLAIN

NÉ A BROUAGE EN SAINTONGE, VERS 1567;

SERVIT A L'ARMÉE SOUS HENRY IV.

EN QUALITÉ DE MARÉCHAL DES LOGIS;

EXPLORA LES INDES-OCCIDENTALES DE 1569 A 1601,

L'ACADIE DE 1604 A 1607;

FONDA QUÉBEC EN 1608;

DÉCOUVRIT LE PAYS DES GRANDS LACS;

COMMANDA PLUSIEURS EXPIDITIONS CONTRE LES IROQUOIS,

DE 1609 A 1615;

FUT SUCCESSIVEMENT LIEUTENANT GOUVERNEUR

ET GOVERNEUR DE LA NOUVELLE FRANCE

ET MOURUT A QUÉBEC, LE 25 DÉCEMBRE 1635.

The steps forming the base of the monument are of granite from the quarries of Vosges, and the stone of

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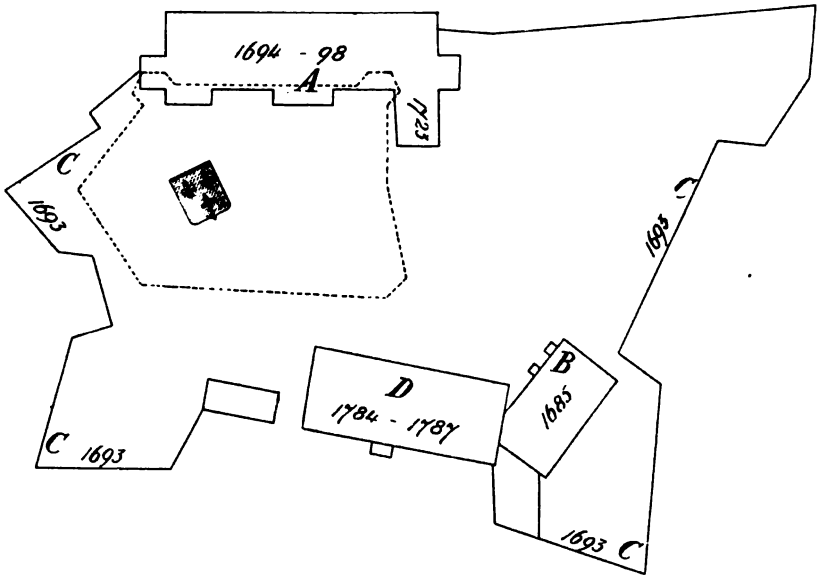
PHOTOGRAPH BY LIVERNOIS, QUEBEC.

THE CHAMPLAIN MONUMENT.

To be Unveiled in Quebec on September 15th.

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LE FORT ET LE CHATEAU SAINT-LOUIS IL Y A CENT ANS (1798)



A Le Château Saint-Louis, reconstruit par Frontenac en 1694-98. Détruit par un incendie en 1834. B Le magasin des poudres, construit par Denonville en 1685. Démoli en 1892. C Les murs de l'enceinte agrandie du fort Saint-Louis, construits par Frontenac en 1693. Dernière portion démolie en 1854. D. Le Château Haldimand, construit en 1784-87. Demoli en 1892. Les lignes pointillées indiquent approximativement le fort Saint-Louis, tel que reconstruit par Champlain in 1626, "selon l'assiette du lieu." Cet écu de la vieille France indique l'endroit où s'élève le monument Champlain, qui doit être inauguré le 15 septembre, 1898.—Prepared by Ernest Gagnon, Quebec.

the pedestal is from the department of the Chateau-Landon, the same as that employed in the construction of the Church of the Sacred Heart at Montmartre.

Among the men who have made history, few were endowed with a more versatile genius than Champlain, and to few has it fallen to exercise a more extensive or permanent influence on a new country. Considering the age in which he lived, his achievements are remarkable, and he appears to have excelled in each role that he essayed.

When quite a young man he was renowned as a navigator, by having made a voyage to the West Indies and Mexico. At the age of about thirty-six, in 1603, he was entrusted by the merchants of Rouen, Dieppe and St. Malo, with a commercial enterprise to Canada. Five years later, in 1608, after having entered the service of his sovereign, Henri IV, we hear of him as the founder of the city of Quebec. The circumstances in which he was placed were favourable to the development of a genius such as his, but no one, without prejudice, would question the wisdom of his choice in the location of this city. As a discoverer, he is distinguished as being the first European who traversed the great lake which bears his name, and he was also the first to navigate the Richelieu, which he thus named in honour of his protector, the great Cardinal.

Of his career as Lieutenant-Governor and Governor of New France it is unnecessary to speak ; this monument may be regarded as a favourable interpretation of his acts. The Treaty of Alliance which he formed with the Algonquins surrounding him may be cited as an instance of his skill as a diplomat. As an author, he is known by his Treatise on Navigation, by the Memoir of his voyage to Mexico, and

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by the History of his transactions in New France.

Of his moral qualities, it has been said that he was brave to the verge of temerity, and would have gone with a single European into the midst of a horde of savage enemies, and, "with all the ardour of an adventurer, he possessed the abnegation of a hero."

The vicissitudes of his career brought him into contact with so many different nationalities and types of character, that he may be said to have reached the limit of human experience. "One day he would draw up plans of political aggrandisement for Henri IV. and Richelieu, another day he would make plans of campaign with the Huron chiefs and the brave Algonquins. He united in the highest degree the faculties of action and reflection and many of his words which have passed into maxims would form a most suitable inscription to place upon his tomb."

But there is another phase of his character of which we should not lose sight. All through his life he was deeply imbued with the faith of his native land, and strong in this faith he fought the battle of life, weaving for his brow an immortal wreath of honour. And he has raised to his glory a more enduring monument than bronze or stone, by bequeathing to posterity the memory of an honest heart.

Of his death on the 25th of December, 1635, Father Paul Lejeune thus writes in the *Relation* of 1636:

"Le vingt-cinquième décembre (1635), jour de la naissance de notre Sauveur en terre, Monsieur de Champlain, notre Gouverneur, prit une nouvelle naissance au ciel; du moins nous pouvons dire que sa mort a été remplie de bénédictions. Je crois que Dieu lui a fait cette faveur en considération des biens qu'il a procurés à la Nouvelle France, où nous espérons qu'un jour Dieu sera aimé et servi de nos Francais, et connu et adoré de nos Sauvages. Il est vrai qu'il avait vécu dans une grande justice et équité, dans une fidélité parfaite envers son Roi et envers Messieurs de la Compagnie; mais à la mort il perfectionna ses vertus avec des sentiments de piété si grands qu'il nous étonna tous. Que ses yeux jetèrent de larmes! Que ses affections pour le service de Dieus' échauffèrent! Quel amour n'avait-il pour les familles d'ici; disant qu'il les fallait secourir puissamment pour le bien du pays, et les soulager en tout ce qu'on pourrait en ces nouveaux commencements, et qu'il le ferait si Dieu lui donnait la santé. Il ne fut pas surpris dans les comptes qu'il devait rendre à Dieu; il avait préparé de longue main une confession générale de toute sa vie, qu'il fit avec une grande douleur au Père Lallemant, qu'il honorait de son amitié; le père le secourut en toute sa maladie, qui fut de deux mois et demi, ne l'abandonnant point jusqu'à la mort. On lui fit un convoi fort honorable, tant de la part du peuple que des soldats, des capitaines et des gens d'église; le Père Lallemant y officia et on me chargea de l'oraison funèbre, où je ne manquai point de sujet. Ceux qu'il a laissés après lui ont occasion de se louer; que s'il est mort hors de France, son nom n'en sera pas moins glorieux à la Postérité."

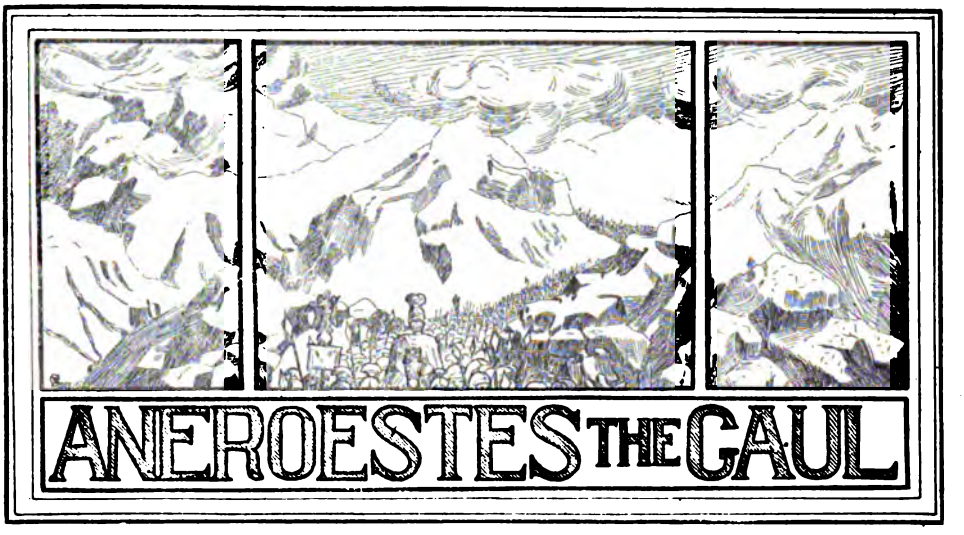
Such are the dominant characteristics of the life of Samuel de Champlain, Founder of Quebec.

"Facta ducis vivent, operosaque gloria rerum.
Haec manet, haec avidos effugit una rogos."

Arthur G. Doughty.



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A Fragment of the Second Punic War.

BY EDGAR MAURICE SMITH.

DIGEST OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS: The story opens in the year B.C. 218, a day or two after Hannibal had crossed the Alps into Gallia Cisalpina (Northern Italy). To arouse his worn and weary soldiers, Hannibal chose two captured Gauls to engage in gladiatorial combat, the prize being freedom, a warhorse and the full equipment of a cavalryman. The winner is one Aneroestes, who, his home having been destroyed by Hannibal's troops, enlists in the Carthaginian cavalry for service in the war against Rome.

CHAPTER IV.—THE ADVANCE ON TAURASIA.

THE liberated mountaineer was joined to the mixed cavalry which was originally composed of Celtiberians and hardy riders from Lusitania. These, however, seemed likely to be outnumbered by the Gauls who daily swelled the ranks. Nevertheless, the recruits were eagerly welcomed, for they brought with them much-needed horses and cattle which Hannibal purchased at high figures.

Aneroestes was received with favour by the soldiers. His gallant struggle with the giant Allobrogian had not only made him famous throughout the army, but it commanded a respect for him somewhat akin to fear. Scarce any, even of the most celebrated, would have cared to encounter the animal wrath of so tenacious a champion. The timid sought to be friendly with him, but he received their advances unmoved. His very silence aroused a nameless terror within them which they but poorly concealed.

Soon he was left to himself.

He took his liberty as a rightful possession and made no display of the joy he felt at its recovery. Some thought him indifferent and marvelled. The more discerning saw in him a man whose bearing but rarely reveals the state of the mind.

Reared amid the cold of the mountains—above the valley of the Isara, near to the sources of dashing torrents—his disposition lacked the geniality that characterized the Celts whose villages nestled in the lower slopes. Strength can alone survive the hardships of the Alpine climate, and among the inhabitants of the heights there were no weaklings. The few that were born always died.

The many ills inflicted upon Aneroestes during his captivity quickly disap-

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peared in the atmosphere of freedom. He still limped slightly, but he nursed this by walking little. When not occupied with his horse he lay about gazing abstractedly towards the mountains. He did not return thither because his section of the Centrones had been annihilated through the fruitless opposition offered the Carthaginian host. Besides, he was flattered by Hannibal's invitation to remain, and the prospects of rich plunder appealed strongly to him. Furthermore, he had in his intercourse with other tribes heard of the autocracy of the Italian Republic and her oppression of the Gauls. This aroused anger in his independent nature. Like his newly-formed companions he was a mercenary soldier, but under the sway of Hannibal's generalship a contagious enthusiasm pervaded all to such a degree as to rival the patriotism of the Romans.

Nine days the army rested in the shadow of the mountains, and at the end of that time the troops had regained the elasticity of step that bounds to victory. The intersecting lines on weather-beaten visages became softened, and projecting bones disappeared beneath the surface of new-made flesh. Unrestrained glee was manifest throughout the camp at the rapid metamorphosis. Wounds healed with renewed spirits, and those who in the beginning had lamented the loudest now made light of their ills.

Then came the order to prepare for war, which all obeyed with alacrity.

On his arrival in Italy Hannibal had been warmly greeted by the Insubres, who gave up their lands to his convenience, and further supplied him with horses for the cavalry as well as an abundance of food — corn, barley, beeves and young sheep sufficient to satisfy the wants of the whole army. His ranks were also recruited by large numbers from this tribe, whose hatred for Rome, combined with their love for plunder, prompted them to such action. And they were warriors of no mean order.

In all this Hannibal was well pleased, but there was war between the Insubres and the Taurini, who dwelt southwest of them as far as the banks of the Padus. This powerful people, after entering into negotiations with the Carthaginian, suddenly refused to treat further and massed their forces in Taurasia. This was their capital city, and being but poorly fortified Hannibal decided to attack it immediately. His army was hardly great enough for such a purpose, but the Insubrian chieftains were only too ready to supply one of their own to act in conjunction with him and under his command.

On the morning of the tenth day after the crossing of the Alps the soldiers buckled on their armour and fell into line. By noon of the next day the enemy's country was entered. As yet no resistance had been met with, though several too-venturesome scouts, falling in with a small detachment of Taurini on the same mission, were dispatched before any aid could reach them. This particularly incensed the newly-enlisted Gauls, who loudly clamoured to be allowed to give chase so that they might avenge their slain comrades. But Hannibal, fearing some ambush, refused to grant the request. In petty rage they cursed him among themselves for his caution.

The country occupied by the Taurini was, in richness and fertility, inferior to none in Italy and possessed all the advantages for agriculture. The inhabitants profited greatly by this, for with little effort they were able to raise abundant crops of corn, barley and millet. Having more than sufficient for their own wants they sold the balance for gold, wine and other articles. But at this season, when Hannibal traversed the fruitful plain, the grain had all been gathered and much of it conveyed away at his approach.

The massive oaks dotted the country in clumps, and in some instances so thickly did they grow as to constitute forests of tolerable size. These gave great satisfaction to the Celtiberians, who were permitted to gather the acorns that strewed the ground—a food much favoured by this tribe, whose ab-

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stemious living was a source of wonderment to the Gallic soldiers.

Late in the afternoon the army camped within six miles of Taurasia, and much surprise was manifested when it was known that a move would be made in five hours. It was Hannibal's intention to make a night march and storm the city at dawn. In this way he hoped to take the enemy unawares. Though Taurasia was fortified, the walls were rough, and amid the confusion of a sudden attack could easily be scaled at various points by the Lusitanians and others chosen from the Gallic tribes. One of the gates could then be thrown open and all resistance would be at an end.

Meantime he strengthened the number of scouts and impressed on them the necessity of clearing the intervening territory of the enemy's spies so that the move about to be made would have the effect intended. To more surely foster the deception, he arranged that the camp fires should be kept burning after the army had departed, as the glow from them could be easily seen from the walls of the city.

All preparations were soon completed, and shortly after midnight the order was given to advance. The main body envied the small detachment remaining behind to feed the fires, for with the sinking of the sun the atmosphere had become uncomfortably cold. The darkness, too, was intense, for not only was there no moon, but the thick, threatening clouds shut out all light from the stars.

The way lay over undulating ground that at times rose to the height of small hills. This alone made the marching more tiresome than on a level stretch, but the chief difficulties were the trees and bushes, for while these would cause little inconvenience during the day when the paths were easily distinguishable, they now sorely tried the patience of the men. Many tripped on the undergrowth and fell heavily to the ground, sustaining painful bruises and sprains that unfitted some for the duties before them. Curses and groans intermingled with the ordinary noises attendant on an army when marching.

Presently a drizzling rain began to fall and added to the general discomfort.

The soldiers struggled on, stumbling at almost every step, the walking becoming more and more slippery with the increasing wet of the ground. Murmurs of discontent were heard first on one side, then throughout the whole long column. The hardships suffered in the Alps recurred to all and the present ferocity of the elements combined with the cold were such as to make them fear a repetition. Brave men quailed at the possibility of again measuring strength with frigid nature.

It required the continued assurance of the captains to dispel this dread and maintain the order of the cavalcade, for the rain had by degrees become so violent as to almost blind the soldiers. Fortunately it was not necessary to tax them too much, the greater part of the distance having been covered.

After three hours of hard toil a halt was called at the entrance of a wood. The necessity for quiet was impressed upon all, as Taurasia was now but six stades distant, and if the attack proved a complete surprise, victory would not be long withheld. Consequently no fires were lighted. The trees broke the force of the wind, but the air was exceedingly chill and men huddled together like cattle in the effort to get warm.

The curious sat about in congested groups discussing the situation and speculating on the richness of the plunder, Hannibal having promised it all without reserve to the army. They expected to find much gold, but while the majority gloried in this prospect the Baleares dreamed more of the fair-haired women who would fall into their hands. Others essayed to sleep. The men from Iberia wrapped themselves in black blankets of goats' hair, but the Gauls and those of wild habits carried as covering the skin of a sheep or perchance of some wild animal.

The cavalry were more to be envied. Not only had they been spared the difficulties undergone by the foot soldiers,

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but they were able during the halt to derive warmth and comfort from their horses by lying close to them.

The night dragged slowly on.

An hour before dawn preparations were made to advance, but not until each man had fortified himself with food and wine. Accompanied by a Gallic guide and several of his staff Hannibal took the lead. He was followed first by the slingers and light armed troops, with the Insubres next in order, and the heavy Libyan and Iberian infantry last. The cavalry remained behind, for, besides being unnecessary in such an enterprise, the noise made by the horses would certainly have been heard by the besieged. Nevertheless, they were held in readiness, the men either seated in their saddles or standing nearby prepared to mount. On them at least would fall the duties of pursuit.

Stealthily following their leaders the attacking host crept to the far edge of the wood, and there waited for the light of day. The city was but three stades distant from this point, and was distinguishable by a few torches planted at intervals upon the walls.

By taking a circuitous route the army occupied a position facing the south wall. Hannibal expected that this ruse would avoid the Taurinian scouts and subject the enemy to an attack from a quarter least anticipated. For the Carthaginians had marched from the west, and the reflection from the deceiving camp fires could be seen. The plan had been completed by the despatching of a band of Lusitanian mountaineers and Gauls under Mago to the opposite side, with instructions to there scale the walls in conjunction with the onslaught of the main body.

Anxiously the army gazed towards the east where the broad Padus made its presence known by a gentle purring. Night seemed reluctant to surrender its sway, and as the minutes succeeded each other the darkness became intensified. Men shivered with excitement no less than with cold. At last the extremity of the black canopy was raised slightly and revealed a great streak that marked the birth of day. Gradually the pall of night was forced back against the horizon opposite until it faded into nothingness.

Of a sudden there was a commotion among the soldiers. Those in the rear crowded forward to learn its cause and forced the front ranks out from the shelter of the wood in full view of the enemy. In the open space before them a Taurinian who had been spying upon the invaders was rushing towards the city, with a swift-footed Balearian close at his heels. While preparing to advance the Carthaginians watched the runners, whose figures seemed giant-like in the half-formed day.

No sign of life was visible in the city. The torches had burnt out, and sentries were nowhere to be seen Old campaigners smiled at the prospect of so easy a conquest. The pursued would give the alarm if he outstripped the pursuer, but that would be too late, and there were doubts of his ever being able to save himself. He was now within a few yards of safety and might be able to maintain his lead unto the end, but more than speed was necessary. As a child the Balearian had only been allowed to eat bread knocked from a post by his skill, and he realized the importance of his present task. He halted and fitted a pebble in his sling. Measuring the distance carefully, he advanced a step and discharged the missive. It was well aimed and did its deadly work. Without a sound the hurrying victim fell flat on his face almost at the gate's entrance.

A savage yell from the Carthaginian host greeted this act and disturbed the awful silence.

Intoxicated with what he had done the slinger advanced in the direction of the prostrate body, as though defying the city that continued so quiet. The army, eager for spoil, thundered in his wake.

But a change soon came. As if by magic the walls became alive with warriors, armed and ready to defend themselves against the invaders. Neither wonderment nor fear was expressed on any of the fierce faces, for every man

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had slept with sword and shield at his side, prepared to rise at the signal. Spies had kept close watch of Hannibal since his entrance into their territory, and everything was made ready for a stern resistance. The intended surprise was quite expected, as Hannibal at once saw when the organized defence loomed up so threateningly before him. Instantly he commanded a halt, for though he did not fear the result of an attack he grudged the many men he would have to sacrifice before the city would fall.

But the spirit of war was now thoroughly roused within them, and they were with difficulty restrained by the officers. It was like suddenly reining up a horse at full gallop.

Hearing the tramping behind him cease the Balearian looked up and saw the cause. He was too near to danger to escape, and he knew it. Friends' voices calling him to come back reached his ears, and seemed as very mockery. He saw a strong-armed Taurinian poise a javelin carefully, but he did not move, and the next moment it pierced his chest. Writhing in pain he staggered forward a few steps and then fell.

Enraged at this, many broke from the lines and pressed forward in defiance of the expostulations of those over them. A shower of missiles from the defenders laid twelve low, but the charge was not stopped ; and, fired by the example of their fellows, the whole army might have broken loose into wild confusion had not Hannibal spurred his horse forward, and in person intercepted the advance. At sight of him, pale with ill-suppressed indignation, his eyes glowing ominously and his features contracted, the soldiers halted, then in silence feel back to their places. The command to do so was felt rather than heard.

CHAPTER V.—THE STRATAGEM.

All that day there was rejoicing in Taurasia and the sounds of revelry increased with the approach of night.

No battle had been fought, but the frustrating of the enemy's plan was in many respects equivalent to a victory. Those who had hitherto waited in trepidation for Hannibal's arrival now became hysterical with joy and advocated such bold steps as an immediate sally. They laughed at the precautions taken by the chiefs and grumbled when called upon to keep watch.

"The walls of the city are high," proclaimed one, "and cannot be scaled by such soldiers as are encamped hereabouts."

"It would be more reasonable if the besiegers guarded themselves against us," added another.

Such remarks were greeted with general approval, and, feeling that the danger was removed, many relaxed their watch and slept.

But this over-confidence was not shared by all. Agates, the chief of the tribe, understood to some extent the nature of the man with whom he had to cope, and he exercised all his vigilance in guarding against any unexpected move. Elated by the trifling advantage obtained over the foolhardy sympathizers of the Balearian, many, even among his counsellors, advocated taking an aggressive stand. But Agates was wary in the ways of war, and determined to do nothing.

The city was well provisioned with cattle that had been driven in from the surrounding country at the first sign of war, while a rich harvest strained the capacity of all the sheds. There was a great abundance, and many months would have to pass before the cry of hunger would arise.

The Carthaginians, on the other hand, were not fitted to undertake any lengthy siege. Winter was near at hand, and the scant shelter afforded by the tents would be insufficient for the requirements of soldiers accustomed to warm climes. They would be compelled to push forward or return to the territory of the Insubres, and that soon.

So argued Agates with his fellows, when after the repulse Hannibal moved to the front of the city, though full five stades back from the gate (for the

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wood did not extend in this direction) and there pitched his camp.

Meanwhile the inhabitants feasted and made merry. Beeves and sheep were roasted on large fires, and the warriors sat around, tearing at juicy joints of the smoking meat and imbibing large quantities of mead made from barley. Some among the more affluent partook of wine in private.

In their great confidence the boastful laid aside their armour, and walked about clothed only in the garb of peace. The air being chill they wore goat or chamois skins across their bare shoulders. One and all sneered at the enemy. The women applauded the valour of the men and encouraged the aggressive spirit so rapidly spreading among them. They predicted an easy victory should the two armies meet.

To such a pitch did the enthusiasm rise that Agates feared being forced into giving battle.

The difficulty of his position was increased by the behaviour of the enemy as the day advanced. Bands of Numidians rode to within a short distance of the walls and hurled darts into the city. These wild creatures, so dark and savage-looking, clothed in lion skins and riding their horses without bridles, impressed the besieged with wonderment. But this feeling soon gave place to rage as the effect of the swift attacks was realized. Many Baleares, too, crept up close to the battlements and directed showers of stones at the sentries. They also, with others of various tribes, but especially the Gauls, incensed their opponents with taunts of cowardice.

"Give us your wives and daughters," they cried, "and we will spare your lives."

So enraged did the Taurini become that it was with difficulty they were restrained from seizing their weapons and rushing forth upon their tormentors.

Hannibal had hoped by aggravating the Taurini to draw them into an engagement, but, finding this impossible, he abandoned the attempt and prepared to lay siege to the city.

"The old fox in command will not be deceived," he remarked to the chief members of his staff, "but he will find it difficult to resist an assault when a breach is made in the walls."

"But that," interposed Gisco, "is no easy matter and will entail much time. We have neither ram nor vinea."

He was the most cautious of Hannibal's officers and ever regarded things in the least encouraging light.

"It will, as you say, take up much time," answered Hannibal. "I had expected to be in possession of the city to-day, but now I shall be held here for three days at least, and perhaps four."

"Days!" echoed Gisco in surprise, and those nearby smiled at the amazement expressed in his tone as well as in his face.

"Surely not months! If I am to conquer Rome, I must not pass my time before the walls of a Ligurian town. In a few days I shall have other matters of more moment to occupy me. Rome will not long remain inactive and we must have allies instead of enemies in these northern plains."

"But where shall we find battering-rams and towers?" asked Mago, "for without them we can but poorly assault a walled city."

"Numberless trees surround us, and we have axes," answered Hannibal, sharply. "There is not sufficient time to construct towers, but the rams will answer my purpose. Yonder walls though thick are poorly built, since the stones are unhewn and without lime in the interstices. A breach can easily be made with little work."

Then Himilco spoke.

"The walls are, as you say, poorly built, and, in truth, more clumsy than strong. I doubt not that portions would fall before the ram, but, even so, a storming entails the loss of many men, and we have few to spare."

"What, then, is your suggestion?" asked the General as Himilco paused.

"I would undermine the walls—drive a gallery beneath a corner and so overthrow a whole section."

"I had thought of that, but the la-

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bour would be too great and the time is to be considered."

"The Gauls could do the work."

"They might rebel at such injustice."

"Leave them with me and I will vouch for the result," said Himilco with a venom that intensified the cruel expression of his face.

"Doubtless your measures would be severe, but more than that is necessary in managing new allies. I fear, Himilco, that under your command this expedition would scarcely come in sight of the Roman legions," and Hannibal turned a reproving eye on his subordinate.

"Men differ in the ways of war."

"True, and it is but natural. I follow the ways of my father, and he was a great man."

All present bowed in acquiescence, and for some minutes there was silence.

"Would it not be well," remarked Maharbal, "to build two rams and attack the city front and rear?"

"The idea is commendable, but I fear to divide the army. Still, an entrance at two opposite points would certainly lighten our loss," added Hannibal meditatively, "and I will try to obtain a second by subtlety."

"That is always a chance," muttered Himilco.

"Even so, we can lose little. But for the present we must make ready to build our engines of attack. Noon is near at hand, and I have yet to examine the outskirts of the camp before I return to my tent. Do you, Mago, have the engineers and sappers there assembled. We can then arrange everything necessary. Meantime I will retain only Maharbal to ride with me on my inspection."

"Tell me, Maharbal," he began when they were out of hearing of the others, "where can I find a man to perform a dangerous service?"

The cavalry leader smiled at the question and gazed meditatively at the different quarters of the camp before replying.

"You have still many soldiers left who have followed you from Iberia. Almost any one of them is to be trusted with the most important undertaking."

"True, true; but for this particular task more than that is required. I want a man to enter Taurasia in the guise of a deserter from our forces. When the proper time comes it will be for him to open one of the city gates."

"An easy matter."

"You doubt the possibility of its accomplishment, but the right man will succeed."

"The right man—yes," muttered Maharbal almost scoffingly.

"That is the main difficulty—to find a suitable man. It is necessary that he should understand the language of the Taurini and be familiar with their ways. In fact, he must be a Gaul."

"A Gaul!"

"You seem surprised. Yes, he must be either a Gaul or a Ligurian. No other would be able to carry out the part."

"No Gaul can be trusted. They are a fickle and treacherous people. Should you prevail upon one to undertake the task he would sell your plans to the enemy."

"And yet," persisted Hannibal, "we have met with nothing but kindness from them. Our army arrived in their country ragged, footsore and hungry; an easy prey to any people. But they gave us of their best and made us welcome while we recruited our health. Surely there is some good in them."

"I have no liking for them. They welcome us because they hope by our aid to overthrow the dominion of Rome. It is true they fight with much ferocity and will prove valuable allies; but the duties on the battlefield are very different from those of a spy. You cannot find the Gaul to carry out your plan."

"He must be found."

Hannibal uttered the words with a determination that could not be gainsaid, and his dark eye swept over the array of tents as though it would espy its object in the midst of all.

"I see you are determined on this

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course," remarked Maharbal, "but I cannot recommend any man to you. There are, doubtless, many among the Gauls who would feign to follow out your orders, but afterwards play you false."

"Such treachery must be guarded against."

"But how?"

"There are many ways. I will decide on a course when the man is found."

"I trust that may be soon."

"It will have to be to-day."

By this time they had reached the western outskirts of the camp, where, from a slight eminence, they commanded a magnificent view of the country. To the left the deep, glacier-fed Duria flowed rapidly towards its junction with the hardly more voluminous Padus. Near to the fork stood Taurasia. The grey, irregular walls seemed less threatening in the light of the mid-day sun, but the arms and breastplates of the sentries glistened significantly. Beyond the city, partially concealed by clumps of pine trees, could be seen the Padus—the glorious stream that finds an icy source in the Alpine heights and wends its way through the fertile plains of Gaul.

"The city is well situated," said Hannibal in admiration.

"But it will fall," remarked his companion.

"Yes, and soon; it will be of service to us."

"Without doubt; and the plunder will satiate the desires of the soldiers."

"They shall be given everything."

"Even the women?"

"It must be so. An example must be made of these troublesome people if the other Ligurians and Gauls are to be kept in check. But let us move on. The elephants are not far distant and I would see them before returning. The keepers tell me they are progressing well towards recovery."

"They will have need of all their strength."

"Yes; and we cannot replace any we may lose. Indeed, they are of more value to us than men or horses, and should be correspondingly cared for. But what have we here?"

Maharbal turned in the direction indicated by the General's gaze and saw a Gaul a little way ahead, staring intently in front of him. His back was turned, and as yet he had not heard their approach, or if so he paid no heed to it. Presently he turned about and, though evidently recognizing the newcomers, he made no sign.

Hannibal, too, knew him, and without apparently noticing the absence of the proper salute, he called to the man.

"This Gaul," he said, turning to Maharbal, "will do my mission."

"Who is he?"

"Your memory is short. Do you not recognize the victor of the combat?"

"A good warrior; but why is he to be trusted?"

"That you will see. Meanwhile I shall talk with him."

He signed to the man to draw nearer. Aneroestes obeyed the order.

His form was more healthful in appearance than at the time of the terrific contest ten days earlier, and, judging from the broad, naked chest and sinuous arms, he was thoroughly fitted to endure all the hardships of war. A scar disfigured his forehead, for he had removed the bandage, and his wounded ear still looked jagged and sore. In exchange for one of his military coats he had procured an ample chamois skin, which was thrown across his back. He wore no head covering, but his hair was arranged in a pyramid.

"You seem to enjoy solitude," remarked the General.

"It is not strange," was the quiet rejoinder.

"In that I differ from you. A man who has but recently attained his liberty should be filled with rejoicing. The yoke of captivity is not light, as you know full well."

Maharbal nodded his head and added: "The difference between this man's lot and that of his former associates should dispel any gloom from his mind. Even from here he can see them.

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Their quarters adjoin those of the elephants."

The mountaineer's face darkened with anger.

"The misery of my friends is no source of happiness to me," he growled, "it rather fills me with sorrow."

"You would like to see them free?" remarked Hannibal, quickly, and his eyes watched the effect of his words."

"Surely so," replied Aneroestes. "But it is not possible."

"It is possible," retorted Hannibal, sharply. "Furthermore, it rests with you to win their freedom."

For several seconds Aneroestes failed to grasp the full extent of the words, but presently his face brightened in a hopeful smile.

"Will you, then, set them free," he asked, "all of them; my countrymen—those brave warriors who have fought side by side with me against the powerful Salassi and other tribes of the mountains? Will you, oh mighty one, break the shackles that bind their feet, and the cords that cut their wrists?"

His eyes glowed with unrestrained excitement and he approached nearer to Hannibal. Maharbal made an attempt to intervene, but the General waved him back.

"Will you," continued the mountaineer, "give my brethren back the freedom they so love. If so you shall not regret it. They will become your soldiers and fight in your army until Rome is overthrown. This will they do in exchange for liberty. I can promise you, for I have led them and know."

"That may be," said Hannibal, "but their freedom depends altogether upon you."

"Then shall they be free."

"Are you prepared to encounter a great danger?"

"No danger would be too great."

Hannibal turned smilingly towards Maharbal.

"I have found my man," he whispered.

"It would seem so, but he may not succeed."

"There is a risk in everything."

"And he may prove false."

"That is impossible. His friends would pay the forfeit. My security, you see, is good. Aneroestes," he continued, addressing the Gaul, "the task I am about to impose upon you is no light one. To-night you will enter the city as a deserter from the camp; it is possible the Taurini may mistrust you," and Hannibal looked significant.

"In that case I will not return."

"You see the danger, then?"

"I do."

"You are a brave man."

Aneroestes raised his shoulders while his thoughts reverted to those of his race groaning in captivity.

"When you get to the city," proceeded Hannibal, "you will attempt to become friendly with those in authority. Tell them anything you think they already know. If necessary, take them further into your confidence, for as the storming is to be made chiefly with battering-rams there will be little to conceal. We shall attack on this side only, and when a fair-sized breach is made we shall force an entrance. All the Taurini will be there stationed to repel it, and it is at this time you will serve my purpose. There is a small gate at the rear, facing the Padus. In the midst of the fighting you must open this to a body of my soldiers. The enemy, attacked both in front and behind, will quickly give way."

"I understand," said Aneroestes eagerly, "but when may I expect the troops? For it is necessary that I should be at the place fully prepared."

Hannibal thought for a while, then answered:

"On the day following to-morrow, about noon, the breach in the front will likely be sufficient. I shall see that it is so. Himilco will be in command of the troop."

"If, then, the gate is not opened at noon on the day named you will know I have been slain."

"Or played us false," added Maharbal.

The mountaineer turned angrily upon

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the speaker, but Hannibal checked him with a gesture.

"If," said he, "you play me false, the greatest tortures will be inflicted upon the men of your tribe. They will also be told the cause of their punishment before death overtakes them and their curses shall rest upon your head. You see, I have you well bound. Furthermore, you shall not escape your treachery, for I will make sure of your capture and a cross will be your resting-place."

Aneroestes smiled grimly and showed his sharp, white teeth.

"Threats are not necessary," he replied. "My countrymen are dear to me, and they shall be freed. But if my life is lost in the attempt to do your mission say that mercy will be shown them."

"I swear that they shall be freed if you are faithful. I swear it by Melcarth, Tanith and all the gods of my country; even by Moloch, the avenger."

"And I swear by my gods that I shall be faithful to your service," answered Aneroestes solemnly.

(To be Continued.)

GREAT BRITAIN AND RUSSIA.

SINGULARLY diverse in their elements of strength are the two world powers which are facing each other in China. Enormous strength on land is opposed to dominance upon the seas, and no man can reduce their comparative value to exact terms. We have one precedent in the great French war, when for a quarter of a century military strength which looked to be overpowering was slowly strangled by sea-power. No precedent is complete, however, and we have to recollect that the theatre of war was then infinitely more contracted than would be the case were the present Chinese crisis to lead to hostilities; while, in addition, the diversions which Britain was enabled by her subsidies to create for Napoleon in Europe were far more formidable than any that Britain can now safely count upon. Instead, Russia is the more likely to have allies to aid her, for the bargain with France is an unknown quantity, and a declaration of war against the Russian Empire might prove to include the French Republic. Of that there is no certainty, and for the moment we may confine ourselves to the armed strength of Russia alone. This is rendered safer because the accession of France to the quarrel would not materially enlarge the area of conflict from a strategical point of view, for the forces employed in Africa would be relatively few. The theatre of operations is already world-wide, and, as of old, it will not be strength which will win so much as the ability to apply strength.

A statement of the military and naval establishments of the two countries will be useful in so far as it will afford a basis of comparison. With the British army we are, of course, reasonably familiar. In round numbers, the regular army consists of about 13,000 cavalry, 27,000 artillery and 91,000 infantry. It is impossible to give an exact statement of the size to which this would swell in case of war. There is an army reserve of about 80,000 men, and we must count the militia and the volunteers, 120,000 and 260,000 strong respectively. The reserves would at once go into the ranks, and the militia would also be utilized, so that with the present establishments the regular army would probably consist of at least 20,000 cavalry, 30,000 artillery and 150,000 infantry, while certain militia corps would probably be used.

The distribution of this army is in-

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teresting. India is its great charge, and in India there is a British army of 75,000 seasoned troops ready to move almost at a moment's notice. It is backed by a good native army, 135,000 strong. In addition, there are the Imperial service troops, raised by native states, but at the disposal of the British, which would give close upon 20,000 more troops. The entire British army in India is well over 200,000 strong, and it is stationed so as to turn its strength towards the northwest. In Great Britain the regular army is, including all auxiliary services, about 100,000 strong, and this portion of the army would be swelled by the addition of the reserves and the drafts from the militia. The remainder of the army is scattered over the world in a great number of garrisons. The largest are Gibraltar, where there are usually four battalions of infantry, and Malta, with seven battalions. The Soudan campaign for the moment is absorbing nine or ten battalions. Aden, Sierra Leone, Cape Colony, Natal, Mauritius, Ceylon Singapore, Hong Kong, Halifax, Bermuda, Jamaica and St. Lucia take one or two battalions each. Colonial stations absorb fully 40,000 men.

We know how formidable the British navy is. Adopting Lord Charles Beresford's classification, we may describe it as having available for instant service twenty-two battleships of the most modern type, and seven other ships which are older, but still formidable; while back of these are perhaps eight old but still useful ships. The supply of cruisers, small craft and torpedo boat destroyers is very large, far in excess of that possessed by any possible opponents. In addition to these there are on the stocks half-a-dozen first-class battleships and seven first-class cruisers, while eight or ten battleships and eight armoured cruisers are projected; but when the powers have once locked horns, projected ships will figure very little. The Royal Navy has close upon 100,000 men permanently embodied, and a reserve of 20,000 men.

The finest vessels of the British fleet are in commission, ready to strike at once. The channel squadron, cruising from the English channel to Gibraltar, comprises eight splendid battleships, two first-class cruisers, and a complement of smaller vessels. The Mediterranean squadron comprises nine battleships, with two first-class cruisers and smaller vessels. The channel squadron is properly a reserve for the Mediterranean squadron, as the bulk of the French and Russian ships are in that sea; and a junction of the two squadrons would make an overwhelming fleet.

Scattered around the coasts of Great Britain, but periodically drawn together for manœuvres, are the twelve ships of the Reserve Squadron; of these not more than seven are available for action in a fleet engagement in the earlier phases of a war. In the China squadron there are three first-class battleships and five first-class cruisers, three of them armoured, with other vessels. A fine battleship is stationed on the North American station, which would probably be called elsewhere were war to break out.

The Russians are augmenting their navy with great vigour, but they are slow at finishing the vessels they start, and a large proportion of the ships which are credited to them in comparative statements are as yet unfit to go to sea. The strategic position of the fleet is most unfavourable, for it is split into three sections, two only of which could surrender each other mutual aid. Russia's only coastline is on the Baltic, and that sea is not adapted to fleet manœuvres. The Black Sea is bottled up by the existence of the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles. Of late years Russia has kept the bulk of the Baltic fleet in the Mediterranean, and it is significant enough that the Russian ships have used the French ports as their own. In the Mediterranean the Russian fleet numbers two rather old battleships and a coast defence vessel, and practically nothing else. In the Black Sea they have five good battleships, and in the Baltic only one old battleship available. The Russian

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squadron in Chinese waters comprises two battleships, and five or six armoured cruisers, with a few small vessels. Five powerful ships are building, or being completed, in the Baltic, and three in the Black Sea. The navy has some 40,000 men on the active list and a large reserve.

Viewed from the purely statistical aspect, the Russian army is enormous. Service is compulsory, and every year a large batch of recruits go into the army to commence their course of training. In Europe they, as a rule, spend four years actually with the colours, and thirteen in the reserve, with five additional years in the second reserve. In Asia, where a comparatively small portion of the army is stationed, the term is longer—seventeen years in the active army and six in the reserve. Not far from a million young men become liable for service every year; and of these about 275,000 are chosen. Of those who escape active service, part are placed in the reserve and part in the second reserve. The first reserve is really a species of efficient militia, which in case of war would fill up the ranks of the active army. Passing over a great mass of details, we find that the active army of Russia on a war footing would amount to over 900 battalions of infantry, 671 squadrons of cavalry, and nearly 400 batteries, with over 3,000 guns. This would account for over a million combatants, and there are huge reserves. The Field Reserve comprises over 700 battalions, 576 squadrons and nearly 1,000 guns with nearly 800,000 combatants; the fortress troops answer for over 200,000 more; the depot troops add yet another 300,000; and the militia bring up the total to the enormous number of something like three millions.

This is not so overwhelming as it looks, for the vast bulk of these troops could do little more than stand on the seacoast and wait for the British to come. For Great Britain, the Russian strength is to be measured by the number of men who can be thrown upon the points of conflict. There are two such points, the northwest frontier of India, and the northern portion of China; and the question is, what proportion of this colossal army can be placed on these frontiers and fed and maintained while there? Of the three millions whom Russia can nominally place in the field the vast bulk could never stir out of Europe. Twenty army corps, of a war strength of 40,000 each, are strung along the western frontier from St. Petersburg to Sebastopol, to face the armies of Germany, Austria and the Balkan States. This does not leave a large proportion of the active army for Asia; the most recent figures available show 45,000 in East Siberia, 33,000 in West Siberia and 52,000 in Turkestan. There are rumours of a large army hidden near Vladivostok ready to swoop down upon Manchuria and Northern China; and equally positive statements have affirmed that their forces in that locality are comparatively feeble. Of the two stories, the latter is the more probable, for the Trans-Siberian Railway still lacks about 1,400 miles of completion, and without it the subsistence of such an army would prove a matter of great difficulty. The Indian frontier is far closer to European Russia and the Caspian Sea, and the single railway line skirting Persia, and running through Merv and Bokhara to Samarcand, with a projected branch from Merv towards Afghanistan, places the army which would assail the passes of the Hindu Kush in touch with Europe. Even then unlimited armies could not be used, for the troops would have to be fed, and a single railway line would find great difficulty in forwarding supplies for an extremely large army and there would intervene between the nearest point of railway communication and the British outposts a country of frightful difficulty, inhabited by numerous and particularly ferocious tribes of hereditary robbers and expert mountain fighters. The question of transport would not take long to assume the gravest proportions.

These considerations go to show that the forces of the two powers to all

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appearance are remarkably well balanced. On the sea the British have an overwhelming superiority, and Russia might easily have to lock up great masses of troops in coast cities, waiting idly for raids which might never come. On the China station the British fleet has a substantial superiority, and it could be reinforced far more speedily than could its opponent. This brings the question down to the two armies. The little British army of 220,000 regulars, with 130,000 Indian troops, is really all available for service. The entire army could be sent out of the United Kingdom without danger, for the militia and volunteers if treated seriously could garrison the islands and furnish reserves to fill gaps in the foreign army. The 300,000 or 400,000 men of the regular and Indian armies can all practically be placed in the fighting line. In the case of India the British army, 200,000 strong, is practically concentrated on or close to its fighting ground, served by a splendid strategic railway system, and occupying a most formidable position. To attack and defeat it would demand a force of at least 200,000 men in the fighting line, with probably 50,000 more to maintain communications, and many thousands more for transport service; so that it becomes a question of transportation, even as forty years ago the Russian army exhausted its strength in toiling to place some portion of its numbers in the Crimea. In China the effect of sea-power would be still more marked, for British troops could be ferried over the ocean far more speedily than the Russians could march over the gaps in the Siberian railway system, and the British army would be supplied with water-borne provisions and munitions of war, while their foes would be dependent upon huge waggon-trains painfully crawling over the Siberian plains. It is impossible to state what troops Great Britain could or would send to China; but we may conclude that it will prove no more difficult to send an army to China today, with steam navigation at its present pitch of excellence and the Canadian Pacific Railway in working order, than it was in 1853 to send one to the Crimea.

The question persistently resolves itself into a problem of transportation, and we may express grave doubts as to whether Russia will be able to throw enough of her enormous army across the entire breadth of Asia to overpower the armies Great Britain can send in ships. Sea-power, lithe and crushing, with its deadly skill of fence in assailing an opponent's weak points, against land-power, strong and bulky, but offering those weak points upon which its agile opponent may fasten—that is the epitome of the threatened struggle.

Charles Frederick Hamilton.

APRÈS.

OH, loved and lost; can the passing years
Bring aught that will e'er atone
For loss of love, past doubts and fears,
That once were ours alone?

Lost, through the malice of sland'rous foes;
Lost, while beloved and lovely still;
No grief of all Earth's myriad woes
Can strike my heart so deep and chill.

With thee is lost the light of life,
That led to peace—to hope—to God,
Through Earth's wild field of wolfish strife,
While by my side thy light feet trod.

Reginald Gourlay.

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CURRENT EVENTS ABROAD.

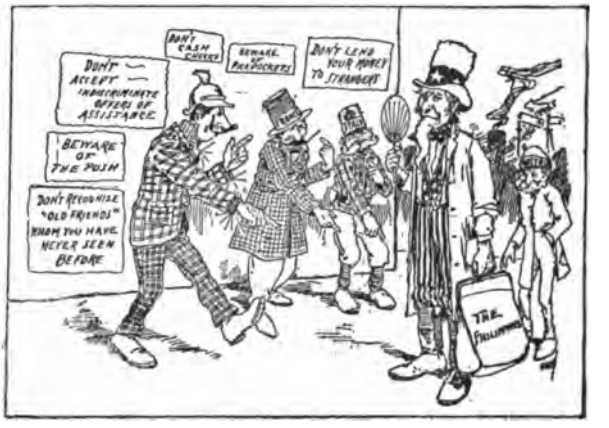
THE war is ended, and for that mercy humane people all over the world will be thankful. We have had charming essays in the United States newspapers with respect to war as a school for the inculcation of the manly virtues. The humblest of men every day, in civil life, display as much self-sacrifice, courage, resolution, patience and endurance as the soldier on the battlefield, and he does it alone and without expectation of the recompense of the applause of his fellows or a more widely-diffused glory. There need be no depreciation of the merits of the one in order to exalt those of the other. The soldier who assails a trench in face of the iron sleet of modern arms, is practising in war the indomitableness and courage that he has learned in peace. Things are constantly happening in the lives of plain, unheroic men which require qualities quite as great as those that served the men who carried the rifle-pits at Santiago by storm. The psychological analysis of the soldiers' courage in the mass is not a very profound matter. A regiment, or, taking the smaller unit, a company, is a collection of average men. As in every such collection, there are some of greater hardihood than the great majority. These set the pace when any feat of daring is to be performed. It is they who crawl through the jungle up to the muzzle of the enemy's guns.

Among their companions are a proportion at the opposite pole with regard to physical courage. These drop out and become the laggards who have to be driven by the men detailed for that purpose towards the front. The larger proportion occupy the middle position between these two. They have no active or initiating courage. Their virtues are passive. They are prepared to follow the more eager spirits rather than to confess the shame that they are afraid to do so. There is, too, a species of frenzy which at the mid-stage of a battle is liable to take possession of the men. They are capable then of extraordinary enterprises. They become oblivious to wounds, and pains and death. They are in the transports of the boy who, in his rage, does not feel the blows of his antagonist. The panic which causes the soldier to run back instead of running forward is not a frenzy; it is merely the obeying of a primal instinct—the avoidance of danger. From the beginning to the end of a battle there is a struggle between these two forces—between the natural desire to preserve life and avoid pain, and the moral desire to do a duty or preserve self-respect or the respect of your fellows. There are, of course, the men with the fighting spirit, the men in whose bosoms the combat wakens a sort of fury to retaliate on the foe the injury which he is endeavouring to inflict on you. This, which at the beginning of a conflict burns intensely in but few breasts, becomes infectious as the fray deepens and develops into the widespread rage of battle.

But it would require more space than the editor of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE can afford to follow such an enquiry further. "The Red Badge of Courage," it is said, is largely devoted to impressionistic pictures of the matter, and the curious reader may therefore be referred to Mr. Crane's story. We may be all very glad that there is to be no further exploitation of the battle possibilities of either Spaniard or American. As a result of the war Spain appears likely to lose the greater portion of her possessions. The only place that seems in doubt is the Philippines and the fate of these islands will be settled by subsequent negotiations. It is not at all improbable that with the exception of a port and a zone of surrounding territory which the Americans will retain,

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the islands may revert to the Spaniards. There is not the same contempt and hatred towards Spain among the Americans that there was at the beginning of the war, and for lack of any better disposition of the islands, Spanish diplomacy may regain them for the territories of the child-king.



HE WON'T NEED ANY ASSISTANCE, THANK YOU.

—*The Inter-Ocean, Chicago.*

The difficulties of the conqueror loom up large on the horizon. That he will overcome them we may well believe, but whether the reward will be worth the energies and sacrifices expended on it may be questioned. The men who warn their countrymen against the acquirement of foreign possessions may be found to be the truest although not the noisiest patriots. At present the United States present an unbroken and practically invulnerable mass to the world. It is absurd to say that these fugitive islands of the two oceans add to their capacity to resist the onset of a foe. They are, on the other hand, sources of weakness to a power which is a continental power and not an island power. Britain is the latter. The ocean is her defence, and therefore she must be all-powerful on the ocean. The true defence of the United States lies in the patriotism of 70,000,000 of people, reposing in peace under their own vine and fig-tree and no man daring to make them afraid—not giving offence and not exposed to any. They are, however, committed to the policy of expansion, and we of to-day are the witnesses of events which must be fraught with enormous consequences to the world. It is the addition of one more great force to the European muddle, and it cannot honestly be said that it is a pacifying force. There is too much of the boy in the American people to encourage us to think that. When you see a youth continually feeling his biceps, regarding the size of his fists with complacency and occasionally smiting inanimate objects with them, you need not be surprised if you meet him anon dancing around an opponent with hostile intent. He has been dying to test his equipment practically. Has this not been the United States attitude recently, and is there any hope that it will not revive after a short rest?

This war will undoubtedly produce a calm for a while when the butcher's bill is reckoned up, when the money outlay is ascertained and the pension-roll begins bounding towards the zenith. This latter is likely to be greatly added to by the malaria which has practically driven the American army out of Santiago. Malaria has, as physicians know, an unpleasant habit of leaving the blood poisoned, and thereby troubling those who have had it for years after an attack. The material which this fact will afford for the pension-agent does not need to be dwelt upon. In the meantime, however, the agitation for the increase of the navy, and even of the army, will be going on, and by about the time that the unpleasantnesses of war have become a dim memory, the two branches of the services mentioned will be in a state to excite the pride of the people, and the temptation to "try them" on something will be as strong as in the

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BISMARCK.

case of that Duke with a mechanical turn who for lack of an accidental fire secretly had a match applied to one of his own hay-stacks in order that he might try the new fire-engine on it.

The Spanish-American war, and the results that have followed from it, are milestones in the history of the world.

Bismarck's death enabled us to regard more fixedly the phenomenon which his life was. There are two ways of regarding this Titanic career. We are accustomed to admire achievement, and the greater the achievement the greater the world's admiration. German unity was the most natural of dreams, and it is almost as old as German disunity. The dream at last found a wide-awake dreamer with all the qualities needed to bring it to realization. Bismarck saw that the feat could not be accomplished by reverie or by singing songs. The first thing that had to be settled was what existing power should be the nucleus of the scheme. Austria seemed to have the greater pretensions. Largely a German state, she was recognized as the hegemonic German power. Bismarck pushed Prussia forward as most entitled to assume that preponderant influence in Central Europe. In the six weeks which ended with Sadowa he made good his pretensions. Austria was humbled, and Prussia stepped almost unquestioned into the leadership of the Germanic states.

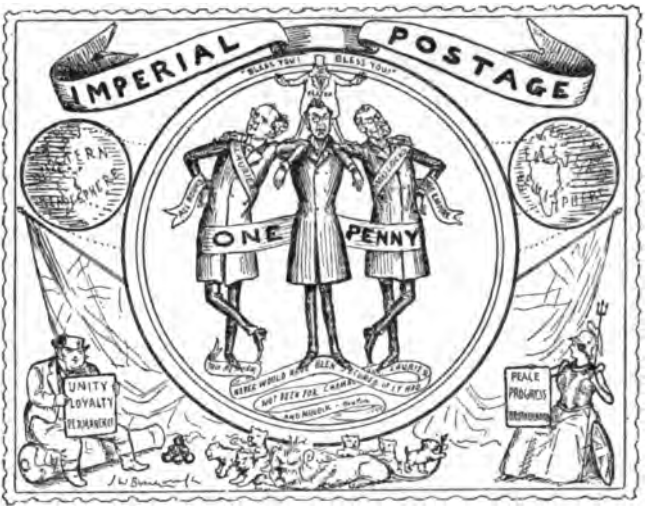
But federation seemed yet far away. Some of the states scarcely felt like taking a secondary place to the power which Frederick the Great and his father collected together with rude and unpolished Brandenburg as a nest-egg. Jealousies and misunderstandings were rife ; it would require the mighty welding of some great common danger to make the separated parts adhere. Many saw this ; Bismarck not only saw it, but, it must be thought, made up his mind that at the first opportunity the necessary pressure should be supplied.

Everything was ready within the little kingdom for the destined event. One of the greatest military geniuses of modern times was in control of the war department. It may well be doubted if the statesman could have accomplished his designs without the aid of Moltke the warrior. This great soldier had undoubtedly settled how Austria cou d be over-

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whelmed long before the war of 1866 broke out. And when that task was finished he undoubtedly turned to a study of the map of France. The condition of the French army was, we may be sure, better known to Von Moltke than to its imperial master the occupant of Versailles. When everything was in readiness the question of the succession to the Spanish throne arose. This would have blown over without even shaking a blossom from a tree, but he who was the arbitre of destiny had determined otherwise. Even if lying telegrams were needed to precipitate the crash the statesman was not too squeamish to employ such questionable means. What had been worked for so carefully and patiently was brought about. Prussia and France were face to face on the battle-field. It was a conflict between an athlete and a gourmand, and, in so short a time that Europe gasped and stared, France lay bleeding at Sedan, Pomeranians stabled their horses in Paris, and the name established by Bonaparte disappeared from the muster-roll of kings.

The world does not look too closely into the dirty machinery with which such feats are accomplished. It is too busy admiring and applauding the engineer. The blood-press of war finished the process of German unification. Whether the German people lead happier or more restful lives as a consequence is too extended an enquiry for these pages. One result is that a young man is entitled to be called Kaiser, and has the power to dismiss from the councils of Germany the man who created it, and this power he promptly used.



SUGGESTED DESIGN FOR NEW IMPERIAL PENNY POSTAGE STAMP.

—*The Globe, Toronto.*

Ocean penny postage is one of the victories of peace. It is a considerable turn of the ball which Rowland Hill set rolling. Nevertheless, to a Canadian it should be nothing wonderful that a half-ounce letter is carried across the ocean for two cents. A far greater post-office feat is the delivery of an ounce letter in Dawson City for three cents. Indeed, there are a hundred parts of Canada where the vigour and expense needed to deliver a letter are infinitely greater than in sending it across the Atlantic. It is fitting, therefore, the impetus for the reform should come from this side of the Atlantic. Mr. Mulock is to be congratulated on the success of his mission.

John A. Ewan.

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EDITORIAL COMMENT

A MOST cultured Ontario journalist has called me a misogynist. After a consultation with the dictionary I find that the accent is on the second syllable and that the word means "a woman-hater." This aforesaid cultured journalist was led to apply this epithet to me because I ventured last month to criticize the women of America. For his benefit, and for the information of the public generally before whom this charge has been made, I desire to state that I have two grandmothers, one mother, one wife and one daughter, and that I am on good terms with them all. That contradicts his statement.

But what I most object to is that any man should take the attitude that in order to criticize one must hate. To my mind, criticism founded in and upon hatred cannot be sound, sensible and reasonable criticism. It would lack the element of fairness. Can THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE be said to hate Canadian literature because it criticizes —rather severely sometimes—most of the Canadian books which appear each month? On the contrary, this publication is doing more for Canadian literature than any other publication, than any government, than any royal society. True, it does not fawn upon it. A fawning, flattering friend is most properly looked upon with suspicion.

What I endeavoured to point out was that some of our more wealthy women need more smypathy with suffering humanity and a greater knowledge of their power for good.

They need more sympathy so that they will spend less on silks and satins and coachmen and society events, and enable their husbands to get through life with less *stealing*, and less *gambling*. They need more sympathy so that their children may be less conventional, less hard-hearted, less narrow-minded. They need more sympathy so that they may listen to the cry of the hungry and the suffering at close quarters, instead of afar off. They need more sympathy so that they may criticize their sisters less, and may help the fallen more. They need more sympathy so that they may make the world once again a peaceful garden of Eden. The women are the salt of the earth—but a certain amount of the cargo has lost its savour.

They need a greater knowledge of their power for good. If the women of America were good, this would be a beautiful place in which to live. Many of them are pure, innocent, thoughtful; desirous of bettering the world; unselfish in the spending of their own and their husbands' money; not given to backbiting or slander—in fact, as angelic as the world will allow. But these form but a certain percentage of the total of our womankind. The others love display and idle pleasures; spurn gentleness, womanliness, and knowledge; and lead empty, artificial lives.

The hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rocks the world;—and yet our women do not fully realize it. They rush into one society after another, vainly attempting to find out what they can do. But societies have never accomplished much. The woman's influence is in the home with her father and her brothers, her husband and her sons. To exercise this influence, she must be thoroughly educated, must understand politics, and must be familiar with the topics and books of the day. If she adds to this knowledge her womanly

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tact and intuition, using all in an unselfish manner, she will be an influence for good.

Canada lost during the month of August two distinguished citizens, Sir Casimir Gzowski and the Most Rev. John Walsh, Archbishop of Toronto. The former was born in St. Petersburg in 1813, and was a son of Count Stanislaus Gzowski, a member of a noble Polish family and an officer in the Russian Imperial Guard. Sir Casimir, as a young man, had brilliant Russian prospects, but deserted all to take part in the Polish Revolution. For his share in this, he was banished to the United States, where he lived from 1833 to 1841. He then came to Toronto, being for some time in the Crown Lands Department, and afterwards following his profession as an engineer and railway contractor. He amassed considerable wealth, took a strong interest in everything military, was made a Lieutenant-Colonel in 1872, an A.D.C. to the Queen in 1879, and later a Knight. It was owing to his efforts that the first Canadian rifle team was sent to Wimbledon.

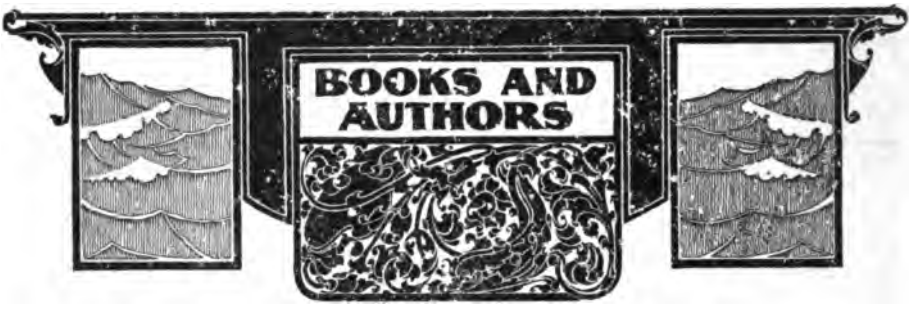
Archbishop Walsh was an Irishman by birth, coming to Canada in 1852, when he was nearly twenty-two years of age. About 1863 he was made Bishop of London, and in 1889 Archbishop of Toronto. He was a man of great executive ability and one to whom the Roman Catholic Church in Ontario owes a great deal of its success. Further, he was an enthusiastic and loyal Canadian, always in favour of peace, and never inclined to aggressive religious controversy. He advanced the interests of his church without incurring or inciting antagonism and had many admirers and friends among the Protestant citizens of the country.

The explanation of the defeat sustained by the supporters of the Australian Bill, as given by the editor of the *Australasian Review of Reviews* in his June issue, and in this number, shows that Mr. Reid, the premier of New South Wales, holds the fate of Federation in his hands. "Mr. Reid's vote was cast for the Bill, but his speeches supplied the bullets which other people fired for the purpose of killing it." This gentleman—like a number of our own distinguished cabinet and ex-cabinet ministers—is more of a partisan than a statesman. Because he had a certain game of his own to play, he was willing to delay the onward sweep of progress in a group of British colonies. By clever tactics, he prevented the will of the majority from triumphing over the will of the minority. At times, such an action might be justifiable. But not in this case. Premier Reid has prevented the Australian colonies from receiving in 1898 what Sir John Macdonald and the other Fathers of Confederation gave to the Canadian colonies in 1867. And we who know what a blessing confederation has been to us—how it has created a new nation, a broader citizenship, a higher standard of national life, a magnificent industrial and commercial development, and a brilliant prospect—we can sympathize with those fellow-Britishers in Australia who are lamenting the loss of a federation similar to ours.

If the Sovereign of Great Britain now were the Sovereign of Great Britain of 1776, Mr. Reid would be speedily brought to his senses. But we live in democratic times, when people are allowed to suffer from all their self-created evils until such time as their own experience and common-sense enables them to effect a cure. However much the authorities in Great Britain may desire to see a federated Australia, there will be no interference. Australia must work out its own political destiny, and in the working Australians will gather much wisdom which will be handed down to their posterity.

John A. Cooper.

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A NATIONAL WORK.

THE ignominious defeat of Spain at the hands of the United States shows the evils likely to follow upon the decay of a national life. After many years of misrule and corruption, the Spanish Government was found without the ability, the means or the support necessary to carry it through a severe national crisis. The consequence is that the United States is able to occupy Cuba and other Spanish possessions and dictate terms of peace which will rob Spain of its American and Asiatic colonies.

Canada's national life is young and not strong. It did not exist until the provinces were confederated in 1867. The thirty-one years that have elapsed have shown much development, but more remains to be accomplished. If Canada is to become a nation of citizens with an ideal national life, with a unity of aim and object, with a sturdy public thought and patriotism, the fundamental principles of good citizenship must be observed and followed, must be embodied in all our political and social institutions.

One of these fundamental principles of good citizenship is to know and appreciate the past. Canada has a peculiar history, and a thorough knowledge and understanding of it is part of the necessary equipment of every loyal and patriotic subject of the Dominion. No man can be a true Canadian until he has studied the making of the country to whom he pays allegiance. He must know why Canada waged a war for three years in 1812, 1813 and 1814; he must have studied the struggles which ended in the establishment in the forties of responsible government; he must have learned the reasons for confederation and the changes which it wrought in political and material conditions; he must have traced for himself the process by which this land of forest and prairie was converted into a country in which agriculture, dairying, mining and manufacturing are the chief industries of five millions of people.

The most comprehensive work published in Canada dealing with its history, its natural resources, its material progress and its national development, is "Canada; an Encyclopædia,"* of which the third volume is now ready. It is not the work of one man, but of a large number of the most intelligent Canadians; it is not the product of one year, but of an age; it is not a novel of the hour, to be read and thrown aside, but a work to be perused and studied and then placed upon the shelves for future reference. In the words of Sir Charles Tupper, who writes the introduction to the third and latest volume:

"In view of the important position now attained by Canada, no one can, I think, be found to question the great value of the work undertaken by Mr. Castell Hopkins, or that the time has arrived when Canada is entitled to such a compendium of information relating to its history and resources."

* Canada; an Encyclopædia of the Country, by a corps of eminent writers and specialists. Edited by J. Castell Hopkins. Toronto. The Linscott Publishing Co.

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This third volume contains six sections. Section I. contains two leading articles: The Rebellion of 1837 in Upper Canada, and the Troubles of 1837 in Lower Canada; the former by Dr. Canniff and the latter by N. E. Dionne, F.R.S.C. These are followed by a score of interesting notes by the editor, many of these being sketches of such men as the Earl of Durham, Gourlay, Mackenzie, Robinson, Baldwin, Papineau and Rolph. The only fault that might be found with this valuable section is the lack of an editorial note describing the condition of affairs in the provinces of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia at the time when grievances were driving some of the residents of the Canadas to open rebellion.

Section II., which deals with the Seignorial Tenure and Clergy Reserve Questions, is less lengthy, and very properly so. These two questions were important in their day, but most of that importance has passed away.

Section III., on the other hand, deals with an exceedingly important question and is justly very extensive. In fact, I do not know where one can find a review of "The Provincial Educational Systems of Canada" which will at all compare with the one which this section gives. There are three articles on the Ontario, two on the Quebec, one on each of the other provincial systems. Each of these articles is by a leading educationist, who has a special knowledge of his subject. The editor's notes on this subject occupy over thirty pages.

Section IV. deals with Waterways, Canals, Shipping and Steamship Lines. Watson Griffin writes of the first, Robert McGregor of ship-building in Nova Scotia, and James Croil gives a "History of Canadian Navigation." This part of the volume will be of supreme interest to business men and economic students.

Canada's mines and minerals form the subject of Section V. As a producer of minerals, this country has not yet begun to take its proper place among the nations. The future of Canadian mining is something to which all citizens may look forward with a great deal of hope. Our mineral deposits are immense and when thoroughly prospected will prove that Canada possesses a natural wealth which is unsurpassed. The six leading articles in this division of the volume indicate what has been done and what the future may be expected to disclose.

Section VI. deals with the history of the Congregational and Baptist Churches.

The volume is even more attractive than the previous two, and exhibits a closer attention to details, a greater coherence in arrangement, and a much maturer supervision.

ROSE A CHARLITTE.

Marshall Saunders, whose "Beautiful Joe" was such an enormous success, has also dipped into history, but deals with it in a different way from Mr. Hopkins. She has written an historical romance, Rose à Charlitte,* which is Nova Scotian in character and scenery. Her intention, apparently, is to show the pathos of the expulsion of the Acadiens and in what condition the remnants of this race are now to be found.

Miss Saunders cannot be termed a strong writer, although her book is decidedly interesting. Her weaknesses seem to lie in her tame dialogue and her tendency to choose large words where small ones would better convey her meaning.

> "Vesper quickly *attained* to the top of the last hill."
> "He *vociferated* in her ear."
> "The ranks of the *somniferous* hens."
> "They were *both* silent, and *the same thought* was in their minds."

The first three extracts indicate one of the peculiarities mentioned, while the fourth indicates a lack of carefulness on the part of the author.

*Boston: L. C. Page & Co.; Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co., cloth $1.50.

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Aside from such blemishes as these and the weakness of the plot and many of the incidents, the book is a charming picture of a most interesting people, and as such will be read by every intelligent Canadian. Miss Saunders endeavours to correct some of Parkman's mistakes as to the expulsion, and to prove that she is justified in her efforts we have the splendid work "Acadia," by Edouard Richard, published by Lovell in 1895. Further, the characters introduced in the story are very fairly delineated. Rose is a most charming person, living her life of suffering with an honesty, a due regard for religious virtue and a sympathetic generosity which make her truly noble. Little Narcisse, and Agapit, and Bidiane are more eccentric, but are not given too much prominence. The peculiarities of Nova Scotian history and life are delineated in this romance as they have never been before, so far as I know. The matter is much better than the style.

BOOK NOTICES.

Mr. Morang's announcement of a Canadian edition of Rudyard Kipling's new book of stories, "The Day's Work," will be read with interest by a public that is ever ready to put on its shelves anything that Mr. Kipling has written. The vexed question of the immortality, or otherwise, of Mr. Kipling's writings, does not come within the sphere of practical affairs, where the name of Rudyard spells success.

Of "John Splendid," by Neil Munro, a story which is now appearing serially in *Blackwood's Magazine* and in *The Bookman*, a well-known critic writes: "Meredith, Hope and Hardy may write good books, but they will write nothing that will increase our estimate of them. But here comes Mr. Munro with a romance of the days of Montrose, and he at once fills us with curiosity and hope. If the first chapters of his serial, "John Splendid," maintain their promise, we have at last a Scotch romance writer who is worthy of the land of Sir Walter Scott and R. L. Stevenson. The story in question, which is now running in *Blackwood's Magazine*, is infinitely superior in matter and in style to the stories of the kailyard. I am not often enthusiastic, but Mr. Munro's story came to me as a surprise. If he does not prove to be the legitimate successor of Stevenson, I shall be surprised as well as disappointed." This story will be issued in book form by The Copp, Clark Co., Toronto.

The cheapest form in which the best scientific books are published, is that of the Humboldt Library of Science. This series contains the works of Spencer, Tolstoi, George, Marx, Salter, Mill, Carlyle and many other specialists, at prices running from 15 to 50 cents. Catalogues may be secured from The W. B. Campbell Co., Canadian agents, Medical Building, Toronto.

A story by Mrs. Sheard, an accomplished Toronto lady, will be issued this autumn by William Briggs. The title is "Trevelyan's Little Daughters." Mrs. Sheard has of late contributed frequently to the American magazines and to Canadian periodicals, but this is her first essay into the book arena. The story is said to be a charming one.

Among the fall publications of William Briggs is one of particular interest as being the work of a native Armenian, Rev. H. S. Genanyan, who is making an extended tour of this country to enlist financial aid in support of his missionary and philanthropic work among his countrymen. The book in question is entitled "An Easter Child of the Orient," and gives the life history of the author himself, with much information of the life and customs of the Armenians.

Notwithstanding the imbecility produced by the hot weather, or as some ill-natured people may be disposed to say, because of it, the sales of "Rupert of

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Hentzau" during the past month has been, it is understood, remarkably good. It is not surprising that the success of "Rupert" has also revived interest in "The Prisoner of Zenda." Novelists who are anxious to make their books successful should follow Anthony Hope's recipe, viz: "Be first in a new field of story and write about it very cleverly. Then have it well-dramatized and played to crowded houses all over the world. "Rupert" is to be dramatized during the coming season, we understand.

We are interested to hear that Dr. Rand has been employing the summer vacation amid the sea-breezes of his favoured Minas Basin, in making a careful selection from the Canadian poets for a "Treasury of Canadian Verse." The work, we believe, is now near completion, and will represent a large company of writers —well on to a hundred and fifty in all. The selection will be chiefly of the lyrical kind, and will not include any of the French, nor, with few exceptions, any dialect verse. Dr. Rand has given a thorough reading to some two hundred volumes of native poetry, besides a mass of fugitive verse. Of the latter he writes that while a great deal of it is weak and inartistic, yet "there are silver threads of great beauty and much solid gold." Brief biographical notes will add to the interest and value of the book. William Briggs will issue an edition for the Canadian market in good time for the Christmas trade. It should have a great reception.

Mr. George N. Morang announces a cheap edition of McEvoy's "Away From Newspaperdom and Other Poems." Judging from the reception this book met with last year, it should be a success in its fifty-cent form.

Hopkinson Smith's strongest story, "Caleb West; Master Diver," has scored a tremendous run in the United States, where the organs of the publishing business have repeatedly reported it as being at the head of the "sellers" for the month. There is nothing to be surprised at in this, for the book is full of keen observation of human nature and interesting incident. Mr. Morang announces a Canadian edition of the book in the near future.

Mr. E. A. Owen's "Pioneer Sketches of Long Point Settlement"—practically a history of Norfolk County, Ontario—announced last year as in preparation, is now in the press of William Briggs, and will be issued some time in September.

"Bird Neighbours," by Neltje Blauchan (Morang), a book that describes common birds to the number of 150, has been so successful that a second edition is to be published. The book is capitally illustrated with coloured photographs of fifty-two of the birds described. John Burroughs, who writes a preface to it, says that these pictures, "with the various groupings of the birds according to colour, season, habitat, etc., ought to render the identification of the birds, with no other weapon than an opera-glass, an easy matter."

A contribution of some interest to Canadian dramatic literature is announced for early issue by William Briggs. It is from the pen of Mr. J. B. Mackenzie, a gentleman who has made a special study of the history of the Six Nations Indians, and has already published some two or three prose works on the subject. This drama is entitled "Thayendanegea" (Joseph Brant) and deals with the stirring military achievements of that renowned ally of the British.

Dr. Dewart's "Essays for the Times" is announced by the publisher, William Briggs, as now ready. One of the papers is a most interesting sketch, biographical and critical, of the poet Sangster, a reading of which creates the wish that some enterprising publisher would give us an extended biography of Charles Sangster, included with a collection of the best of his poems. Such a volume should find a ready market. In this connection we are glad to learn

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that Dr. Briggs proposes to publish during this autumn a complete collection of Alexander McLachlan's poems, with a biographical sketch of the poet by Dr. Dewart. Both of these were poets of whom any country might be proud.

Another volume in the series being written by the well-known Methodist missionary, Rev. John McDougall, relating his early experiences in the Northwest, is announced by William Briggs for issue in September, with the taking title of "Pathfinding on Plain and Prairie." This volume covers the years 1865 to 1868, and abounds in graphic descriptions of adventures among Indian war-parties, and in pursuit of buffalo, moose, and other wild game. These books are of great value as preserving faithful and true pictures of a condition of life on our great western plains, now long a thing of the past. Mr. J. E. Laughlin has contributed twelve very fine wash-drawings to illustrate the text, and has designed a very striking cover.

Apparently the United States is bound to have popular authors even if it must steal them. The New York *Mail and Express* has this paragraph in a recent issue :

Several years ago "An American Girl in London" appeared from the press of a New York publisher, and at once attracted widespread notice. It was one of the books of the year, and when the author, who is really an American girl, wrote "A Social Departure," her literary reputation was fixed. The writer is Miss Sara Jeanette Duncan, now a resident of Simla, India, and she is spending the summer at the Hotel Childwold, in the Adirondacks, where she is a great favourite with the guests. Miss Duncan is an enthusiastic devotee of outdoor sports, and has won fame on the tennis court and over the golf-links.

William Briggs, Toronto, has just published "Cuba and other Verse," by Robert Manners. This is an excellent volume of general compositions which possess much more than the average grace and thought. One seeks in vain, however, for a reason for a special Canadian edition, although no reason could be advanced such should not be issued. The poem entitled "Cuba" is the longest of the collection. Besides, there this are many general poems, several fine sonnets, and some graceful and vivacious songs.

T. Fisher Unwin has reprinted a volume of Ouida's short stories, including The Silver Christ, Le Selve, A Lemon Tree, An Altruist and Toxin. The first and the last will be remembered as very strong Italian pictures, the former dealing with peasant life, and the latter with Venetian society. The other stories are almost equally worthy. This volume is No. 37 in Unwin's Colonial Library, in which will shortly appear : Evelyn Innes, by George Moore ; The Romance of a Midshipman, by W. Clarke Russell ; Rodman, the Boat-steerer, by Louis Becke ; two novels by Dr. W. Barry, and Sister Theresa, by George Moore. The White-headed Boy, by George Bartram, which was recently reviewed in these columns, was one of the best of recent issues in this valuable series.

In Toronto there are twelve libraries of a public character, and as a means of extending the usefulness of the libraries and of economizing their funds by preventing the purchase of duplicate sets, it was decided to co-operate. As a preliminary step it was agreed to prepare a joint catalogue of the sets of Periodicals, Transactions of Societies, Almanacs, and other sets of books published at intervals in the twelve contributing libraries. This has now been completed and given to the public. Every person interested in reference literature will find this little volume of 96 pages a most valuable reference book. It may be secured through any bookseller or from James Bain, Jr., Public Library, Toronto.

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THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE

OCTOBER, 1898.



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THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

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SOCIAL AMELIORATION.

The Contrast Between Doing Good and Doing Right.

THE cause of social amelioration has votaries without number who are prepared to go almost any length in the advocacy of ineffectual remedies for social disorders, yet halt at the effectual; feeling that such must injuriously affect and antagonize those who, for want of a better name, are called the ruling classes. Count Tolstoi describes himself as one sitting on the shoulders of the worker and crushing him to the earth, willing to give him sympathy, advice, encouragement and charity, and to help him in every possible way except by getting off him. Of those who regard themselves as neutral in the social struggle, there are many who are willing to encourage, strengthen and materially help that worker, but few indeed willing to incur the odium of an effort toward forcing the Count to dismount. Between the many and the few there is all the difference between doing good and doing right, lines of effort as divergent as the polls in essence and in results. These divergent courses may be illustrated by the life work of Arnold Toynbee, whose name is perpetuated by the University Settlement, of Toynbee Hall, the subject of an interesting article by Mr. J. S. McLean in THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE for April. Arnold Toynbee's name will long be honoured for the "good" he has done, and his early death brought to a close a life of wonderful activity, spent in efforts for the amelioration of the condition of London's poor. He lived, as far as possible, among the poorest classes, and became one of them in sympathy. His was the vital force of a movement, continued after his death, which resulted in establishing the university settlement bearing his name in the Whitechapel district—which gave the original impetus to the good work still carried on by enthusiastic and self-sacrificing workers there, and taken up in Birmingham, Glasgow and Edinburgh, and in New York, Chicago, Boston and Philadelphia. The workers in Toynbee Hall, the pioneer university settlement, see the necessity of avoiding everything repellant, of attracting by sympathy and kindly interest those whom they desire to instruct and elevate. To that end the formally religious features of the work are not brought forward obtrusively, and education is given the broadest possible scope. As Mr. McLean points out: "Problems of the day, co-operation, trade-unionism, relations of employers and employed, are studied with never-failing interest." That is cause for satisfaction, marking a decided advance during the past quarter century. But how many of the real problems of social life, the problems with which Arnold Toynbee found social science struggling, are discussed at Toynbee Hall? Would it not be a reflection on that name, naturally revered by every

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enthusiastic educationalist there, to discuss these real problems in a way calculated to lead to practical results?

Arnold Toynbee found the old Ricardo school assailed by the Socialists on the one hand and the extreme individualists on the other. The Ricardo school, so long the sheet anchor of existing conditions in Britain, was the logical development of the doctrine of freedom of contract. It set forth the principles of production, exchange and distribution with mathematical precision. It "proved" that with freedom to produce, and to exchange products, to sell labour and all things saleable, every useful member of the community would obtain the exact value of the service he rendered. This had been assailed by Karl Marx, the Moses of the Socialists. But it withstood alike his eloquent declamations about children in silk factories slaughtered for their hands like the buffalo on the western prairie slaughtered for their hides, and his finely-spun philosophy on value in use and value in exchange. Karl Marx took England as his example, for in England alone was commercial freedom established, and showed by reports of Parliamentary commissions and other evidence that freedom of contract did not give producers the value of their services to the community nor a reasonable approach to it. But he could not puncture the crushing logic of the Ricardo school. Though the economists were like the lamplighter who thought there was something the matter with the moon when he had the wrong almanac, they adhered to their books and their unassailable philosophy.

The attack on the other side was more than the Ricardo school could stand. Henry George, the logician of the individualists, accepted the basis of Ricardo's philosophy without reserve, and accepted also the damning evidence cited by Karl Marx. The utter failure of results he attributed to the fact that the essential condition—freedom of contract—had no existence. He argued, with logic as irresistible as that of the Ricardo school, that there could be no such thing as freedom of contract unless all men were granted equal right of access to the planet on which they were sailing through space. The claim that every agreement to sell labour under the existing land system was made under duress; that the freedom necessary to secure a fair return did not exist, was supported by a chain of reasoning in which no writer could find a false link. He denied the claim of Marx that freedom of contract had failed to give labour any approach to a fair reward, admitted the failure, as every man must who opens his eyes, and attributed it to the *absence* of freedom of contract. Herbert Spencer had taken the ground years before that, as a question of abstract justice, all men had equal right of access to the earth's surface. But Henry George not only contended that the question was one of vital economic importance: he devised a practical scheme by which the principle could be applied with the minimum of disturbance to existing conditions. His scheme was not the nationalization of land, but the nationalization of economic rent in lieu of all existing taxation. That, he contended, would give the commercial advantages of individual ownership, with the social and ethical advantages of ownership in common. Arnold Toynbee, in his "Industrial Revolution of the Eighteenth Century," alludes to "Capital," by Karl Marx, and "Progress and Poverty," by Henry George, as the two greatest menaces to existing social conditions. They attacked the school of economics on which existing commercial and industrial laws were founded, or intended to be founded, each with facts, theories and a new scheme, and the conclusion of one or the other was irresistible.

Admirers of Arnold Toynbee's charity and self-sacrifice cannot be satisfied with his course in this conflict of schools. He did not face the situation and follow the philosophy which would have led him into conflict with the existing order of things—with the ruling classes. He did not cast in his lot with those who would force the

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Count to dismount on one side or the other. He cut loose from the entire school of deductive economics, and began to deny the recognized rules of human conduct on which it was founded. The economic law, as stated by Senior, that "man will acquire wealth with the least possible sacrifice," was questioned by Toynbee, and some apparent exceptions were urged as grounds for rejecting all reasoning founded on it. Although the foundation of civil law and the guide of business, it was regarded as unsafe as a basis of economic reasoning. He dedeclared that the "economic man," actuated entirely by the commercial spirit, did not exist (although that personage must have had a controlling influence on many directorates). In thus denying the basis of human conduct, Arnold Toynbee's cleverness unfortunately devised a means of escape from the dilemma of the economists. He founded the inductive school, which has since wasted the time of economic students in work which at best can serve no better purpose than to keep their intellects from idleness. To explain the phenomena of poverty, the founder of the new school would take the case of a poor man, count the price of every potato, cabbage and turnip consumed by himself and family during a specified time, investigate his rent and clothing bill, even extending the enquiry to the wear and tear on his knife and fork. Then he would take the wage bill and strike a balance as accurate as Mr. Micawber's philosophy on domestic finance. He would explain the matter, and, of course, the explanation of phenomena is the true province of science. But he would reach his explanations by a process which would effectually shut out all sight of real problems, all questioning of the why and the wherefore. As a result of Arnold Toynbee's influence contributions to economic science since his time have been pitifully industrious and puerile to the borders of the ridiculous. Through his influence minds which might be working for the real elevation of the class represented by those who dwell in squalor around Toynbee Hall are investigating the changes in the price of sugar, cheese and snuff through past decades.

The method of the English economists had formerly been deductive—based on recognized principles of human conduct developing through the natural laws of production, exchange, distribution and consumption of wealth. Following and demonstrating general principles throughout the complex manifestations of the economic world was the established method, not as now, the boring into details of local price and wage fluctuations for the sake of boring. The method of the school best exemplified by Ricardo was the tracing of general principles underlying economic development and the adoption of them as guides in framing the commercial, fiscal and industrial laws of the nation. In investigating the effects of a protective tariff economists did not, as now, assay the utterly impossible task of tracing an impost on some commodity, wheat for example, through the custom house to the grain storehouse and its large family of economic relatives, from the storehouse to the vessel or other means of conveyance, bringing another family into the calculations, then on to the local dealer, the miller and grocer, bringing in a swarm of economic relatives with each stage of advancement. They sought the general principles governing all economic production, exchange and distribution, that these might be applied (if a secondary desire beyond the province of science were admissable) to the fiscal issues before the nation.

"The produce of the Earth," says Ricardo, "all that is derived from its surface by the united application of labour, machinery and capital is divided among three classes of the community, namely, the proprietor of the land, the owner of the stock or capital necessary for its cultivation, and the labourers by whose industry it is cultivated. . . . To determine the laws which regulate this distribution is the principle problem of Poli-

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itical Economy." In the opening chapters of his chief work he sets out to prove that the value of a commodity, that is, the quantity of any other commodity for which it would exchange, depended on the relative quantity of labour necessary for its production, and not on the greater or less compensation paid for the labour. In this and subsequent chapters on value he discussed the influence and showed the working of the same law in labour of different qualities and in labour applied indirectly on the tools, buildings and other elements of production. He dealt also with the exceptions, showing them to be exceptions—not as is popular now, magnifying them into refutations of the general law. This subject led naturally to a consideration of the much-desired but never obtained standard of value. The most superficial understanding of the laws enunciated by Ricardo would have saved the United States from an absurd agitation and its resultant destructive panic. Had the men drifting from the colleges and universities to the newspapers and magazines been drilled in the abandoned and even despised *doctrinaire* school and not turned to probe after the impossible and the worthless—to compile endless tables of alleged statistics, the public mind would have been too clear to have been befogged by the arguments for free coinage at fiat value on private account. Alterations in prices when due to changes in the value of the circulating medium are clearly distinguished by Ricardo from alterations in the relative value of the different commodities which money purchases. In the recent American Presidental campaign we heard one party declaring that the fall in wheat was due to the demonetization of silver. There was the fall in silver and the fall in wheat! That one caused the other was as clear to the inductive philosophers as that Tenterdon steeple caused Goodwin Sands. Another party declared that the fall in silver contemporaneous with the fall in wheat was merely a coincidence. But the arguments of this party were so weakened by attempts at minute statistical examination and the abandonment of the methods of the *doctrinaire* school that they had but little effect. In enunciating the law of rent Ricardo cleared away the confusion of thoughts so manifest in the works of earlier economists, and his expositions have helped many later writers to a clearer understanding of the basic principles of political economy. The law that the rent of land is the difference between the product of labour and capital economically applied to it and the product of the same amount of labour and capital applied to the best land obtainable for nothing, has been accepted consciously or unconsciously by all subsequent deductive economists. It is still called Ricardo's law, and, although its author seems to have confined his thoughts to agricultural land, it is quite as true in its application to the business and residental blocks of cities. This law has been accepted by Henry George as unassailable. But that advocate of rent nationalization, while accepting the law, has made a most unsettling attack on the conclusions of its discoverer. Ricardo showed that an increase in agricultural rent was the effect and not the cause of the increase in the price of corn; that high rent was a symptom but never a cause of wealth. "When land is most abundant," says Ricardo, "when most productive and most fertile, it yields no rent; and it is only when its powers decay, and less is yielded in return for labour, that a share of the original produce of the most fertile portions is set apart for rent." His chapters on rent have still a mission to serve in clearing away the confusion inherited from earlier writers, revived by the modern schools and distressingly prevalent in current conversation and in the discussions of legislative bodies. In dealing with foreign trade Ricardo shows the identity of principle in all trade, whether foreign or domestic, its individualistic as contrasted with a supposed national character, and its function in increasing the real pro-

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ducts of labour. He shows that by increasing the general mass of productions foreign trade diffuses general benefits and improves the standard of living. The elaboration of this principle leads up to a most important desertation on export bounties and important duties. England, exporting cloth to Portugal in exchange for wine, is shown to give the people of each country more cloth and more wine for their labor than could be obtained without the exchange.

Ricardo's chapters on export bounties and the restriction of imports are models of clearness and simplicity. The abolition of the corn laws can be traced to his elucidation of the underlying principles and practical results of these fiscal experiments. Fancy the writings of any modern economist of the inductive school leading to the abolition of corn laws or any other fiscal abuse! The difference between the position of the land-owner and the manufacturer, owing to the condition of England as a grain-importing country, is demonstrated by Ricardo with a clearness that might be imitated profitably in present-day tariff controversies. "Country gentlemen, then," he says, after showing the secondary results of the protection system, "have not only a temporary but a permanent interest in prohibitions of the importation of corn and in bounties on its exportation; but manufacturers have no permanent interest in establishing high duties on the importation and bounties on the exportation of commodities; their interest is wholly temporary. The surplus of manufactured goods sold abroad, and ultimately regulating prices at home, and the balance of the corn supply, necessarily imported, made an economic contrast which the writer clearly understood. Adam Smith had already pointed out the errors of the mercantile school, a philosophy so called because it regarded the nation as a trading concern, buying and selling abroad. It sought, by increasing "sales" or exports and restricting "purchases" or imports, to create a national profit or "favourable balance of trade." Its aim was to raise the price of commodities in the home market by prohibiting foreign competition. By forcing capital into channels where it would not otherwise flow it diminished the whole amount of commodities produced. The increase obtained in prices was not sustained by a natural scarcity, but by difficulty of production, and consequently, though the sellers secured a higher price, they did not obtain greater profits.

This line of argument, pursued by Adam Smith, did not take into account the inevitable burden of higher prices to consumers. It was, in consequence, quoted by "country gentlemen" as an authority for imposing duties on the importation of foreign corn. "Because," says Ricardo in reply, "the cost of production and, therefore, the price of various manufactured commodities, are raised to the consumer by one error in legislation, the country has been called upon, on the plea of justice, quietly to submit to fresh exactions." It scarcely sounds like a quotation from a work published when this century was in its 'teens. Its newness shows how poorly the lesson has been learned. Because the people were paying an additional price for linen, muslin and cotton they were asked to pay an additional price for corn. Because they had prevented the greatest amount of production from being obtained in manufactured articles, they were asked to further punish themselves by diminishing their returns in produce. Britain is not in need of a new Ricardo at the present time, but the common expression of economic thought calls for a Ricardo revival. When this clear exposition of the principle of protection was given to the public it must have been evident to all thinkers that the corn laws were doomed; that their life was a question of time. But it may be interesting to speculate on the possible course of economic development had a Toynbee come forth then to question the basis of Ricardo's reasoning and divert investigating minds to other methods. The founder of Toynbee Hall saw the

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current logic which served as the defence of existing conditions assailed by Karl Marx on the one hand and Henry George on the other. He opened up an avenue of escape by denying the basis of that logic. "What is this deductive method," asks Toynbee, "which Ricardo employed? It consists of reasoning from one or two extremely simple propositions down to a series of new laws. He always employed this method, taking as his great postulate that all men will on all occasions follow their own interests. The defect of the assumption lies in its too great simplicity as a theory of human nature. Men do not always know their own interests. Bagehot points out that the £10 householders who were enfranchised by the Reform Bill were, after 1832, the most heavily taxed class in the community, though the remedy was in their own hands; because they were ignorant and apathetic. And even when men know their interests they will not always follow them, etc." Had Arnold Toynbee arrived on the scene when Ricardo removed the last support from the corn laws the same attack on the deductive method would have been in order. The new apostle of inductive investigation would have pointed to farmers who did not exact on all occasions the full price permitted by the import tax. He would have discovered territorial landlords who did not demand from the farmers the full rent permitted by the high price of corn, and employers who did not take advantage of the general stagnation to pay wages in accordance with the scramble for employment. He would have found, in short, men who did not know their own interests, or knowing, did not follow them. Thus would the attack on the corn laws have been dismissed. The explanation of the "little loaf," or the no loaf in many cases, would have been sought by purely inductive methods. Tabulated statements of the weekly supplies of a farm labourer, his wife and children, at different economic epochs would have confronted the assailants of the tax on corn, and the recitation of "half a pound of candles, three pence, one pound of rice, four pence," would have exploded all their theories. The proportion of taxation in the five shillings and eight pence half-penny paid for eight quarter loaves would have been figured out to many places of decimals, and no doubt to the conclusion that the corn laws had no bearing on the case. Had Arnold Toynbee arrived three or four decades earlier economists would then have been turned to the fruitless, endless quest for unascertainable facts, and the nation would have been left till now entangled in the corn laws; for it would be utterly impossible by his methods to prove or even detect the existence of a legalized abuse. While his methods defend nothing, they give absolute safety to everything existing. It is fortunate they were not introduced till after the successful struggle against the corn laws, and it would have been still more fortunate had their introduction been postponed indefinitely. Arnold Toynbee came when the school of thought, which had won freedom of commerce, was in a dilemma between the extreme socialists and individualists. The right to buy and sell had been won but there was a broader demand for the right of access to the earth's surface — the right to labour and enjoy the fruit thereof. It is to be regretted that he did not squarely face the issue raised or let it alone. In this regret at his course in a crisis in economic history there is no accusation, no thought of intellectual dishonesty. He saw existing society menaced on two sides and instinctively took a stand in its defence. Toynbee Hall, elevating as its influence must be, does not compensate for the avenue of escape opened by its founder from problems which should be squarely faced by all who presume to teach or understand the science of economics.

S. T. Wood

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NEWFOUNDLAND AND CANADA.*

BY THE PRINCIPAL OF QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY, KINGSTON.

TO some inland Canadians, with little appreciation of the importance of the maritime element in a nation or of the sea as an element in determining the prices of their produce, the title of this paper may sound like the minister's prayer for the two islets which formed his parish ;— "God bless the muckle and the lesser Cumraes and the adjawcent islands of Great Breeton and Ireland!" To them, it is a matter of indifference whether Newfoundland unites with Canada or remains out in the cold. The importance attached to the great island in the wars of last century and in the treaties made at their close, and in the only war of this century between Britain and the United States, might open their eyes. In 1812 "in St. John's alone there were three sail of the line, and twenty-one frigates, with thirty-seven sloops, brigs and schooners of war. Mr. Ewen Stabb told of thirty American prizes being brought into the harbour. I have heard a gentleman describe his walking across from Bennett's to Alsop's (from the north to the south side of the harbour) on American prizes chained together." So writes Judge Prowse. "In September, 1815, licenses were granted to seventeen vessels from St. John's to proceed to the States for provisions and live stock ; out of these, eleven were American prizes." Its value in peace has been, and is yet, recognized by Great Britain, Portugal, Spain, France and the United States. The Portuguese claimed it on the plea of prior discovery. Gaspar Cortereal came to it, in 1501, with a charter from the King of Portugal to possess the land, and for many years after he was lost on the Labrador coast his relatives held the hereditary title of Governor of Terra Nova. For information regarding the claims of Portugal, the paper of the late Rev. Dr. George Patterson, published in the eighth volume of the Transactions of our Royal Society, entitled "A Lost Chapter in American History," should be consulted. Spain had still stronger claims than Portugal, and at a date so modern as 1761 we find the French standing in with Spain. They demanded, during the negotiations for peace which were then being carried on, that the Spaniards as well as themselves should have fishing rights on the coast. The name of the western terminus of the trans-insular railway just completed — Port - aux - Basques — informs us where their headquarters were. But, just at that time, Britain had in Pitt a statesman at the helm ; and he declared that he would not consent to the demand, even if the Spaniards captured the Tower of London. Unfortunately he had to resign, and his contemptible successor—Bute—gave rights to France which have been a source of trouble to Newfoundland down to the present day. The commercial world of Britain protested against Bute's concessions. The Common Council of London, representing the whole mercantile interest of the kingdom, transmitted to the House of Commons peremptory instructions to the City members. The Newfoundland fishery, they said, "was worth more than all Canada." They knew that the fishery was a source of wealth to their enemy and the chief nursery for her seamen ; so, on national as well as commercial grounds, they opposed the concessions, but in vain. The French fishery on half the coast of Newfoundland, and it the most valu-

*A History of Newfoundland, from the English, Colonial and Foreign Records, by D. W. Prowse, Q.C., Judge of the Central District Court of Newfoundland. London and New York : Macmillan & Co. Second Edition, London: Eyre & Spottiswoode, 1896.

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able half, is becoming of less value year by year, for their business is becoming less as the catch of shore fish lessens ; but they still cling to the rights conferred by treaties, and try to fight the logic of events by means of bounties; not from sentiment alone, as is sometimes supposed, but with the idea of having a reserve for their navy in the hardy fellows who fish along the coast and on the Great Bank.

As to the value attached by the United States to Newfoundland, we have recent proof in the Bond-Blaine convention, negatived by Britain, on the demand of Canada, even after Lord Knutsford had given permission to the Colony to enter on independent negotiations. Under it, Mr. Blaine gave to Newfoundlanders the right, which he had steadily refused to Canadians, of sending in their fish free of duty to the vast United States market, and we may be sure that Newfoundland was able to offer him a good equivalent ; for, as Mr. Chamberlain has recently discovered, our neighbours are close, not to say hard, bargainers.

Surely Canadians ought not to be blind to a value which is recognized by all the rest of the world; but some of us are blind. In the opinions of the Press on Judge Prowse's History, cited in the second edition, I find a negative proof of our blindness. No Canadian organ is cited, except the *Week*, whereas all the great British and United States papers reviewed it generously.

When in Halifax this summer I had another proof of our indifference. That city has had intimate commercial relations with Newfoundland for a long time, but I could not find in any of the bookstores a copy of Judge Prowse's History, or of the Rev. Dr. Moses Harvey's Hand-book, or his charming Jubilee sketch of the Colony, or any one of his monographs. The only thing about Newfoundland which many of my Ontario friends seem to know is one which reminds me of Artemus Ward's saying, that "it is wonderful how many things people know that ain't so ;" for they tell me, as a fact, the knowledge of which proves them not wholly ignorant, that Newfoundland will not enter Confederation ; and one lady, when I shook my head, assured me that so it was writ in the school history she had to teach. Great is their astonishment when informed that the Island's representatives, who came to Ottawa in 1895, asking for admission into the Dominion, were refused, on the ground that Canada could not afford to shoulder their debt! Negotiations were not even postponed; the matter was not kept pending, as it might have been, till a Commission had been sent to the Island to discover whether its undeveloped resources would not have warranted our bearing a burden which 200,000 fishermen are able to bear ; but negotiations were closed promptly, and the delegates had to take home the message that Canada did not want them. When a young lady actually makes overtures to a comparatively wealthy fellow, who has pretended to be deeply in love with her, and gets a blunt "no," on the ground that her debts would be too heavy a drain on his slender resources, or merely an offer to say "yes," on condition that she can coax a rich mutual friend, called John Bull, to assume a percentage of her liabilities, she is likely to feel a little natural resentment; all the more so, when it is given out that the match was broken off from her fault!

The story of Newfoundland, as told by Judge Prowse, reads almost like a romance. As *The Times* says, he has added a chapter to English History, and he has done his work in the spirit of a scholar who grudges no labour to the elucidation of the most minute point. The Island has been so overlooked by us that it is difficult to understand that three or four centuries ago it stood out prominently before the minds of Englishmen, and that then successive attempts were made at planting a colony on its shores in connection with its exhaustless fisheries. It was in prosecuting these that England first learned lessons in the great art of building up an ocean empire. Long before Sir Humphrey Gilbert's expedition, which took possession of it in 1583, in the name of

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Queen Elizabeth, St. John's was an important free port with a large international trade. Indeed in 1594, Sir Walter Raleigh said that if any harm should happen to the Newfoundland fleet, it would be the greatest calamity that could befall England. But Gilbert's tragic death, and the disasters which befel his ill-organized expedition, have hidden the previous history of Newfoundland from men's minds. Sir Humphrey Gilbert's story is well-known; how he refused to leave the wretched little tub, the *Squirrel*, a pinnace of ten tons, because someone had questioned his courage on shipboard; how in the storm he cried out to those in the *Hind*, of forty tons, as often as they approached within hearing, "We are as near heaven by sea as by land!" and then the concluding sentences of Hakluyt's narrative: "Suddenly, on Monday night we lost sight of the *Squirrel's* light. Our watch cried out, "The general was cast away," which was too true; for in that moment the frigate was devoured and swallowed up of the sea."

How is it that so little has been made of a colony whose foundations were laid so long ago? According to Lord Salisbury, she has been the sport of "historic misfortunes," and the root of these has been the natural wealth of her shores. Her fisheries have drawn to the coast nations and merchant adventurers, and between them she has had a hard time. Hence the origin of the difficulties of the French Treaty shore, and hence, too, the oppressive laws against settlement or the cultivation of the soil. The Devonshire, or west country, merchant adventurers wished to retain the harbours and coves for their own purposes, and settlers were regarded as interlopers. Charles the First gave an exclusive monopoly of the fisheries to these west country adventurers; and, by one of his regulations, the first English skipper who entered any harbour on the coast was appointed Admiral and Judge over all, on sea or land, for the fishing season. Naturally enough, these "Fishing Admirals" took possession of the best fishing-stations, and, when questions arose between parties, decided every case in their own favour. The poor settlers had no mercy shown them. At a later date, when a fairer judicial system had been established, the Chief Justice, going on a circuit, found in one of the outports that the agent of one of the merchants had sat on the bench and given judgments in favour of his own firm. "How dare you, sir, commit such a perversion of justice?" said the indignant chief. "Well," said the agent, "I must be a pretty sort of a vule of a judge if I would not do justice to myself." This remarkable justice rejoiced in the name of "the Lord High Hadmiral," and he was a fair specimen of his tribe. Though, after a time they were brought under some sort of control, it was long before the struggle between the merchant adventurers and the residents was decided in favour of the latter. Restrictions on building and enclosing and cultivating the ground were not entirely abolished until 1820. Bitterly did the west country merchants resist the idea of Newfoundland having a local legislature, or anything that would serve the convenience of residents. As one of them, Peter Ougeir, said, indignantly, "They are making roads in Newfoundland; next thing they will be having carriages and driving about." Judge Prowse tells a number of good stories, not a few of them, as might be expected, connected with the administration of justice, which show where the shoe pinched most frequently in the life of the people; just as the fact that most of Dean Ramsay's are about "Lairds and Lairds that are drunk," or about ministers and their beadles, shows what the main features of Scottish life were formerly. Some are so characteristic of the times that quotation is irresistible. A merchant, Thomas Tremlett, was appointed Chief Justice. "His firm had been very large Newfoundland merchants; they came to grief through some outside speculation, and, in accordance with the custom of the country, Thomas received a Government office. There never was a more independent,

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upright judge than Tremlett; but his decisions gave great offence to his quondam friends in the trade. They made constant complaints against him; finally, they embodied their grievances in a long elaborate petition containing three specific charges of injustice. The Governor, Admiral Duckworth, furnished the old chief with the complaints against him. His reply was unique. I give it in full:

'To the first charge, your Excellency, I answer that it is a lie, to the second charge I say that it is a d—d lie, and to the third charge that it is a d—d infernal lie, and, your Excellency, I have no more to say.

Your Excellency's obedient servant,

THOMAS TREMLETT.'

Tremlett was sustained in his position both by the Governor and the authorities in England. It was, however, considered desirable that a man of more legal knowledge, of more popular manners and unconnected with local interests, should be appointed." Tremlett had the root of the matter in him, whereas many of his predecessors had not. The proceedings in their courts of justice were so outrageous that we can understand the significance of the old English phrase, "justices' justice." They fined right and left, and divided the fines among themselves. Routh says there was not a single instance of a poor man recovering against a merchant before these justices, except one. That one was through the intervention of our sailor King, William IV., then Prince William Henry, a jolly, good-natured sailor, who happened to be in St. John's as Captain of H.M.S. *Pegasus* in 1780. A poor fellow, O'Driscoll, had judgment given against him; as he was passing gloomily down the street, a friend pointed out the Prince, and said, "Get him to plead your case agin, and bedad you will win before ould judge." So O'Driscoll accosted the Prince, and the kind-hearted sailor went off hot-foot to the justice and pleaded the case so ably that judgment was given in his favour. A judicial decision given by His Royal Highness when he presided as Surrogate in the courthouse of Placentia does not speak quite so highly of him as a judge. This is given in the Records as follows:

"A riot happening on shore at 4 o'clock, the magistrate attending to suppress it was insulted. The Prince came on shore with a guard of marines, arrested the ringleader, called a Court, and sentenced him to receive 100 lashes. He was only able to receive 80. *Next day enquired into the facts of the case*; (and report has it that they had whipped the wrong man.)"

Henry John Boulton, a politician from Upper Canada then out of a job, and who subsequently represented Niagara, and also Norfolk, in the Parliament of Canada, was one of the chief justices with whom Newfoundland was blessed. Judge Prowse declares that he was the worst possible selection that could have been made, and that he was hated as no one else was ever hated in Newfoundland. He was succeeded in 1838 by John Gervase Hutchinson Bourne, an able lawyer, but cursed with a violent temper. Here is a story illustrative of it. Lambert, the old crier of the Court, was helping the chief to put on his gown; the sleeve was inside out and Bourne could not get his arm through; in his wrath, he swore, "The devil's in the gown!" Old Lambert, who was getting the sleeve right, said quite innocently, "Not yet, my lord, not yet!"

Judge Prowse is just as willing to tell stories that reflect on himself, in the estimation of persons zealous for the dignity of the Bench, as he is to act the part of a faithful historian. A capital shot and a good hand with the rod, he sometimes makes his way through scrub and ponds to localities remote from the capital. Once he was in the neighbourhood of Cape Race, where he rested for a day or two in the congenial company of Paddy Meyrick, the lighthouse keeper, and the late Captain Gulliford. He was tired, his bags were well stored with birds, his old pony was far away, his clothes behind were giving out, and he had

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nothing with which to hide the gaping rents but an old black mackintosh. The question came up, how to get back to St. John's with the minimum of trouble? One of the company suggested that the Allan mail steamer, the *Nova Scotian*, would pass next morning. "Be gob!" said Paddy, warmed with the Judge's stories, "I'll signal her for you." "And I'll give you a boat, and three or four fellows to row you out," said the Captain. But it was known that no signal would avail, except "Will you take on board a shipwrecked crew?" "That will fetch the Scotchmen," said the Judge, "They'll stop for the bawbees." He took joyfully all the responsibility on himself, and next morning the signal flew as soon as the steamer came in sight. The great liner halted till the boat rowed up to her side. Only one man, with two dogs and sundry bags of grouse, came on board. "Where's the shipwrecked crew!" shouted the Captain from the bridge. The Judge calmly pointed to himself, to his birds, to his dogs, and then, "Not caring to argue with the Captain when he was angry, and being very hungry, I proceeded to the saloon and went through the courses from porridge to pineapples."

"I arrived in St. John's," he added, "in six hours!" Of course the St. John's papers got hold of the story, and for days they had headlines to their articles, "Outrageous Conduct of a Judge!" "Stopping a Mail Steamer on the High Seas," etc., and there was much correspondence on the subject, but no one was cashiered, though Paddy Meyrick was bullied a little, and the Judge calmly went on his way, after the manner of roving blades who are indifferent to the formalities with which most men are oppressed.

He tells a good story, with a moral which can be read between the lines, of his connection with the riot known as the "Battle of Fox Trap," which was fought, as all men know, in 1881, when the railway survey was being made on the south shore of Conception Bay. The fishermen had been told that if the engineers once put tape on their property they would be taxed to death, and that a tall gate (tollgate) would be set up, and that possibly their land would cease to belong to them. A raging mob gathered who dared the engineers to cross a given line. There was a defect in the statute, and so the Judge was asked to go out and reason with the people and induce them to disperse. His eloquence was all in vain, though he argued with them for days. Hundreds of angry men and women, with guns, sticks and stones, swore that there should be no railway while they lived. On the fifth or sixth day the crowd boiled over. Irritated at seeing the engineers in their tents, biding their time, they suddenly poured down on them, stoning and booting them—fleeing for their lives—into the village, where the Judge was staying. "I now had them," he said, "as a breach of the peace had been committed; and collecting my force of eleven policemen, we faced the mob. Knowing their leader, we quietly nabbed him before he knew what was going on. A cry was raised, "Will you let them take Charlie?" and a wild rush was made, but they drew back before the eleven bayonets, and in a few minutes we had Charlie—a tall, strong fellow, in the lock-up. The crowd sullenly fell back, but did not disperse. Next morning a message came from Charlie, that he wished to see me. I went, and as soon as I entered the room he called out, "O Joodge, A'm al' for t' ralerood!" "Hullo! what has changed you so suddenly, Charlie?" I said. "Why, there was put in with me last night a drunk sailor man, and he ast me what I was in fur, and I tould him, and he said, 'Why, you ole bloke, don't you know that the railway is the poor man's carriage? You can ride in it like a lord for a few cents to St. John's or anywhere, no matter how wind or tide may be'; and so now, Joodge, A'm al' for t' ralerood." "But, Charlie, didn't I tell you all that, and more too, last week, and you wouldn't listen to me?" "Ah, Joodge," responded Charlie, "that was differ-

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ent. We al' knowed that you was paid for saying them things!" And so, where Judge and police had failed, the drunk sailor man ended the battle of Fox Trap.

In recent letters to the Toronto *Globe* and the Montreal *Star* I have referred to the present position of Newfoundland, its probable agricultural, mineral and forest wealth, the contract made with Mr. Reid for operating its railway system, its tri-weekly connection with the North Sydney terminus of the Intercolonial, and other matters to which I need not here refer. For the first time in its history, it has hopes of internal development. For these it has paid a large sum, and it has put enormous powers for good or evil into one man's hands. The excuse is that there was nothing else to be done, when once a great railway policy had been decided on, and to that policy every party in the island, in turn, had committed itself. It is now impossible for Newfoundland to isolate itself much longer from the general life of British North America. In spite of its mistakes and the mistakes of Canada, especially the blunder of 1895, confederation with the Dominion is sure to come. And it is impossible for the Treaty Shore question to remain unsettled. Mr. Chamberlain has agreed to send a Royal Commission to examine into the question, and that is the beginning of the end. It becomes Canadians to know something of the history of this "the most ancient Colony" of Great Britain; and I have, therefore, considered it timely to call attention to the minute chronicle of Judge Prowse and to refer at the same time to the writings of the Rev. Dr. Harvey, the two Newfoundlanders whom we best know beyond its own shores, and who have done most to make it favourably known to the world.

G. M. Grant.

RONDEAU.

I KNOW not what was said, alack-a-day!
How foolish not to know what maidens may.
He took me where the brook, a tiny thread,
Sang to the rushes, as between it sped,
And said—what was it, now, that he did say?

I can't remember. In an awakened way
He spoke and stammered, wearied by delay.
I think I helped him—that was how he said,
I know not what!

I let my fingers in the water play,
I let my glances on the water stay;
And so—although he asked me soon to wed,
I did not listen—really! and he said,
I know not what!

Florence Hamilton Randal.

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MISQUOTATION.

ONE of the curiosities of literature which has escaped the attention of the elder Disraeli is the frequency of inaccurate quotation, especially of poetry. In conversation, the phenomenon is not surprising. Few are gifted with the memory of a Macaulay or a Porson, and as a rule we carry from our reading the substance of the ideas that strike us, without retaining the exact language in which these ideas are expressed. Nothing is more common than to hear people speak of a "beggarly array of empty boxes," instead of a beggarly "account"; or say that "There is something rotten in the state of Denmark," meaning that "Something is rotten in the state of Denmark"; or exclaim of mercy that "It droppeth as the gentle dew from heaven upon the place beneath," when Shakespeare speaks of the gentle "rain." We make every allowance for the frailty of the average man's faculties and charitably assume that he atones for these peccadilloes by attention to the weightier matters of the law.

But it is not in oral intercourse alone that we catch the quoter tripping. In newspapers, magazines and books, in carefully prepared discourses and in articles from the pens of prominent writers similar faults abound. In a book recently published by Archdeacon Farrar, entitled "Men I have known," the author misquotes Milton thus:

> "Fed on thoughts which voluntarily move
> Harmonious musing,"

the correct version being,

> "Feed on thoughts that voluntary move
> Harmonious numbers."

The Archdeacon has long occupied a position of acknowledged distinction in the world of letters. He is, moreover, a lover of poetry, having published a selection entitled "With the Poets," but he apparently thinks it is not worth while to verify his quotations.

Macmillan & Co. issued some years ago a volume of "Wordsworthiana" containing papers upon the poet and his works by members of the Wordsworth society. Among the contributors to this book is the Hon. Roden Noel, a man of philosophical cast of mind, elegant taste, and unusual literary discernment. Yet Mr. Noel—addressing, be it remembered, professed disciples of the poet, banded together for the promotion of a deeper study of his writings—enriches his remarks with the following supposed extract: "The weary burden and the mystery of all this unintelligible world." The original, as it appears in the well-known "Lines written a few miles above Tintern Abbey," is as follows:

> "The burthen of the mystery,
> . . . the heavy and the weary weight
> Of all this unintelligible world."

Lord Selborne, Lord Chancellor of England, was President of the Wordsworth society in 1885, and in his official address he quoted Pope thus: "All the rest is leather and prunella," surely no improvement upon "The rest is all but leather and prunella." As, however, His Lordship in the same address stated that he had learned more, not alone of nature but of man, from Wordsworth than from Plato or Shakespeare, it is scarcely worth while cavilling over his minor misdemeanours.

Offenders of this sort undoubtedly sin in the best of company. Witness the names given above. Many others of at least equal standing might be furnished. The epigraph placed upon the first edition of Bancroft's History of the United States is this, "Westward the star of empire takes its way," undoubtedly intended for "Westward the course of Empire takes its way," a line from Bishop Berkeley's poem "On the Prospect of Planting Arts and Learning in America."

The very prince of English critics must be included in our list. In his essay on "Maurice de Guerin," Matthew Arnold quotes Keats thus:

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"Moving waters at their priest-like task
Of cold ablution round earth's human shores."

Keats speaks not of "cold" but of "pure" ablution. A grotesque distortion of the same passage is given in the June number of *Cosmopolis* by Mr. W. B. Yeats, in an article on "The Celtic Element in Literature," where he puts it in this form: "Moving waters at their priest-like task of pure oblations round earth's human shore." The idea on the mind of the poet was the cleansing of the soilure of earth by the tide. By what effort of the imagination does Mr. Yeats transform this into the conception of a priest offering up sacrificial "oblations?"

A remarkable illustration of our theme is afforded by a brother of the eminent man just mentioned. In his sonnet, "To a Friend," Mr. Matthew Arnold finely characterizes the Greek dramatist Sophocles in the line "Who saw life steadily and saw it whole," meaning obviously that by keeping his eye steadily fixed upon the phenomena of life, the poet penetrated its significance and saw things in their totality, in their organic relations. The passage is quoted by Dr. Thomas Arnold in the article on English Literature in the Encyclopædia Britannica, page 412, last edition: "Saw life thoroughly and saw it whole," the thought being altered and weakened in the transcript.

In Green's History of the English People, Book VII., the author twice misquotes Milton as follows:

"The high embowered roof
With antique pillars massy proof,"

where "embowered" should be "embowed"; and again, "Where the jolly rebecks sound," "jolly" being substituted for "jocund."

Milton, indeed, is a constant sufferer at the hands of careless writers. Sir John Lubbock, in the "Pleasures of Life," speaks of being swallowed and lost "In the wide womb of uncreated thought." It need scarcely be said that the Puritan poet is not responsible for that singular locution.

Wordsworth, in a sonnet beginning "Scorn not the sonnet," tells us that:

"With this key
Shakespeare unlocked his heart."

Robert Browning refers to the matter in a poem styled "House," but interpolates the word "same" in the first line, making it,

"With this same key
Shakespeare unlocked his heart,"

and a recent edition of Shakespeare's sonnets has the incorrect version prefixed and attributed to Wordsworth! It is but poetic justice that Browning should himself be maltreated after the manner in which he has dealt with Wordsworth. In the June number of *Cosmopolis* Mr. Edmund Gosse, in an article on "Current French Literature," informs us that "All's well with the world," whereas what Browning says in his song from "Pippa Passes" is that "All's right with the world."

Examples might be multiplied indefinitely, especially if foreign and classical languages were included. Let two notorious instances suffice. The common expression "in flagrante delicto" is an incorrect version of Justinian, Corpus Juris Civilis Romani, Codex IX., Tit. XIII., 1, "in flagranti crimine comprehensi"; while the equally common "ne sutor ultra crepidam" is a free adaptation of Pliny the elder, Natural History, XXXV., 36 (10), "Ne supra crepidam judicaret (sutor)."

Perhaps the reader may ask, of what consequence is it whether an author's exact language is preserved or not, provided we have his thought? The answer is, that inaccurate quotation is a sin against truth. It may appear in any particular instance to be a trifle, but perfection consists in small things, and perfection is no trifle. In poetry, as in other arts, the form cannot be separated from the substance without injury, for the form is an essential part of the artistic product. In fact, inaccuracy such as we are considering is indicative of slovenliness and negligence, and is inexcusable on the part of those who set up for teachers of the public.

Robert W. Shannon.

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SOME RECENT PREMIERS OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

BY THE EDITOR OF THE "HERALD," ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND.

THE boon of Responsible Government was grudgingly granted to Newfoundland in 1854, and in the general election under the new constitution, held the following year, Hon. P. F. Little became the first Premier. On his elevation to the Supreme Court Bench, Hon. John Kent succeeded him, in the election of 1859. He in turn gave place to Hon. (afterwards Sir) Hugh Hoyles, in 1861, who four years later accepted the Chief Justiceship and resigned the reins of power to Hon. (now Sir) F. B. T Carter. The "Year of Confederation," 1869, Premier Carter faced the country as an advocate of union with Canada, but the anti-Confederate hosts routed him, and Hon. C. F. Bennett swayed our destinies until 1874, when another turn of Fortune's wheel brought Mr. Carter once more on top, where he remained until elevated to the position of Chief Justice, with a knighthood, in 1878. Of that group of Premiers, he alone remained in the flesh, and his withdrawal closed what may be termed the formative period in the colony's history. In May of the present year he resigned the position of Chief Justice after twenty years of service.

His successor in the premiership was Hon. (now Rt. Hon. Sir) Wm. Whiteway, who inaugurated the progressive era, which may be described as the development of the unexplored interior by opening it up through the medium of a railway. Sir Wm. Whiteway was born at Totnes, Devonshire, England, on April 1st, 1828. He came to this colony when fifteen, studied law with a relative, was admitted to the Bar in 1852, and became a Q.C. ten years later. In 1858 he entered politics, became Speaker in '64, was a delegate to Canada for terms of union in '69, and as a Confederate went down before the tidal wave that year. He was elected again in '73 as Solicitor-General, and became Premier and Attorney-General in '78. He was counsel for the colony in the famous Fishery Arbitration, held at Halifax in '77, and secured us an award of one million dollars. He was also delegate to London on several occasions in connection with the vexed French Shore question. Upon attaining power he was confronted with the problem that the increasing population could not find employment in the fisheries; and as the geological survey showed the interior to be rich in agricultural, timber and mineral lands, he formulated the policy of building a line of railway through the country to give access to these regions, and promote new industries. Being an able and eloquent speaker, persuasive and determined, sincere in his convictions, and having an abiding faith in the future of the colony, he gradually moulded his party to his views, and after a preliminary survey by Mr. Sandford Fleming, a contract was let for the construction of eighty-three miles of narrow-gauge railroad, from St. John's to Harbour Grace around the head of Conception Bay, the most populous section of the island. The first sod was turned in August 1882, and we were fairly launched upon our new experiment. Another measure was the construction of a dry dock in St. John's, to enable ocean steamers calling here in distress to effect repairs. In December, 1883, the peaceful relations existing between our different denominations were disrupted because of an Orange Catholic riot in Harbour Grace, in which seven people were killed. This roused the slumbering fires of sectarian animosities, and made a political cleavage on purely religious lines. Owing to a resolution introduced into the Legislature by one of Premier Whiteway's Protestant supporters, the Catholic wing of his party

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withdrew from him, and his Government went to pieces in the session of 1885.

Sir William retired from political life, the reversion of the Chief Justiceship being promised him if it became vacant, and a purely Protestant party took the country under the leadership of Hon. (now Sir) Robert Thorburn, and were elected in nearly every case without opposition, the districts with Catholics in a majority electing members of that denomination. When the new Parliament met in February '86, it presented the extraordinary spectacle of a house composed on purely denominational lines, twenty-two Protestants forming the Government, and fourteen Catholics making the Opposition. But this unfortunate situation was, however, happily terminated by the assumption of office before the next session of several leading members of the Opposition, thus terminating the most unhappy episode in the history of the colony. Premier Thorburn was born in Scotland in 1836, and came to the colony at the age of sixteen, entering the office of Baine, Johnson & Co., one of our leading fish firms, and, eventually, becoming managing partner of the firm, his uncles being the the principals. Though a member of the Legislative Council for fifteen years, he had had no active political career when called upon to assume the Premiership, his election being due rather to the honoured position he held in the commercial community, and, maybe, to the idea of giving the country a business-man's administration. Hon. (now Sir) James Winter was Attorney-General and leading spirit of the Government. Its lot was, however, cast in troublous times. A series of bad fisheries caused almost unexampled depression, and a severe gale on Labrador in the fall of '86 threw hundreds of the fishermen on the bounty of the Government. Most of the labour-giving measures started by the previous Ministry were now completed, and the workmen discharged therefrom swelled the crowd clamouring for employment. The Thorburn Government's chief claim to recognition lies in the fact that it passed and enforced the famous "Bait Act," prohibiting the sale of herring and other bait fishes to the French at St. Pierre, in retaliation for the damage done us in the European markets by the French who, being granted a bounty of $2 per quintal on all the codfish they exported, were thus enabled to undersell us all along the line. But this enactment destroyed the lucrative industry of bait-catching on the southern coast and increased the army of enemies of the Government. The passage of an election act, providing for a twenty-five-year suffrage and vote by ballot, made the fishermen independent of all outside influences. So, when Sir Wm. Whiteway re-entered the political field in 1889, he swept the country, carrying twenty-eight out of the thirty-six seats, and defeating every elective member of the Thorburn Cabinet. In this election the parties first took the distinctive names of Liberal and Conservative, Whiteway's followers being known as the former, and Thorburn's as the latter.

The Conservatives, while in power, had adopted the railway policy in so far as to build a line twenty-six miles to Placentia, and, when overthrown, were contemplating another extension. When Premier Whiteway re-entered the Cabinet he proved that his views on railway matters had undergone no change by concluding a contract to extend the main line to Exploits and the northwest, tapping Trinity, Bonavista and Notre Dame Bays. This contract was awarded to Mr. R. G. Reid, of Montreal, who had carried out very extensive works for the C.P.R., and his handling of our road was such as to enhance his reputation.

Measures for steam on the bays and manhood suffrage owe their enactment to this administration, and Colonial Secretary Bond in 1890 negotiated a Reciprocity Convention with the American Secretary of State, the late J. G. Blaine, which was blocked through Canada's interference. The

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great fire in St. John's, in July, 1892, taxed the best energies of the Ministry, but the employment given in re-building the city, the progress of railway construction, and the completion of a second contract with Mr. Reid to further extend the road to Port-aux-Basques, the south-west extremity of the island, to traverse the interior with the line of railway and bring us into daily communication with the American continent, contributed largely to the re-election of the Whiteway Ministry, in November, 1893.

But this election was the beginning of the most stirring and sensational period in the colony's history. Sir James Winter, the Conservative leader, had been offered, and had accepted, from the Liberal Government a place on the Supreme Bench the previous spring. When the returns showed Whiteway to have twenty-four men against twelve oppositionists, the latter petitioned against the return of the Premier and his followers on the ground of corrupt practices, the move being projected by Mr. A. B. Morine, a clever young Nova Scotian, who settled down in the colony and became one of its ablest lawyers and politicians. Curiously enough, the first case came before Justice Winter, who had, following the terms of the law, no alternative but to unseat and disqualify his old-time opponent. His decision, given on March 27th, 1894, rendered a similar verdict in all the other cases a certainty, and the indignation of the Liberals was only exceeded by their dread of the consequences. Seeing political extinction before them, they demanded a dissolution from Governor O'Brien, which would have nullified all their disabilities. This he refused to grant, and on April 12th they tendered their resignation. He called upon Hon. A. F. Goodridge, the Opposition leader, who formed a cabinet, Hon. Mr. Morine becoming Colonial Secretary, and Hon. D. Morison Attorney-General.



HON. SIR JAMES S. WINTER.
The Present Premier of Newfoundland.

Premier Goodridge, like his predecessor, is a Devonshire man, born in Paignton, and came to the colony when fourteen, to enter his father's mercantile firm as accountant, perfecting himself in every branch of the fishery business until he rose to be the head of one of the oldest and largest firms in the colony. He had a lengthened political experience, and marked fluency and readiness of speech. His assumption of office was marked by an anomalous situation. He could not meet the Legislature, as the Liberals who still held their seats formed a large majority and refused to pass the money bills necessary to carry on the public service. So he had to prorogue from time to time, while the courts decimated the Liberal ranks. When the Revenue Bill expired on June 11, the Conservatives, nothing daunted, undertook to collect the import duties without legal authority, and when Liberal supporters tried, at first, to seize their goods by force from the bonded warehouses, the Government had a warship in the harbour to prevent disturbances. Then these appealed to the Courts, but before the legal machinery could be got in motion the remaining Liberals had been unseated, and the Conservative victors in this conflict of brains called together the Assembly and passed bills of indemnity

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RT.-HON. SIR WILLIAM WHITEWAY.



HON. SIR ROBERT THORBURN.

legalizing all they had done. But their astuteness profited them nothing. The constituencies resented the unseating of their members, which, by implication, represented themselves as the recipients of bribes, and the bye-elections, in November, '94, returned other Liberals in the place of those unseated. The Goodridge Government had not time to make any impress upon the country by a policy or platform, for it held office only eight months, resigning on December 11, 1894, the day after the bank failures in the colony, the most disastrous calamity that ever befell this island.

The third administration for this eventful year now assumed office and at the time when the country most needed ablest statesman, the Liberal majority in the Legislature, from whom a cabinet had to be formed, consisted for the most part of untried, inexperienced men, not one of them having ever held a cabinet or departmental office. Hon. D. J. Greene, Q.C., was the longest in point of service in the Assembly, and to him the Governor entrusted the unusually difficult task of forming a ministry. Premier Greene is a native of St. John's, born in 1848. He was called to the bar in '73, became a Queen's Counsel in '86, and conducted the cases against the bank directors which recently terminated. Owing to the onerous nature of this work he resigned last fall from membership for the district of Ferryland, which he had continuously represented for twenty-one years, and was at once elevated to a seat in the Legislative Council. He was a delegate to England in '90 on the French Shore trouble, and was twice leader of the Opposition.

Immediately upon the failure of the banks referred to above, the Legislature was summoned and measures were taken to deal with the crisis which faced the colony. Premier Greene and his associates worked energetically; the insolvent banks were liquidated. Canadian banks were induced to establish themselves here instead; the interest on the colony's bonds due in London at the end of the year was provided by a temporary loan; and immediate relief was given note-holders by the Government guaranteeing the paper at the proportion of its value which it was thought would be realized. But the cabinet was merely a provisional one; it speedily enacted a measure relieving the disqualified Liberals of their disabilities, and then several sitting members withdrew

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HON. A. F. GOODRIDGE.



HON. J. D. GREENE.

from the House. Sir Wm. Whiteway and his colleagues re-entered, resuming their offices about a year after they had resigned them.

The depression resulting from the widespread effects of the bank "crash" almost reduced the colony to bankruptcy in the spring of '95, and negotiations for Confederation were opened, four members of the Cabinet, Hon. Messrs. Bond, Morris, Emerson and Horwood, going to Ottawa for the purpose. But terms could not be arranged, and to prevent colonial insolvency Hon. Mr. Bond went to London and effected a loan, a policy of retrenchment being carried out in the colony so as to cut down the expenses. But during all this the construction of the railway was steadily pushed on and continued in the summers of '96-'97. In October, '97, the general election again took place and the Conservatives were this time victorious, gaining 23 seats against 13 for the Liberals. The victors were led by Sir James Winter, who had been so fiercely attacked by the Liberals for his action in unseating them, that he stepped down from the Bench into the political arena, where he very effectually worsted his tormentors.

Premier Sir James Winter is a Newfoundlander born, and is now fifty-three years of age. He studied law with Sir Hugh Hoyles, was admitted to the Bar in 1870, and took silk in '80. In '74 he was elected to the Legislature from his native district, representing it for eleven years, and then was member for Harbour Grace. He was Speaker, Solicitor-General and Attorney-General, and his legal career was most successful. He represented the colony at the Washington Fishery Conference in 1887, was a delegate to London on the French Shore agitation in '90, and was the successful counsel before the Privy Council for Mr. Baird, who contested the right of Sir Baldwin Walker, captain of the British warship Emerald, to close down his lobster factory on that shore. During the session recently closed he put through the Legislature the famous Reid Railway Contract, of which so much has been written. In July, he and the Hon. Mr. Morine were delegates to England, to secure a Royal Commission on the French Shore Question, and he is now representing Newfoundland at the Quebec Conference.

P. T. McGrath.

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CYRUS PINCHER'S THRESHING BEE.

A Country Tale.

IF there was a man in Canada who could mow a load of wheat-sheaves into a hencoop it was Cyrus Pincher. He didn't believe in two roofs where one would do. He had but two on his place. One was on the barn. But that was probably the most complicated thing in the way of rural architecture in Ontario. Talk about the labyrinth of Crete or the pyramids of Egypt! They were straight oblongs in comparison. No one remembered who built it; but there wasn't a thresher within ten miles who wouldn't have put the unlucky Vitruvius through the cylinder if he ever found out. That barn was simply an architectural despair to a thresher. Externally, it looked like a big African hut besieged by a colony of wigwams. Inside it was worse than a female smuggler's dress, the biggest *multum in parvo* west of Rome, before threshing.

Cyrus never threshed by the bushel. It wouldn't pay with such a barn as that. As a consequence there wasn't a threshing-machine within ten miles that ever pulled into his place the second time. Cy. always threshed by the job. Dan Brooks, eleven miles north, got the job in '82, the twentieth year of that barn's history. Dan drove out one day, sized up the innocent-looking thing inside and said—"twenty-five dollars." Cy. wanted to cut down to twenty-four and a half. They split the difference. Dan pulled in and blew his whistle.

The neighbors came. Cy., who was a little man with a dab of grey beard and a hook nose, took the rakers. If there was one job Cy. prided himself upon besides mowing sheaves it was taking care of the straw at the tail-end of a separator. He had his boast that there wasn't a feeder in Canada who could bush him at that. Dan, who was something of a "gandershanks," ran the engine. That put him at one end of the job, Cy. Pincher at the other.

The first forenoon made a hole near the roof big enough for two of the mow-men to wrestle in at the noon spell. When Dan climbed up to see he swore a big oath. He didn't wait for the echo but went down immediately to fire up. He tooted for feed before the second gang got through dinner. Cy. went to the rakers with a chunk of pork in his mouth; the belt flapped and the cylinder started to hum. By dusk the scaffolds over the floor were cleared and a hole made in the first mow. Dan wanted to go on till midnight but the mow-men left the barn. Dan got mad and started to pitch on the table himself. But the stack-hands quit and all Dan could do was to jab around in the dark at the sheaves, trying to find how big a hole there was. Then he got down to stop the engine. He met Cy. in the yard brushing the dust from his shoulders and coughing.

"Say Cy.," he said, as he took a chew of tobacco. "Did you put them sheaves in with a hay-packer or a spile-driver, which?"

"Both," answered Cyrus laconically. "I allus do. That's why I wear buck-skin pads on me knees. I never let the hired man mow sheaves. Takes too much room. Give us a chaw, Dan?"

The second forenoon the left mow began to settle about as fast as a snow-bank in March. By noon it was down to the beam. It was only eight feet now down to the granary on one half and there was a good three feet of hay under the other. Dan felt a little encouraged. But he was as ignorant of the anatomy of Cyrus Pincher's barn as Cyrus was of foreign missions. All that afternoon the cylinder of the big, red separator chewed sheaves in and spit straw out into the stackyard. Down at the engine Dan kept 100 lbs.

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steady pressure every second and tooted for heavier feed about every ten. Cy. at the rakers shoved the straw behind him and looked as placidly down the canvas as if it had been a feather bed. But it got dark in the barn when half the first mow was out and the other half five feet above the hay. Again Dan whistled to quit and once more climbed into the mow to take its measure. There, sheer as Gibraltar, right in front of him rose another wall of sheaves. Instead of running clear through to the cracks in the wall the granary reached but half way back. Then there was another mow on the same side and right to the floor. Dan had been so busy firing and chopping rails that he hadn't been in the barn since noon and then there was such a cloud of dust he couldn't see the roof. He was mightily indignant.

"Say Cy.," he growled, as he slid on to the floor again. "There's one thing I wanta know 'fore bedtime."

"Now's yer chance," replied Cy., then busy scanning the tallyboard.

"Be there any cellars under this blame barn er not, which?"

"Likely which," was the laconic reply. Cy. coughed at the tally. Dan got dramatic. He clapped his black finger on the score board hard enough to punch an extra hole in it. Then he glared at Cy. through the blackstrap on his face.

"Wal," drawled Cyrus, "it's a thirty-dollar job already, Dan. Guess it's 'bout chore-time, too."

When he turned to go to the stable, Dan was raking out the fire. But Cy. could tell from the look on his face that he was talking up the flues.

Dan went to bed early that night. He talked to himself a little before he went to sleep and a little while after. It was about the same as before, something about Cy.'s barn, the next night, and sleeping in the smokestack.

He got up by starlight, blew the whistle at dawn and had the belt flapping before sunrise. There was only one man in the mow and Cy. at the rakers. But there was a most awful look of resolution on Dan's long face, and every time a man passed the engine on the way to the barn it got worse.

Somehow there got a kind of electricity around that barn by ten o'clock. Nobody knew just what it was, but everybody felt it. Dan at the throttle knew. So did Cy Pincher at the rakers.

About eleven the hay was reached. Dan strode in, glanced once at the mow, yelled, and stalked back to the rakers. He looked up. Cy. was leaning on his fork waiting for straw.

"Say, Cy," he shouted, and then in sheer paralysis waved his arms. Cy. started to blow chaff in his hand He was imperturbable. Dan was mad.

"Cy. ! ! " he yelled. Then he forgot the context and began to get a little incoherent. Then he appealed to the supreme court. After that he yelled again.

"Say, boss, that hay slopes ! By Jerusalem ! there ain't a half a load in the hull mow ! It's a good half pitch ! "

"Well," replied Cyrus as he flipped a grain or two of wheat into his dusty mouth, "the roof's only a third. You're throwin' a leetle grain over, Dan."

Dan waited no further parley. It was no use. He got out to the engine, as he himself said afterwards, by way of reminiscence, "in three shakes of a dead lamb's tail." He looked back at the barn like a streak of lightning. Then he glared into the fire-box, as if for two cents he'd go right through it into the flues. He crammed in wood. Then he tooted for feed. The feeder looked back through the dust like a fiend in a cloud of smoke. That was an extra toot, and he knew it. Biz-z-zip, zoo-m-z-zz ! went the cylinder of the big, red separator, like a circular saw, a freight train, and a hurricane in a winter wood, one and all. The belt flashed. The engine panted and snuffed like a wet dog after a coon hunt. Through the dusty shadow of the barn the yellow sheaves played football on to the table and down the cylinder, and the still yellower straw

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rolled up the rakers like smoke. The feeder couldn't see for sheaves. The mow-men, half-blind with dust, didn't care. Cy. Pincher at the rakers looked down through the door and yelled—for more straw!

Dan's temper could have run a separator alone just then. He had just been in the barn again for a reconnoitre, and found that the back mow ran two feet below the floor! He didn't care then if the engine made a skipping rope of the belt and jumped clear over the barn on to the strawstack. He climbed up and started to feed. And he *could* feed.

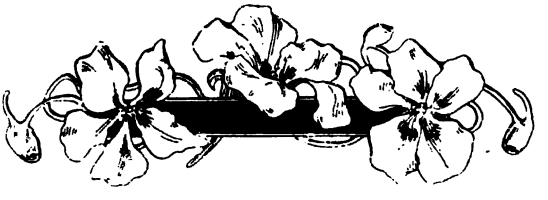
When Dan Brooks got hold of a sheaf he didn't hold it till it grew. Every one his long arms got under stood on its head about the tenth part of a second before the next one was hot on its heels half through the red separator somewhere on its way to Cy. Pincher. If the concave under that cylinder had been the mouth of a volcano he wouldn't have cared. In crowded the sheaves pell-mell, helter-skelter, higgledy-piggledy, heads and tails, and with every surge of his long body Dan's white eyes glared up the foaming rakers at Cy.'s dab whisker and flashing fork. The men on the straw began to wallow. The mow-men began to reel. The wheat ran over the boxes on to the floor. The engine out in the yard snorted like a regiment of cavalry. The feeder ran out to fire up. Half the men couldn't see the machine for dust. The other half couldn't see the dust for listening to the noise. The sheaves fairly flew when—

Zip-zoo-oom! went the cylinder, everybody yelled, the belt flew off and Dan's long arms poised in mid-air with a sheaf at the end kicking to get loose. The separator stopped. There was a profound stillness. The crickets began to chirp on the floor. The swallows twittered in the eaves. The faint sigh of the engine blowing itself out in the yard drifted into the barn. There was a rustle at the head of the rakers, and Cy. Pincher's dab whisker thrust itself under the door.

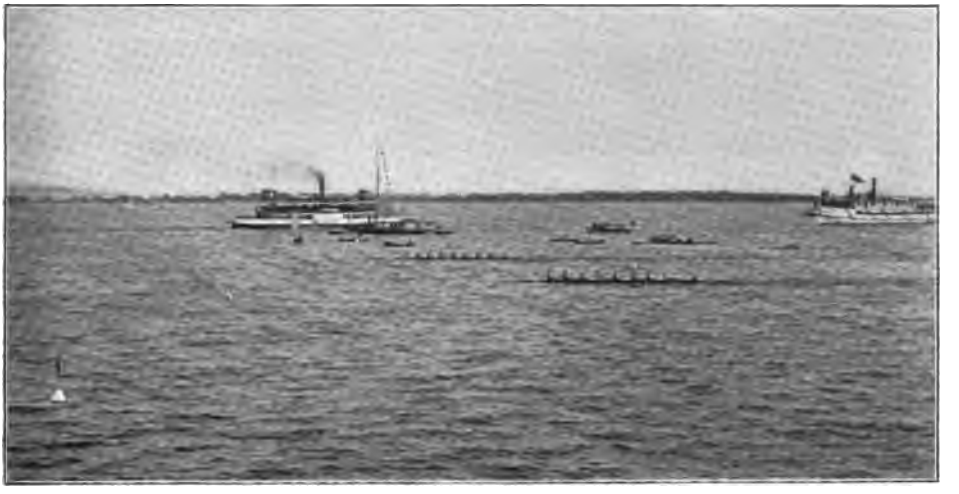
"Say, Dan," he drawled with as much nonchalance as a mouth lined with dust would permit, "You've throwed over fifteen grains o' good, plump wheat the last two minutes. When you git to the oats, Dan, you'll have to go kind o' slow. They're most heads. I had to cut 'em short to crowd 'em een. There's a jag or two in the calf-house and a couple or so in the cow-stalls, and I had to shove a leetle few een under the floor. They'll likely be a leetle tough, Dan, and you'll have to feed kind o' slow—"

Dan didn't hear the rest. The belt was on. The engine puffed. The cylinder moaned. But Dan didn't feed any more. Things took their natural course after that. When he quit threshing for Cy. Pincher he bought a new razor, but he didn't sleep in the smokestack.

Augustus Bridle.



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ARGONAUTS. VESPERS (PHILA.)

FINISH OF ¾ MILE DASH, N.W.R.A. REGATTA, TORONTO BAY, AUGUST 10TH, 1898.

ROWING IN CANADA.

THE rowing season of 1898 has been a most successful one in Canada, and our representatives have proved themselves capable of retaining nearly every Canadian Championship in their own clubs, and, in addition, of winning at least two American Championships from their cousins in the United States.

Canadians are well to the fore amongst the world's athletes, and particularly have they proved themselves second to none in all branches of aquatic sports. The International Championship of America in yachting still remains to the credit of the yacht *Canada* of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club; the Seawanhaka cup for half-raters has once more been successfully defended by a Canadian boat—the *Dominion* sailed by Mr. H. E. Duggan of the Royal St. Lawrence Yacht Club; the International sailing trophy of the American Canoe Association has not been wrested from Mr. Chas. E. Archbald of Toronto, who has time and again shown the way in his fast sailing canoe *Mab* to the best of the American canoe sailors; and in rowing the Argonaut Club of Toronto has sent out a crew which during the recent summer has proved itself incapable of defeat, and has again brought home the championship banner of the United States to adorn the club walls.

Year by year the art of amateur rowing is becoming more popular among the young men of Canada, and at the recent regatta of the Canadian Association of Amateur Oarsmen, held at Toronto on August 8th and 9th last, the number of competitors and of clubs represented was far greater, and the quality better, than at any other similar regatta held in America for a number of years past.

There is, in the field of amateur sports, none that requires more hard work, constant practice and careful training than that of rowing. Those who adopt that particular branch of athletics, alone realize what is necessary to be done in order to attain that degree of proficiency required to enable them to compete successfully in the various open regattas in Canada and sometimes in the United States.

Early in the spring, almost as soon

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as the waters are cleared of ice, activity commences in and around the rowing clubs, and by May representative crews are generally in training for the season's racing. From that time on throughout the summer those lucky enough to be chosen to represent their club are required daily to get out with their crew, generally both in early morning and in the afternoon, and to systematically train to fit themselves for one or several of the year's championships. The representative oarsman, therefore, has very little holiday, and during the long summer season has to remain at home and be daily at his work.



Jos. Wright (Stroke).
R. G. Muntz (Bow). E. A. Thompson (No. 2).
F. H. Thompson (No. 3.)

ARGONAUT FOUR—CHAMPIONS OF AMERICA.

The careful training, however, of our Canadian scullers and oarsmen has had its effect, and to-day they are more than able to hold their own with those of any other country. Although professional rowing has practically declined since the once famous "Ned" Hanlan showed the stern of his boat to the scullers of all parts of the world, yet amateur rowing has steadily become more popular.

The first open regatta that commands the attention of oarmen in the central part of Canada is that held annually on Dominion Day on Toronto Bay under the auspices of a committee of citizens and the local clubs. Later in the year, generally early in August, the Canadian Association of Amateur Oarsmen holds its annual championship meet at some place, usually in Ontario, which meets with the approval of

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the association on account of the course available and the financial guaranteed support offered. In addition to these regattas there are other fields offered for the prowess of our representatives, principal among which are the regattas of the National Association and the North-Western Association. The former decides the championships of the United States, and has always had for a number of years past one or more entries from Canadian clubs.

In recent years the National championship in fours has often been won by Canadians, the Toronto Rowing Club, the Argonaut Rowing Club of Toronto, and the Winnipeg Rowing Club, all having on one or more occasions captured the coveted trophy from their American rivals. Two of these victorious Canadian crews, the Argonauts and the Winnipeggers, have competed at Henley against the best that Great Britain could produce, and although not victorious, they showed themselves to be the toughest material in the world to beat; the Argonauts in their last visit to Henley in 1895 being defeated by the champions of England by the narrow margin of two feet.



Ritchie. Carr. Wilkinson. Fraser.

BROCKVILLE CLUB'S FOUR – INTERMEDIATE CHAMPIONS OF CANADA.

Undoubtedly the season's rowing which has just closed has demonstrated the supremacy of the big Argonaut four, consisting of Jos. Wright (stroke), F. H. Thompson (No. 3), E. A. Thompson (No. 2), and Rupert Muntz (bow), over all the crews that the United States or Canada could produce, and equally prominent with them as a champion of champions is young Edward Hanlan Ten Eyck, of Worcester, Mass. Both in the United States and Canada, at the National Regatta at Philadelphia in July last, at the Canadian Regatta at Toronto in August, and at the North-Western Regatta held this year at the same place, as well as at numerous other regattas of lesser import, have the Argonauts and Ten Eyck, in their respective races, shown the way by a good margin to all other competitors.

Young Ten Eyck stands in a class by himself as an amateur sculler, and on three important occasions, at Philadelphia and Toronto, was in front of young Goldman, of the Argonauts, these two finishing first and second over their other rivals in the same order whenever they met.

The honors, however, which this year fell to the Argonaut's "Big Four" have never been equalled in America, and included victories at the Dominion Day Regatta, Toronto, the National and International championships at Philadelphia, the Canadian and North-Western championships at Toronto, and the championship of Manitoba and The Pacific Coast won at Winnipeg against the fast crew of the James Bay Club of British Columbia, for some years champions of the Pacific coast,

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which had, on the day prior, defeated the famous Winnipeg four.

Among the younger clubs that are worthy of special comment Brockville comes first. Although only an infant in the field of rowing, the Brockville Rowing Club this year turned out one of the fastest junior fours in the history of the Canadian Association's Regatta, and which was successful in winning the Junior race in "working" boats at the the Toronto Dominion Day Regatta, the Intermediate championship of Canada and the Junior championship at the North Western.

Once, however, they were defeated in a fair race, when the crew of the Grand Trunk Rowing Club of Montreal succeeded, after years of hard work and competitions, in winning the Canadian championship for Junior fours.

Another event worthy of Canadian pluck and enterprise was the advent this year of eight-oared rowing.



EDWARD HANLAN TEN EYCK.
Amateur Champion of America.

For the first time in the history of the sport a Canadian crew competed for the American championship in senior eights, and were only defeated at Philadelphia by a doubtful two feet by last year's champions, the crew of the Pennsylvania Barge Club.

In the summer of 1897, upon the return to Toronto of the Argonaut four after winning the "International" at Philadelphia, the idea of procuring an "eight" was first seriously considered, and in a short time the necessary amount of money had been subscribed by friends of the club and its members, and the big racing craft was ordered from and built by Clasper, the famous English builder. The Argonaut crew was chosen early last June, and after an auspicious launching of the shell and its having been very properly christened the "Galt," in honour of the club's popular president, by Miss Mowat in the afternoon of the annual spring "At Home," regular and hard practice was begun.

The big race at Philadelphia brought out four eights, representing the Pennsylvania Barge Club, the Argonauts, Worcesters and Fairmonts, who finished in the order named in the very fast time of 7'.40½" for a mile and a half straight-away.

Later on at Toronto, on August 8th, the Canadian Association inaugurated the first race for eights in Canada, which was won handily by the Argonauts over the Vesper Boat Club of Philadelphia. It was in these races particularly that the superior strength and physique of Canadian oars-

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men was most apparent, and, with a little more practice and care in the proper use of the slides, which is the one feature in which our American cousins are superior, there is no reason why Canadians should fear any competitors in eight-oared rowing, and it is the writer's opinion that next year will undoubtedly see the championship of the United States as well as that of our own country in this grandest of all kinds of rowing brought home to one of Canada's rowing clubs.



EDWARD HANLAN—EX-CHAMPION OF THE WORLD.

Since the last big four-oared race of the year, when the Argonauts won at Winnipeg, late in August, the suggestion has once more been made that a Canadian crew should again try conclusions with England's cracks at Henley next year; and while the Argonauts were at Winnipeg the unselfish and generous nature of Canadians was demonstrated by the manner in which the victors were urged to enter at Henley, and by the promised subscriptions to the Argonaut Club to assist in the undertaking. A movement is now on foot to send not only the "four" but the "eight" of the Argonauts across the Atlantic next June, and, should such an event take place as a Canadian eight competing for the "Grand Challenge" at Henley, it will undoubtedly take the best crew in Great Britain



ARGONAUT "EIGHT," CHAMPIONS OF CANADA.

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ARGONAUT CLUB HOUSE.

clubs and the winning crews are supported both by an enthusiastic following at every regatta where the local crews compete, and by liberal financial aid to the clubs. In Toronto, however, although the premier city of America, if not of the world, in rowing and sculling, and the place where the world's greatest sculler, now "Alderman" Hanlan was born, the sport has practically no supporters, nor does it receive any encouragement outside of those immediately engaged therein and a mere handful of those who recognize the benefits that accrue to the young

to retain the coveted prize. University crews of the United States have twice, in recent years, competed unsuccessfully at Henley in the eights, but these crews have neither the experience, strength nor weight that at present make up the big Canadian crew, nor are they properly to be compared at any time with such eights as that of the Pennsylvania Barge Club and the Argonauts, champions of the United States and Canada respectively.

It is a pleasure to note how, in smaller places than Toronto, such as Brockville and Winnipeg, the rowing



TORONTO ROWING CLUB'S HOUSE."

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men who follow acquatics, the most healthful and enervating of all branches of athletics.

There is, in the writer's opinion, no way of showing an interest in the welfare of the younger generation, and in what would assist more than all other outdoor sports in building up a healthful and sturdy race of men, better than by the liberal support and encouragement of rowing, and as a number of Canadian towns and cities have already among their prominent citizens those who realize this and show their appreciation of what the rowing clubs are doing for their young men, it is to be hoped that the prominent citizens of Toronto will, at no distant date, follow the good example of their brethren in the smaller towns.

R. K. Barker.

RECKLESS MARRIAGES.

FOR every true man and woman marriage is a step as potent as it is irrevocable. 'Tis pregnant with the destinies of both. For her, it is fate; for him, 'tis crowning wisdom or supreme folly—which, but time can tell.

Hasty marriages have strewn the seas of life with more wrecks than the skill of man can measure, or e'en compute. And yet to what end? None whatever! Shattered barques and gallant ships still go down unheeded, by thousands and by tens of thousands, alone, hopeless, and in vain; and new crafts but take their place, to try—as vainly—to face the gales and tempests, the driving seas and cruel blasts of a rash and foolish union.

The man and woman that wed in haste, with thoughtless vows that any whim may violate, have done but little better than to throw the crystal cup of life over the cliff of time, in the hope that in some soft and sheltered nook it may light unharmed. Then, hand in hand (if, perchance, the union be long enough), they hasten down to find—a myriad of scattered fragments!

Marriage should be something more than an experiment. It is not necessary that it be made in blindness, or founded on caprice or passion; it is not expedient that it should be ever a speculation and a venture—as one would dabble in wheat or gamble in stocks, and take one's chance. The dictates of delicacy, the poetry of love itself, do not require that prudence and foresight, or even the blunter hints of common sense, be entire strangers to the contract. To think the matter over beforehand is unworthy of no man; to consider the possibilities is not necessarily to prove your passion either timid, cold or mercenary; to reflect

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before you act is no humiliation; to pause before you plunge is not disgraceful.

And still to what end do we argue, plead or urge? The same old recklessness holds sway, and we still get married—the great majority of us—a good deal as a child would dip its finger into water to find out if it is hot!

And generally it is very hot!

H. C. Boultbee.

THE SCHREBER GARDEN IDEA.

ONE of the most delightful efforts, based withal upon the simplest of plans, to obtain a breath of summer freshness and beauty for the wives and children of city workingmen, and to a certain extent also for the workingmen themselves, is the organization called the Schreber Garden Union, in and around the old romantic town of Leipzig in Germany. Schreber gardens, however, are no longer peculiar to Leipzig; for since their first foundation some thirty years ago their agreeable presence has become marked in some fifteen or sixteen other German towns, while of late, it is reported, enquiries as to their success have been coming from both Old World and New World cities.

The Schreber Garden of to-day is primarily and essentially a democratic co-operative picnic or outing party. The aim of the organization is the better physical and moral education of children. To this end a closer sympathy between parents and schoolteachers, between home and school, is sought. The garden consists of a piece of land leased, as a rule, for a term of years, seldom if ever owned outright by the organization, and situated in some district where both fresh air and real estate are plentiful; therefore, generally, towards the outskirts of the city. Once probably a barren strip, it is now become, through the industry of the members, a bower of green and shade, from which peep out the tiny rustic summerhouses (Lusthaüser), so dear to German housewives and tradition, and within whose limits scamper about after school hours and on holidays the members' "childers." "Come, let our children live," is the simple and typical text of the first Schreber Garden Party.

It was in the spring of 1864 that Dr. Gottlieb Schreber, physician and travelling companion to a Russian nobleman, an enthusiast on the importance of games for children in the open, and author of a book on "*Gymnastik als Heilmittel*," brought about in Leipzig, with the aid of an able pedagogue, Dr. Ernst Hauschild, a modest organization of parents and teachers, with the object of providing more satisfactory playgrounds for the school children. This organization, called at first "school club" and "parents' and teachers' club," is the lineal ancestor of the present Garden Clubs. At the outset a block of land was obtained from the municipality at a nominal rent-charge, over which the members and their children held undisputed sway. In 1867 children's penny summer concerts were inaugurated. Efforts were also made to beautify the playground. To individual members, small garden

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plots were rented out, which were soon covered with varied growths, while mulberry and other trees soon formed a pleasing enclosure, and afforded that measure of seclusion so conducive to unconstraint. The former procedure has been happy in arousing considerable interest amongst both parents and children in the intricacies of gardening; and a healthy rivalry has sprung up as to who can be the proud possessor of the most attractive plot. Interest and knowledge in this direction is further broadened by periodical lectures in popular form from reputable botanists and horticulturalists. Those who have had the pleasure of seeing, for instance, the Schreber Garden on the banks of the little Pleisse by Leipzig will agree on the uniqueness of results in the surpassing wealth of roses, which seem well nigh to overflow the very limits of the garden, and on the picturesqueness of the summerhouses where the wives and mothers sit and sew and chat, and drink their afternoon coffee. A more delightful impromptu "summer resort" for the older members of the family to repair to after working hours, where they can enjoy their evening meal till dusk, would be difficult to discover. Lectures, *e.g.*, on the education of children and on other topics of interest, are also arranged for, while, during both summer and winter months, concerts are not infrequent. For the special benefit of the boys and girls, the modest revenues from the sub-letting of the garden plots are devoted mostly to the purchase of gymnastic bars and swings, to the building of a playhouse and the like. At times expression is given to other feelings and sympathies, and street arabs are gathered in and supplied with fun and food for the afternoon. This charity work, in some few instances, has indeed become important enough to warrant the maintenance, for the time being, of a paid overseer.

In the case of the Pleisse Garden, the land is leased from the city, the lease running for twelve years. The association, which takes the form of a company with limited liability, but with unlimited membership, pays two per cent. interest on the market value of the land at time of lease. Members pay half-yearly a fee of twenty-five cents, and a penny, formerly four cents, per square yard per summer for garden rent. In 1896 there were 290 members, and 235 garden plots varying in size from 80 to 130 square yards. Special committees are struck on Gardens, on Play, and on Concerts. A caretaker is engaged at small salary as general supervisor. The financial satisfactoriness of the undertaking is sufficiently indicated by the large $1,200 pavilion recently erected. In some of the other Schreber Gardens the membership is still larger. At present there are seven such gardens in the city of Leipzig alone.

This is in brief the Schreber Garden idea. It commends itself as an interesting and desirable plan. From a practical point of view it is the more possible in that it appeals directly to a class of citizens, our public school teachers, who because of their executive ability, their interest and connections, could doubtless assure such a scheme a considerable measure of success. The highly-valued Kinder-Garden we have adopted from the Germans; may not the Schreber-Garden be regarded as its admirable counterpart? But, as German experience goes to show, the plan may be rendered fruitful for other classes as well.

S. M. Wickett.

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PHOTOGRAPHS BY EDWARDS BROS., VANCOUVER, B.C.

R. N. JOHNSTON AND JAKE GAUDAUR.

Gaudaur, the Champion Sculler of the World, defeated Johnston in a Match Race at Vancouver on August 4th.

These Photographs entered according to Act of Parliament of Canada, in the year 1897, at the Department of Agriculture, by EDWARDS BROS.

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MR. GEDGE'S CATSPAW.*

Another of the Famous Captain Kettle Stories.

CAPT. OWEN KETTLE folded the letter-card, put it in his pocket and relit his cigar. He drew paper towards him and took out a stub of pencil and tried to make verse, which was his habit when things were shaping themselves awry; but the rhymes refused to come. He changed the metre; he gave up labouring to fit the words to the air of "Swanee River," and started fresh lines which would go to the tune of "Greenland's Icy Mountains," a metre with which at other times he had been notoriously successful. But it failed him now. He could not get the jingle; spare feet bristled at every turn; and the field of poppies on which his muse was engaged became every moment more and more elusive.

It was no use. He put down the pencil and sighed; and then frowning at himself for his indecision, took out the letter-card again and deliberately re-read it, front and back.

Capt. Kettle was a man who made up his mind over most matters with the quickness of a pistol shot, and once settled, rightly or wrongly, he always stuck to his decision. But here, on the letter-card, was a matter he could not get the balance of at all; it refused to be dismissed, even temporarily, from his mind; it involved interests far too large to be hazarded by a hasty verdict either one way or the other, and the difficulty in coming to any satisfactory conclusion irritated him heavily.

The letter-card was anonymous, and seemed to present no clue to its authorship. It was typewritten; it was posted, as the stamp showed, in Newcastle; it committed its writer in no degree whatever. But it made statements which, if true, ought to have sent somebody to penal servitude, and it threw out hints which, true or untrue, made Capt. Kettle heir to a whole world of anxiety and trouble.

It is an excellent academic rule to entirely disregard anonymous letters, but it is by no means always an easy rule to follow. And there are times when a friendly warning must be conveyed anonymously, or not at all. But Kettle did not worry his head about the ethics of anonymous letter-writing as a profession; his attention was taken up by this typewritten card from "Well Wisher," which he held in his hand.

"Your ship goes to sea never to reach port," he read. "There is an insurance robbery cleverly rigged. You think yourself very smart, I know, but this time you are being made a common gull of." And the writer wound up by saying: "I can't give you any hint of how it's going to be done. Only I know the game's fixed. So keep your weather eye skinned, and take the *Sultan of Labuan* safely out and back, and maybe you'll get something more solid than a drink. From Your Well Wisher."

Capt. Kettle was torn, as he read, by many conflicting sentiments. Loyalty to Mr. Gedge, his owner, was one of them. Gedge had sold him before, but that was in a way condoned by this present appointment to the *Sultan of Labuan*. And he wanted very much to know what were Mr. Gedge's wishes over the matter.

His own code of morality on this subject was peculiar. Ashore in South Shields, he was as honest as a bishop; he was a strict chapel member; he did not even steal matches from the captain's room at Hallett's, his house of call, which has always been accounted a recognized peculation. At sea he conceived himself to be bought body and soul by his owner for the time being,

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and was perfectly ready to risk body and soul in earning his pay. But the question was, How was this pay to be earned? Up till then he would have said, "By driving the *Sultan of Labuan* over the seas as fast as could be done on a given coal consumption; by ruthlessly keeping down expense; and, in fact, by making the steamer earn the largest possible dividend in the ordinary way of commerce." But this typewritten letter-card hinted at other purposes, which he knew were quite within the bounds of possibility, and if he was being made into a catspaw—

He hit the unfinished poems on the table a blow with his fist. "By James!" he muttered. "A catspaw? I didn't think of it in that light before. Well, we'd better have a clear understanding about the matter."

He got up, crammed the blue letter-card into his pocket and took his cap. "My dear," he called down to Mrs. Kettle, who was engaged on the family wash in the kitchen below, "I've got to run up to the office to see Mr. Gedge. I don't think I quite understand his wishes about running the boat. Get your tea when it's ready; I don't want to keep you and the youngsters waiting."

Capt. Kettle thought out many things as he journeyed from South Shields to the grimy office of his employer in Newcastle, but his data were insufficient, and he was unable to get hold of any scheme by which he could safely approach what was, to say the very least of it, a very delicate subject. Mr. Gedge had hired him as captain of the *Sultan of Labuan;* had said no word about losing her; and how was he to force the man's confidence? It looked the most unpromising enterprise in the world. Moreover, although in the outer world he was as brave a fellow as ever lived, he had all a shipmaster's timidity at tackling a shipowner in his lair, and this, of course, handicapped him.

In this mood, then, he was ushered upon Gedge in his office, and saw him signing letters, and casting occasional sentences to a young woman who flicked them down in shorthand.

The shipowner frowned. He was very busy. "Well, captain," he said, "what is it? Talk ahead. I can listen whilst I sign these letters."

"It's a private question I'd like to ask you about running the boat."

"Want Miss Payne to go out?"

"If I might trouble her so far."

Gedge jerked his head toward the door. "Type out what you've got," he said. The shorthand writer went out and closed the glass door after her. "Now, Kettle."

Capt. Kettle hesitated. It was an awkward subject to begin upon.

"Now, then, captain, out with it quick. I'm in the devil of a hurry!"

"I wish you'd let me know a little more exactly—in confidence, of course, —how you wish me to run this steamboat. Do you want me to—I mean—"

"Well, get on, get on."

"When do you want her back?"

Gedge leaned back in his chair, tapped his teeth with the end of his pen. "Look here, captain," he said, "you didn't come here to talk rot like this. You've had your orders already. You aren't a drinking man, or I'd say you were screwed. So there's something else behind. Come, out with it."

"I hardly know how to begin."

"I don't want rhetoric. If you've got a tale, tell it, if not"—Mr. Gedge leaned over his desk again and went on signing his letters.

Capt. Kettle stood the rudeness without so much as a flush. He sighed a little, and then, after another few moments' thought, took the letter card from his pocket and laid it on his employer's table. After Gedge had conned through and signed a couple more sheets, he took the card up in his fingers and skimmed it through.

As he read the colour deepened in his face, and Kettle saw that he was moved, but said nothing. For a momeut there was silence between them, and Gedge tapped at his teeth and was apparently lost in thought. Then he said: "Where did you get this?"

"Through the post."

"And why did you bring it to me?"

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"I thought you might have something to say about it."

"Shown it to any one else?"

"No, sir; I'm in your service and earning your pay."

"Yes, I pulled you out of the gutter again quite recently, and you said you'd be able to get your wife's clothes out of pawn with your advance note."

"I'm very grateful to you for giving me the berth, sir, and I shall be a faithful servant to you as long as I'm in your employ. But if there's anything on I'd like to be in your confidence. I know she isn't an old ship, but——"

"But what?"

"She's uneconomical. Her engines are old-fashioned. It wouldn't pay to fit her with triple expansions and new boilers."

"I see. You appear to know a lot about the ship, captain—more than I do myself, in fact. I know you're a small tin saint when you're within hail of that Ebenezer or Bethel, or whatever you call it here ashore, but at sea you've got the name for not being over particular."

"At sea," said the little sailor with a sigh, "I am what I have to be. I couldn't do that. I am a poor man, sir, I'm pretty nearly a desperate man, but there are some kind of things that are beyond me. I know it's done often enough, but——you'll have to excuse me. I can't lose her for you."

"Who's asking you?" said Gedge cheerily. "I'm not. Don't jump at conclusions, man. I don't want the *Sultan of Labuan* lost. She's not my best ship, I'll grant, but I can run her at a profit for all that, and even if I couldn't, I'm not the sort of man to try and make my dividends out of Lloyds'. No, not by any means, captain; I've got my name to keep up."

Capt. Kettle brought up a sigh of relief. "Glad to hear it, sir; I'm glad to hear it. But I thought it best to have it out with you. That beastly letter upset me."

Gedge laughed slily. "Well, if you want to know who wrote the letter, I did myself."

Kettle stared. He was obviously incredulous.

"Well, to be accurate, I did it by deputy. You hae yer doots, eh? Hang it, man, what an unbelieving Jew you are." He pressed one of the electric pushes by the side of his desk, and the shorthand writer came in and stood at the doorway. "Miss Payne, you typed this letter card, didn't you?" and Miss Payne dutifully answered, "Yes."

"Thank you. That'll do. Well, Kettle, I hope you are satisfied now? I sent this blessed card because I wanted to see how deep this shore-going honesty of yours went, which I've heard so much about; and now I know, and you may take it from me that you'll profit by it financially in the very near future. The ship masters I've had to do with have been mostly rogues, and when I get hold of a straight man, I know how to appreciate him. Now, good-by, captain, and a prosperous voyage to you. If you catch the midnight mail to-night from here you'll just get down to Newport to-morrow in time to see her come into dock. Take her over at once, you know; we can't have any time wasted. Here, good-by, I'm frantically busy."

But, busy though he might be, Mr. Gedge did not immediately return to signing his letters after Capt. Kettle's departure. Instead, he took out a handkerchief and wiped his forehead, and wiped his hands, which for some reason seemed to have grown unaccountably clammy, and for a while he lay back in his writing chair like a man who feels physically sick.

Capt. Kettle, however, went his way humming a cheerful air, and as the o'clock mail roared out that night across the high-level bridge, he settled himself to sleep in his corner of a third-class carriage and to dream the dreams of a man who, after many vicissitudes, has at last found righteous employment. It was a new experience for him, and he permitted himself the luxury of enjoying it to the full.

A train clattered him into Monmouthshire some twelve hours later, and he stepped out on Newport platform into a

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fog, raw and fresh from the Bristol channel. His small, worn portmanteau he could easily have carried in his hand; but there is an etiquette about these matters which even the hard-up ship masters to whom a shilling is a financial rarity must observe; and so he took a four-wheeler down to the agent's office and made himself known. The *Sultan of Labuan*, it seemed, had come up the Usk and gone into dock barely an hour before, and so Kettle, obedient to his orders, went down at once to take her over.

It was not a pleasant operation, this ousting another man from his livelihood, and as Kettle had been supplanted a weary number of times himself, he thought he knew pretty well the feelings of the man whom he had come to replace. His reception, however, surprised him. Williams, the former master of the *Sultan of Labuan*, handed over his charge with an air of obvious and sincere relief, and Kettle felt that he was being eyed with a certain embarrassing curiosity. The man was not disposed to be verbally communicative.

"You look knocked up," said Kettle.

"Might well be," retorted Capt. Williams. "I haven't had a blessed wink of sleep since I pulled my anchors out of Thames mud."

"Not had bad weather, have you?"

"No, weather's been right enough. Bit thickish, that's all."

"What's kept you from having a watch below, then?"

"'Fraid of losing the ship, captain. I never been up before the Board of Trade yet, and don't want to try what it feels like."

"O," said Kettle with a sigh, "it's horrible; they're brutes. I know. I have been there."

"So I might have guessed," said Williams drily.

"Look here," said Kettle, "what are you driving at?"

"No offense, captain, no offense. I'll just shut my head now. Guess I've been talking too much already. Result of being overtired, I suppose. Let's get on with the ship's papers. They're all in this tin box."

"But I'd rather you said out what you got to say."

"Thanks, captain, but no. This is the first time we've met, I think."

"So far as I remember."

"Well, there you are then; personally you no doubt are a very nice, pleasant gentleman, but still there's no getting over the fact that you're a stranger to me; and anyway you're in Gedge's employ, and I'm not; and there's a law of libel in this country which gets up and hits you whether you are talking truth or lies."

"English laws are beastly, and that's a fact."

"Reading about them in the paper's quite enough for me. Now, captain, suppose we go ashore with these papers and I can sign off and you can sign on. Afterwards we'll have a drop of whiskey together, if you like, just to show there's no ill-will."

"You are very polite, captain," said Kettle. "I'm sure I don't like the notion of stepping in to take away your employment. But if it hadn't been me he'd have got some one else."

The other turned on him quickly.

"Don't think you're doing me a bad turn, captain, because you aren't. I was never so pleased to step out of a chart-house in my life. Only thing is, I hope I aren't doing you a bad turn by letting you step in."

"By James!" said Kettle, "do speak plain, captain; don't go on hinting like this."

"I am maundering on too much, captain, and that's a fact. Result of being about tired out, I suppose. But you must excuse me speaking further; there's that blasted libel law to think about. Now, captain, here's the key of the chart-house door, and if you'll let me I'll go out first, and you can lock it behind you. You'll find one of the tumblers beside the water bottle, broken; it fell out of my hand this morning just after I'd docked her; but all the rest is according to the inventory; and I'll knock off threepence for the tumbler when we square up."

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They plunged straightway into the aridities of business, and kept at it till the captaincy had been formally laid down and handed over, and then the opportunity for further revelations was gone. Capt. Williams was clearly worn out with weariness ; responsibility had kept him going till then, but now that responsibility had ended, he was like a man in a trance. His eyes drooped; his knees failed drunkenly ; he was past speech ; and if Kettle had not by main force dragged him off to bed at a temperance hotel, he would have toppled down incontinently and slept like one dead in the gutter. As it was, he lay on the counterpane in the heaviest of sleep, the picture of a strong man worn out with watching and labour, and for a minute or so Kettle stood beside the bed and gazed upon him thoughtfully.

"By James!" he muttered, "if I could make you speak, captain, I believe you could tell a queerish tale."

But Kettle did not loiter by this taciturn bedside. He had signed on as master of the *Sultan of Labuan ;* he was in Mr. Gedge's employ, and earning Gedge's pay, and every minute wasted on a steamer means money lost. He went briskly across to the south dock, and set the machinery of business to work without delay. There was grumbling from both mates, engineers and crew that they had been given leisure for scarcely a breath of shore air, but Kettle was not a man who courted popularity from his underlings by offering them indulgences. He stated that their duty was to get the water ballast out, and the coal under the hatches in the shortest time on record, and mentioned that he was the man who would see it done.

The men grumbled, of course ; behind their driver's back they swore ; two deck hands and three of the stoke hold crew deserted, leaving their wages, and were replaced by others from the shipping office ; and still the work went remorselessly on under the gray glow of the fog so long as daylight lasted, and then under the glare of raw electric arc lamps. The air was full of gritty dust and the roar of falling coal. A waggon was shunted up, dandled aloft in hydraulic arms, ignominiously emptied end-first and then put to ground again and petulantly sent away to find a fresh load, whilst its successor was being nursed and relieved. Two hundred tons to the hour was what that hydraulic staith could handle, but for all that it did not break the coal unduly.

In the forehold the trimmers gasped and choked as they steered the black avalanches into place, and presently another of the huge staithes crawled up along the dock wall, with a gasping tank-loco and a train of waggons in attendance, and then the *Sultan of Labuan* was being loaded through the after-hatch also. It was a triumph of machinery and organization, and tired men in a dozen departments cursed Kettle for keeping them at such a remorseless pressure over their tasks.

Down to her fresh-water Plimsoll the steamer was sunk, and then the loading ceased. Even Kettle did not dare to overload. He knew quite well that there were the jealous eyes of a seamen and firemen's union official watching him from somewhere on the quays, and if she was trimmed an inch above her marks the *Sultan of Labuan* would never be let go through the outer dock gate. So the burden was limited to its legal bounds, and Kettle got his clearance papers with the same fierce, businesslike bustle, and came back and stepped lightly up on the tramp's upper bridge.

The pilot was there waiting for him, half admiring, half repelled ; the old blue-faced mate and the carpenter were on the forecastle head, the second mate was aft, the chief himself and the third engineer were at the throttle and the reversing gear below. The ship's entire complement had quite surrendered to the sway of this new taskmaster, and stood in their coal grime and their tiredness ready to jump at his bidding.

Bristol channel tides are high, and the current of the Usk is swift. It was going to be quick work if they did not miss the tide, and the pilot, who had no special stake in the matter, said it

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could not be done. Kettle, however, thought otherwise, and the pilot in consequence saw some seamanship which gave him chills down the back.

"By gum, captain," he said when they were fairly out of the river, "you can handle her."

"Wait till I know her, pilot, and then I'll show you."

"Haven't got nerves enough. Look you, captain, you'll be having a bad crumple-up if you bustle a big loaded steamboat about docks at that rate."

"Never bent a plate in my life."

"Well, I hope you never will. Look you now; you're a little tin wonder in the way of seamanship."

"Quartermaster," said Kettle, "tell my steward to bring two goes of whiskey up here on the bridge. Pilot, if you say such things to me, you make me feel like a girl with a new dress, and I want a drop of Dutch courage to keep my blushes back."

"Well," said the pilot, when the whiskey came, "here's lots of cargo, captain, of good bonuses."

"Here's deep-draft steamers for you, pilot, and plenty of water under 'em."

The whiskey drained down its appointed channels, and the pilot said, "By the by, I've this for you, captain," and brought out a letter and card.

"Typewritten address," said Kettle. "No postmark on the stamp. Who's it from?"

"Man I came across. Look you, though, I didn't know him. But he said there was a useful tip in the letter which it would please you to have after you sailed."

Kettle tore off the perforated edges and looked inside the card. Here was another anonymous communication, also from "Well Wisher," and, as before, warning him against the machinations of Gedge. "Got no idea who the man was who gave it you?" he asked.

Well, I did have a bit of talk with him and a drink, and I rather gathered he might have had something to do with insurance. But he didn't say his name. Why, isn't he a friend of yours?"

"I rather think he is," said Kettle, "but I can't be quite sure yet." He did not add that the anonymous writer guaranteed him a present of £50 if the *Sultan of Labuan* drew no insurance money till he had moored her in Port Said.

From the very outset the voyage of the *Sultan of Labuan* was unpropitious. Before she was clear of the Usk it was found that three more of her crew had managed to slip away ashore, and so were gone beyond replacement. Whilst she was still in the brown, muddy waters of the Bristol channel, there were several breakdowns in the engine room which necessitated stoppages and anxious repairs. The engines of the *Sultan of Labuan* were her weak spot, for otherwise her hull was sound enough. But these machines were old, and wasteful in steam, and made all the difference in economy which divides a profit from a loss in these modern days of fierce sea competition.

With Murgatroyd, the old blue-faced mate, Kettle had been shipmates before, and there existed between the two men a strong dislike, and a certain mutual esteem. They interviewed over duty matters when the pilot left. "Mr. Murgatroyd," said the little skipper, "you'll keep hatches off and do everything for ventilation. This Welsh coal's as gassy as petroleum."

"Aye, aye," rambled the mate. "But how about when heavy weather comes and the decks are full of water?"

"You'll have fresh orders from me before then. Get your hoses to work now and sluice down. The ship's a pigsty."

"Aye, aye. But the hands are dog-tired."

"Then it's your place to drive them. I should have thought you'd been long enough at sea to know that. But if you aren't up to your business, just say, and I'll swap you over with the second mate right now."

The old mate's face grew purple. "If you want a driver," he said "you shall have one." And with that he went his way and roused the tired deck

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hands to work after the time-honoured methods.

But if Capt. Kettle did not spare his crew he was equally hard on himself. He was at sea now, and wearing his sea-going conscience, which was an entirely different piece of mental mechanism to that which regulated his actions ashore. He had received Mr. Gedge's precise instructions to run the coal boat in the ordinary method, and he intended to do it relentlessly and to the letter. He had had his doubts about Mr. Gedge's real wishes before, and even the episode of Miss Payne, the typewriter, had not altogether deceived him. But the second letter from "Well Wisher" which the pilot brought on board cleared the matter up beyond a doubt. There was not the faintest chance that Gedge had written that; there was not the faintest reason to disbelieve now that Gedge wished his uneconomical steamboat off his hands, and had arranged for her never again to come into port.

Now, properly approached—say with sealed orders to be opened only at sea—I think there is very little doubt but what Capt. Kettle would have undertaken to carry out this piece of nefarious business himself. The average mariner thinks no more of "making the insurance pay" than the average traveller does of robbing his fellow-countrymen by the importation of Belgian cigars and Tauchnitz novels from the Channel packet. And with Kettle, too, loyalty to an employer, so long as that employer treated him squarely, ranked high. But for a second time "Well Wisher" had repeated the word "catspaw," and for his purpose he could not have used a better spur.

The little captain's face grew grim as he read it. "By James!" he muttered, "if that's the game he's trying to play, I'll make him rue it."

However, though at the beginning of a voyage it may be easy to make a resolve like this, it is not so easy to carry it into practical effect. If the machinery was on board, human, or otherwise, for making the *Sultan of Labuan* fail to reach port, it was not at all probable that Kettle would find it before he saw it in working order. When arrangements for a bit of barratry of this kind are gone about nowadays, they are performed with shrewdness. Your ingenious gentleman who makes a devil of a clock-work and gun-cotton to blow out a steamer's bottom, or makes a compact with one of her crew to open the bilge-cocks, is dexterous enough to cover up his trail very completely, having a wholesome awe of the law of the land and a large distaste for penal servitude.

Moreover, Owen Kettle was not the man to receive gratuitous information on such points from his underlings. To begin with, he was the *Sultan of Labuan's* captain, and by the immemorial etiquette of the sea a ship's captain is always a man socially apart. He is a dictator for the time being, with supreme power of life and death, is addressed as "Sir," and would be regarded with social awe and coldness by his own brother, if the said brother were on board as one of the mates or one of the assistant engineers. With the chief engineer alone, although he does not sit at meat with him, may a merchant captain unbend; and with the chief of the *Sultan of Labuan*, Kettle had picked a difference over a commission on bunkering not ten minutes after he had first stepped on board. He had the undoubted knack of commanding men; he could look exactly after his employer's property; but he had an unfortunate habit of making himself hated in the process.

Over that initial episode of washing the coal grime from the ship's outer fabric, he had already come into intimate contact with his crew. The tired deck hands had refused duty; clumsy old Murgatroyd had endeavoured to force them into it by the time-honoured methods, and had been knocked down in the scuffle, and trampled on; when up came Kettle, already spruce and clean, and laid impartially into the whole grimy gang of them with a deck scrubber. They were new to their little skipper's virtues, and thought at first

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that they would treat him as they had already treated the fat old mate, and as a consequence bleeding faces and cracked heads were plentiful, and curses went up, bitter and deep, in half the tongues of Europe. But Kettle still remained spruce, and clean, and aggressive and untouched.

It takes some art to thoroughly thrash a dozen savage full-grown men with a light broom without breaking the stick or knocking off the head, and the crew of the Sultan of Labuan were not slow to recognize their captain's ability. But at the same time they were not inspired with any over-powering love for him. In the course of that night an iron belaying pin whisked up out of the darkness and knocked off his cap as he stood on the upper bridge; and just before the dawn a chunk of coal whizzed up and smashed itself into splinters on the wheelhouse wall, not an inch from his ear. But as Capt. Kettle replied to the first of these compliments by three prompt revolver shots almost before the thrower had time to think, and rushed out and caught his second assailant by the neck scruff, and forced him to eat every scrap of coal that had been thrown, the all-nation crew decided that he was too ugly to tackle usefully, and tacitly agreed to let him alone for the future, and to do their lawful work. The which, of course, was exactly what Kettle desired.

By this time the *Sultan of Labuan* had run down the Cornish coast, had rounded Land's End, and was standing off on a course which would make Finisterre her next landfall. The glass was sinking steadily; the seascape was made up of blacks and whites, and lurid greys; but, though the air was cold and raw, the weather was not any worse than need have been expected for the time of year. The hatches were off, and a good strong smell of coal gas billowed up from below and mingled with the sea scents.

With all a northern sailor's distrust for a "Dago," Kettle had spotted his spruce young Italian second mate as Gedge's probable tool, and watched him like the apple of his eye. No man's actions could have been more innocent and normal, and this, of course, made things all the more suspicious. The engineer staff, who had access to bilge-cocks, and could arrange disasters to machinery, were likewise *ex-officio* suspicious persons; but as it was quite impossible to overlook them at all hours and on all occasions, he had regretfully to take them very largely on trust.

Blundering, incompetent old Murgatroyd, the mate, was the only man on board in whose honesty Kettle had the least faith, simply because he considered him too stupid to be entrusted with any operation so delicate as barratry, and to Murgatroyd he more or less confided his intentions.

"I hear there's a scheme on board to scuttle this steamboat," he said, "because she's too expensive to run. Well, Mr. Gedge, the owner, gave me orders to run her, and he told me he made a profit on her. I'm going by Mr. Gedge's words, and I'm going to take her to Port Said. And let me tell you this: If she stops anywhere on the road, and goes down, all hands go down with her, even if I have to shoot them myself. So they'd better hear what's in the wind, and have a chance to save their own skins. You understand what I mean?"

"Aye," grunted the mate.

"Well, just let word of it slip out—in the right way, you understand?"

"Aye, aye. Hadn't we better get them hatches on and battened down? She's shipping it green pretty often now, and the weather's worsening. There's a good slop of water getting down below, and they say it's all the bilge-pumps can do to keep it under."

"Mrs. Meddle Murgatroyd," Kettle snapped, "are you master of this blame ship or am I? You leave me to give my orders when I think fit, and get down off this bridge."

"Aye," grunted the mate, and waddled clumsily down below.

The old man's suggestion about the hatches had touched upon a sore point. Kettle knew quite well that it

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was dangerous to leave the great gaps in the decks undefended by planking and tarpaulin. A high sea was running, and the heavily laden coal boat rode both deep and sodden. Already he had put her a point and a half to westward of her course, so as to take the oncoming seas more fairly on the bow.

But still he hung on to the open hatches. The coal below was gassy to a degree, and if the ventilation was stopped it would be terribly liable to explosion. The engine and boiler-rooms were bulkheaded off, and there was no danger from these; but the subtle coal gas would spread over all the rest of the vessel's living quarters —as the smell hinted—and a carelessly lit match might very comfortably send the whole of her decks hurtling into the air. Kettle had no wish to meet Mr. Gedge's unspoken wishes by an accident of this sort.

However, it began to be plain that as they drew nearer to the bay the weather grew worse steadily, and at last it came to be a choice between battening down the hatches both forward and aft, or being incontinently swamped. Hour after hour Kettle, in his glistening oilskins, had been stumping backward and forward across the upper bridge, watching his steamboat like a cat, and holding on with his order till the very last moment. But at last he gave the command to batten down, and both watches rushed to help the carpenter carry it out. The men were horribly frightened. It seemed to them that in that gale, and with that sea running, it was insane not to have battened her down long before.

The hands clustered on the lurching iron decks with the water swirling against them waist-high, and shipped the heavy hatch covers and got the tarpaulins over, and then the Norwegian carpenter keyed all fast with the wedges, working like some amphibious animal, half his time under water.

The *Sultan of Labuan* was fitted with no cowl ventilators to her holds, and even if these had been fitted they would have been carried away. So from the moment of battening down the gas which oozed from the coal mixed with the air till the whole ship became one huge explosive bomb, which the merest spark would touch off. Capt. Kettle called his mate to him and gave explicit orders.

"You know what a powder hulk is like, Mr. Mate?"

"Aye," said Murgatroyd.

"Well, this ship is a sight more dangerous, and we have got to take care if we do not want to go to heaven quick. It's got to be 'all lights out' aboard this ship till the weather eases, and we can get hatches off again. Go round now and see it done yourself, Mr. Murgatroyd, please. Watch the doctor dowse the galley fire, and then go and take away all the forecastle matches so the men can't smoke. Put out the side lights, the mast head light and the binnacle lamps. The quartermasters must steer as best they can from the unlit card."

"Aye, aye. But you don't mean the side lights, too, do ye? There's a big lot of shipping here in the bay, and we might easy get run down—" The old man caught an ugly look from Kettle's face and broke off. And grumbling some ancient saw about "obeying orders if you break owners," he shuffled off down the ladder.

Heavier and heavier grew the squalls, carrying with them spendthrift which beat like gravel against the two oil-skinned tenants of the collier's upper bridge; worse and worse grew the sea. Great green waves reared up like walls, crashed on board and filled the lower decks with boiling, yeasty surge. The funnel stays and the scanty rigging hummed like harpstrings to the gale. Deep though she was in the water, there were times when her stern heaved up clear, and the propeller raced in a noisy catherine wheel of fire and foam. On every side, ahead, abeam and astern, were nodding yellow lights jerked about by unseen ships over thunderous, unseen waves. It was a regular Biscay gale, such as all vessels may count on in that corner of the seas

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one voyage out of eight, a gale with heavy seas in the midst of a dense crowd of shipping. But there was nothing in it which seamanship, under ordinary circumstances, could not meet.

Capt. Kettle hung on hour after hour under shelter of the dodgers on the upper bridge, a small wind-brushed figure in yellow oilskins and black rubber thigh boots. About such a "breeze" in an ordinary way he would have thought little. Taking his vessel through it with the minimum of danger was only part of the daily mechanical routine. But he stood there, a prey to the liveliest anxiety. The thousand and one dangers in the bay appeared before him magnified. If the ship for any sudden and unavoidable reason went down, the odds were that he himself and all hands would be drowned; but at the same time Gedge would be gratified in so easily touching the coveted insurance money. The fear of death did not worry the little skipper in the very least degree whatever; but he had a most thorough objection to being in any way Mr. Gedge's catspaw.

Twice they had near escapes from being run down. The first time was from a sodden, blundering Cardiff ore steamer, which was driving north through the thick of it, with very little of herself showing except two stumpy masts and a brine-washed smokestack. She would have obviously drowned out any lookout on her fore deck, and the bridge officers got too much spindrift in their eyes to see with any clearness. But time is money, and even Cardiff ore steamers must make passages, and so her master drove her blindly ahead full steam, slapslop-wallow, and trusted that other people would get out of his way.

Kettle's keen eyes picked her up out of the sea mists just in time, and ported his own helm, and missed her sheering bow with the *Sultan of Labuan's* quarter by a short two fathoms. A touch in that insane turmoil of sea would have sent both steamers down to the shells and the flickering weed below; but there was no touch, and so each went her way with merely a perfunctory interchange of curses, which were blown into nothingness by the gale. Escapes on these occasions don't count, and it is etiquette not to speak about them ashore afterwards.

The second shave came from a big, white-painted Cape liner, which came up from astern, lit like a theatre, and almost defying the very gale itself. Her lookouts and officers were on the watch for lights. But the unlit collier, which was half her time masked by the seas like a half-tide rock, never struck their notice.

Kettle, with all a shipmaster's sturdy dislike for shifting his helm when he legally had the right of the road, held on till the great knife-like bow was not a score of yards from his taffrail. But then he gave way, roared out an order to the quartermaster at the wheel, and the *Sultan of Labuan* fell away to port. As if the coal boat had been a magnet, the Cape liner followed, drawing nearer hand over fist.

Changing direction further was as dangerous as keeping on as he was, so Kettle bawled to the quartermaster to "steady on that," and then the great white steam-hotel suddenly seemed to wake to her danger and swerved off on her old course again. So close were they that Kettle fancied he could hear the quick, agitated rattle of her wheel engines as they gave her a "hard down" helm. And he certainly saw officers on her high upper-bridge end, peering at him through the drifting sea-smoke with a curiosity that was more than pleasant.

"Trying to pick out the old tub's name," he mused grimly, "so as to report me for carrying no lights. By James! I wish some of those dandy passenger-boat officers could try this low down end of the tramping trade for a bit."

Night went and day came, gray and wet and desolate. The heavier squalls had passed away, but a whole gale still remained, and the sea was, if anything, heavier. The coal boat rarely showed all of herself at once above the water. Her progress was a succession of dives, her decoration (when she was vis-

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ible) a fringe of spouting scruppers. Watch had succeeded watch with the dogged patience of sailormen, but watch after watch Kettle hung on behind the canvas dodgers at the weather end of the bridge. He was red-eyed and white-cheeked, his torpedo beard was foul with sea salt, he was unpleasant to look upon, but he was undeniably very much awake, and when the accident came (which he concluded was Mr. Gedge's effort to realize the coal boat's insurance) he was quite ready to cope with emergencies.

From somewhere in the bowels of the ship there came the muffled boom of an explosion; the bridge sprang up beneath his feet so that he was very nearly wrenched from his hold, and the iron main deck, which at that moment happened to be free of water, rippled and heaved as a tin biscuit box moves when it is kicked. There was a tinkle of broken glass as some blown-out sky-lights crashed back upon the deck.

He looked forward and he looked aft, and to his surprise saw that both hatches were still in place, and that very little actual damage was visible, and then he had his attention occupied by another matter. From the stokehold, from the forecastle and from the engine room the frightened crew poured out into the open, and some scared wretch cried out to "lower away zem boats."

Here was a situation that needed dealing with at once, and Kettle was the man to do it. From beneath his oilskins he lugged out the revolver which they knew so painfully already, and showed it with ostentation. "By James!" he shouted, "do you want to be taught who's captain here? I'll give cheap lessons if you ask."

His words reached them above the hooting and brawl of the gale, and they were cowed into sullen obedience.

"Carpenter, take a couple of men and away below with you and see what's broke. You blessed split-trousered mechanics, away down to your engine room or I'll come and kick you there. The second mate and his watch get tarpaulins over those broken skylights. Where's Mr. Murgatroyd? In his bunk, I suppose, as usual; not his watch; no affair of his if the ship's blown to heaven when he's off duty. Here, you steward, go and root out Mr. Murgatroyd."

The men bustled about after their errands, and the engines, which had stopped for a minute, began to rumble on again. Capt. Kettle paraded the swaying bridge and awaited developments.

Presently a bare-headed steward fought his way up the bridge ladder against the tearing wind, and bawled out some startling news: "It's Mr. Murgatroyd's room that's been blown up, sir; made a 'orrid mess of; Chips says 'e picked up 'is lighted pipe in the alley-way, sir, an' it must 'a' been that that fired the gas."

"The blamed old thick-head!" said Kettle, savagely.

"'E was arskin' for you, sir, was the mate, though we couldn't rightly make out what 'e said."

"He won't be pleased to see me. Smoking, by James, was he!"

"The mate's burnt up, like a piece of coke," said the steward, persuasively. "'E can't last long. It's a marvel 'ow 'e's alive at all, sir!"

The carpenter came up on the bridge. "Dose blow-up was not so bad for der ole ship, sir. She nod got any plates started dot I can see. Dey have der bilge-pumps running, but dere's nod much water. Und der mate, sir. He say he vould like to see you. He's in ver' bad way."

"All right!" said Kettle, "I'll go and see him. He called up the Italian second mate on to the bridge and gave over charge of the ship to him, and then went below. The gas explosion had made havoc of all woodwork and fittings, but apparently the iron sheathing of the ship was still undamaged. The scare of the crew was quieting down, and with the sailor's instinct of tidyness they were commencing to make

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fast the larger fragments of wreckage which were rattling about amongst the slop of water, and coal, and broken crockery, to the dancings of the ship.

The author of all the mischief, the stupid old man who, through sheer crass ignorance had gone to bed and smoked a pipe in this powder magazine, lay horribly injured in the littered alleyway, with a burst straw cushion under the shocking remnants of his head. Most of his injuries were plain to the eye, and it was a marvel that he lingered on at all. It was very evident that he could not live for long, and it was clear, too, that he wanted to speak.

Kettle's resentment died at the sight of this poor charred cinder of humanity, and he knelt in the litter and listened. The sea noises and the ship noises without almost drowned the words, and the old mate's voice was very weak. It was only here and there he could pick up a sentence.

"Nearly got to wind'ard of you, skipper. It was me—Gedge paid me £50 for the job—scuttle her—after Gib—would 'a' done it too—in spite of your teeth."

The old fellow broke off, and Kettle leaned near to him. "How were you going to scuttle her?" he asked.

There was no answer. A second time he repeated the question, and then again a third time. The mate heard him. The sea roared outside, the wind boomed overhead, the cluttered wreckage clanged about the alleyway. The old man was past speech, but he opened an eye, his one remaining eye, and slowly and solemnly winked.

It was his one recorded attempt at humour during a lifetime, aad the effort was his last. His jaw dropped, wagging to the thud of the ship, his eye opened in a glassy, unseeing stare, and he was as dead a thing as the iron deck he lay upon.

"Well, matey," said Kettle, apostrophizing the poor charred form, "we've been shipmates before and I never liked you. But, by James, you had your points. You shall be buried by a pukka parson in Gib. and have a stone put over your ugly old head if I have to pay for it myself. I think I can hammer out a bit of verse, too, which'll make that stone a thing people will remember."

"By James, though, won't Gedge be mad over this! Gedge will think I spotted the game you were playing for him, and murdered you out of hand. Well, that's all right, and it won't hurt you, matey. I want Gedge to understand I'm a man that's got to be dealt straight with. I want Mr. Blessed Gedge to understand that I'm not the kind of lamb to make into a catspaw by any manner of means. I bet he does tumble to that, too. But I bet also that he sacks me from this berth before I've got the coals over into the lighters of Port Said. By James! yes. Gedge is a man that sticks to his plans, and as he can't lose the *Sultan of Labuan* with me as her skipper, he'll jerk another old man into the chart house on the end of a wire, who'll do the job more to his satisfaction."

The Norwegian carpenter came up and asked a question.

"No, no, Chips; put the canvas away, I want you to knock up some sort of a box for the poor old mate, and we'll take him to Gib. and plant him there in style. I owe him a bit. We'll all get safe enough to Port Said now."

Cutcliffe Hyne.



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XII. — THE BUILDERS OF A CANADIAN DOMINION FROM OCEAN TO OCEAN, (1864-1873)—*Concluded.*

9.—COMPLETION OF THE CANADIAN FEDERATION BETWEEN THE ATLANTIC AND PACIFIC OCEANS.

THE Government and Parliament to whom were intrusted the destinies of the Federation of four provinces, from 1867 until 1873 had a great work to accomplish in the way of perfecting and extending the Dominion which was necessarily incomplete whilst its western territorial limits were confined to the boundaries of Ontario, and the provinces of British Columbia on the Pacific coast and of Prince Edward Island in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, remained in a position of isolation. The provisions of the British North America Act of 1867 provided in general terms for the addition of the immense territories which extend northwesterly from Lake Superior as far as the Rocky Mountains, and comprise a great wealth of prairie lands, whose luxuriant grasses and wild flowers were only crushed for centuries by the tread of herds of innumerable buffalos on their way to the tortuous and sluggish streams which flow through that wide region. These territories consist of a vast interior cretaceous plain—a large part of which—probably the whole of Manitoba—was a glacial lake in the early stages of the formation of this continent. This plain slopes gently towards the Arctic seas into which its waters flow, and is also remarkable for rising gradually from its eastern limits in three distinct elevations or *steppes* as far as the foot hills of the Rocky Mountains.

Forests of trees—small for the most part—are only found when the prairies are left and we reach the more picturesque undulating country through which the North Saskatchewan flows. Another extraordinary feature of this great region is the continuous chain of lakes and rivers which stretches from the basin of the St. Lawrence as far as the distant northern sea into which the Mackenzie, the second largest river in America, carries its enormous volume of waters. As we stand on the rugged height of land which divides the Winnipeg from the Laurentian basin we are within easy reach of rivers which flow—some to the Arctic seas, some to the Atlantic and some to the Gulf of Mexico. If we ascend the Saskatchewan River from Lake Winnipeg to the Rocky Mountains we shall find ourselves within a measurable distance of the sources of the Mackenzie, one of whose tributaries reaches the headwaters of the Yukon—a river of golden promise like the Pactolus of eastern lands—but also of the rapid Columbia and still more impetuous Fraser which pour into the Pacific ocean, as well as of the Missouri, which here accumulates strength for its alliance with the Mississippi, that great artery of a more southern land. Dr. Samuel Dawson, in his scholarly book on the geography of Canada, recalls the fact that this is "the critical geographical point of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes's poem, the 'Two Streams,' from whence he has drawn a deep moral lesson."

"Yon stream whose sources run,
Turned by a pebble's edge,
To Athabaska rolling towards the sun,
Through the cleft mountain edge.

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"The slender rill had strayed,
But for the slanting stone,
To evening's ocean with the tangled braid
Of foam-flecked Oregon.

"So from the heights of will,
Life's parting stream descends,
And, as a moment turns its slender rill,
Each widening torrent bends.

"From the same cradle's side,
From the same mother's knee,
One to long darkness and the frozen tide,
One to the peaceful sea."

In a previous paper of this series I have shown that the French Canadian gentlemen-adventurers, La Verendryes, built forts on the rivers that flow into Lakes Winnipeg and Manitoba, and even found their way to the foot hills of the Rocky Mountains. During the days of the French *regime* the French occupied, and held for a short time, the posts which the great Company of Adventurers, chartered by King Charles II., had erected on the dreary shores of Hudson's Bay as stations for the rich trade in furs which they have ever since carried on in that region. Then, when England became supreme in the valley of the St. Lawrence, and in the territories which stretched north and west indefinitely, the Company were the sole sovereigns of a region which they valued only as a fur preserve until they had for rivals the Northwest Company, whose principal members were Montreal merchants. The Hudson's Bay Company's business was done by way of York Factory on Hudson's Bay, and the Northwest Company's by way of Montreal and the Grand Portage from Lake Superior. Alexander Mackenzie, a partner of the latter Company, was the first European to discover the mighty river which still bears his name, and at a later date to cross the Rocky Mountains and reach the Pacific shores. Other members of the same enterprising body of traders followed the Columbia and Fraser—which bears the name of one of those pioneers—and established posts by the Mackenzie and in other distant parts of the "Great Lone Land." In the beginning of the present century an enterprising Scotchman, Lord Selkirk, who was an enthusiastic promoter of colonization, obtained an immense tract of valuable land in the Red River country from the Hudson's Bay Company, and made strenuous efforts to establish a settlement of his countrymen and others along the banks of the Red and Assiniboine Rivers. But his exertions to people Assiniboia—the Indian name he gave to his wide domain—were rendered entirely useless for years on account of the fierce opposition of the employees of the Northwest Company, who recognized the danger to which their fur-trading interests were exposed by this colonizing scheme. The quarrel between the Hudson's Bay Company's people and the Northwesters, chiefly composed of French-Canadians and half-breeds, culminated in the massacre of Governor Semple and some others. It was not until 1817 that Lord Selkirk established his colony, but it never reached any large proportions, and was soon lost to sight when its promoter died, and the two Companies, almost ruined by their rivalry, amalgamated and bought up his rights. The great object of the Company, now sole masters in Rupert's Land and the Indian Territories, was to keep out the pioneers of settlement and give no information of the value of the land and resources of their vast domain. Some years before the federation of the provinces the public men of Canada had commenced an agitation against the Company with the view of relieving from its monopoly a country whose resources were beginning to be known. Colonial Ministers interviewed the imperial authorities on the subject, but no practical results were obtained until the federation became an accomplished fact, and the Company recognized the necessity of yielding to the pressure that was brought to bear upon them, at a time when the interests of the Empire as well as of the new Dominion demanded the abolition of a monopoly so hostile to the conditions of modern progress in British North America. After negotiations with the Company and legislation by the Imperial Parliament, this great region, with

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all all its enormous possibilities, became a part of the Canadian Dominion. Steps were taken in 1869 by the Ottawa authorities for the temporary government of the Territories, when a revolt broke out, chiefly among the half-breeds led by Louis Riel, who, in later days, ended his restless and dangerous career on a scaffold in the capital of the Northwest, after the close of a still more insane insurrection. He imprisoned Dr. Schultz and other local men, and committed the atrocious act of shooting one Thomas Scott, against whom he appears to have had a special personal antipathy. The revolt soon ended in the flight of its leaders before a military expedition of Canadian militia and English regular troops, under the command of Colonel, now Field Marshal, Lord Wolseley, reached the scene of disturbance. Delegates from the Red River country had already conferred with the Canadian Ministry, with the result of coming to an understanding with respect to the rights of the people, and of the establishment of a new province, called Manitoba—possessing the system of government granted by the Act of Union to the old provinces.

In 1871 the Dominion welcomed into the Union the great mountainous province of British Columbia, whose picturesque shores recall the memories of Cook, Vancouver and other maritime adventurers of last century, and whose swift rivers are associated with the exploits of Thompson, Quesnel, Fraser and other daring men who first saw the impetuous waters which rush through the cañons of the great mountains of the province until at last they empty themselves into the Pacific sea. With the entrance of this province, so famous now for its treasures of gold, coal and other minerals in illimitable quantities, must be associated the name of Sir Joseph Trutch, the first Lieutenant-Governor under the auspices of the federation.

In 1873 Prince Edward Island yielded to the influences which had been working for some years in the direction of union and allied her fortunes with those of her sister provinces. The public men who were mainly instrumental in bringing about the happy result, after much discussion in the legislature and several conferences with the Dominion Government, were the following: Mr. R. P. Haythorne, afterwards a Senator; David Laird, at a later time Minister in Mr. Mackenzie's Government and a Lieutenant-Governor of the Northwest Territories; H. Pope, who became a member of Sir John Macdonald's Cabinet in 1879; T. H. Haviland, who was appointed a Lieutenant-Governor of the Island; G. W. Howlan, who now fills the same high position.

With the admission of Prince Edward Island all the provinces of British North America were united, except the great island of Newfoundland, which has continued hostile to the federation ever since the return of its delegates* from the Quebec Convention of 1864. During these thirty-five years it has gradually been forced into provincial bankruptcy and many other difficulties which could never have occurred had it entered the Canadian Dominion on the equitable terms which have been more than once offered its people.

While these events were extending and consolidating the union, the Intercolonial Railway was at last constructed between the St. Lawrence River and the Maritime Provinces; and, as an immediate sequence of the admission of British Columbia, arrangements were made in 1880-81 for the completion of a great transcontinental line of railway from Montreal to Burrard's Inlet on the Pacific Coast. Such remarkable energy was brought to the construction of this imperial highway that it was actually in operation at the end of five years after the commencement of the work—only one-half the time allowed in the charter for its completion. The success of this enterprise, so inseparably connected with the unity, settlement and security of the Dominion

* Both Sir Ambrose Shea and Sir Frederick Carter are now octogenarians with memories of a public career of great usefulness.

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from ocean to ocean, was largely due to Donald A. Smith, now Lord Strathcona, and George Stephen, now Lord Mount Stephen, who embarked in this vast scheme with a confidence which assured its speedy accomplishment.

The success of this great highway until the present time must be largely attributed to the President, Sir W. Van Horne, whose remarkable energy and foresight—a foresight which enables him to grasp every detail of management—has made it a most important factor in the national development of the Dominion.

10.—HOW CANADA IS GOVERNED.

This series of papers would be necessarily incomplete were I to close it without a brief review of the salient features of the political system which, in the course of the century, has been built up by the labours of the men to whom I have endeavoured to pay a tribute in these pages—a tribute by no means commensurate with their meritorious performance. The Federal Union of 1867 was the inevitable sequence of the self-government that was the immediate result of the liberal colonial policy adopted towards the colonies soon after Queen Victoria ascended the throne, and with which the names of Durham, Russell, Grey and Gladstone must always be associated in the history of the Empire. The present federal constitution of Canada only enlarged the area of the political sovereignty of the provinces, and gave greater scope to their political energy, already stimulated for years previously by the influence of responsible government. The federal constitution has left the provinces in possession of local self-government in the full sense of the term. At the base of the political structure lie those municipal institutions which, for completeness, are not excelled in any other country. It is in the enterprising Province of Ontario that the system has attained its greatest development. Every village, township, town, city and county has its council, composed of reeves or mayors and councillors or aldermen elected by the people, and having jurisdiction over all matters of local taxation and local improvement, in accordance with statutory enactments. Under the operation of these little local parliaments—the modern form taken by the folkmote of old English times—every community, regularly organized under the law, is able to build its roads and bridges, light the streets, effect sanitary arrangements, and even initiate bonuses for the encouragement of lines of railway.

The machinery of these municipalities is made to assist in raising the taxes necessary for the support of public schools. Free libraries are provided for in every municipality whenever the people choose—as in the cities of Toronto, Hamilton, London, Guelph, and other places—to tax themselves for the support of these necessary institutions. In the other provinces the system is less symmetrical than in Ontario, but even in the French section, and in the Maritime Provinces, where these institutions have been more recently adopted, the people have it within their power to manage all these minor local affairs which are necessary for the comfort, security and convenience of the local divisions into which each province is divided for such purposes. Then we go up higher to the provincial organizations governed by a lieutenant-governor, nominated and removable by the government of the Dominion, and advised by a council responsible to the people's representatives, with a legislature composed, in only two of the provinces of two Houses—a council appointed by the Crown and an elective assembly; in all the other provinces there is simply an assembly chosen by the people either by universal suffrage or on a very liberal franchise. The fundamental law known as the British North America Act, which was passed by the Imperial Parliament in 1867, gives jurisdiction to the provincial governments over education, provincial works, hospitals, asylums, and jails, administration of justice (except in criminal matters), municipal and all other purely local affairs. In the Territories not constituted into

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MONUMENT TO SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD, AT OTTAWA.

provinces there is provided an efficient machinery, in the shape of a lieutenant-governor, appointed by the Dominion government; of an advisory council to assist the lieutenant-governor; and of a small legislative body of one House elected by the people, which has the power of passing, within certain defined limits, such ordinances as are necessary for the good government and security of the sparsely settled countries under its jurisdiction. These Territories are now represented in the two Houses of the Dominion Parliament. These representatives have all the rights and privileges of members of the organized provinces, and are not the mere territorial delegates of the United States Congress. The central or general government of the Dominion is administered by a Governor-General, with the assistance of a ministry responsible to a Parliament, composed of a Senate appointed by the Crown, and a House of Commons to be henceforth elected under the electoral franchise existent in each province. This government has jurisdiction over trade and commerce, post office, militia and defence, navigation and shipping, fisheries, and railways and public works of a Dominion character and all other matters of general or national import. The appointment of a Governor-General by the Crown, the power of disallowing bills, which



MONUMENT TO HON. GEORGE BROWN, AT TORONTO.

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MONUMENT TO SIR GEORGE CARTIER, AT OTTAWA.

may interfere with Imperial statutes and treaty obligations, the right which Canadians still enjoy of appealing to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council from the snbordinate courts of the provinces, including the Supreme Court ot Canada, the obligation which rests upon England to assist the colony in the time of danger by all the power of her army and fleet, together with the fact that all treaties with foreign powers must necessarily be negotiated through the Imperial authorities, will be considered as the most patent evidences of Canada still being a dependency of the empire. Even the restraint imposed upon Canada with respect to any matters involving negotiations with foreign powers has been modified to a great degree by the fact that England has acknowledged for over thirty years that Canada should be not only consulted in every particular, but directly represented in all negotiations that may be carried on with foreign powers affecting her commercial or territorial interests.

Another illustration of the growing importance of Canada in the Councils of the Empire is the fact that quite recently, in the Diamond Jubilee year, a Canadian judge was placed on the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, the Supreme Court of Great Britain and Ireland, India, and all the dependencies of the Crown.

From this brief summary of the leading features of the political organization of Canada it will be seen how remarkable has been the expansion of the liberties of the people since 1837, when they exercised no control over the executive, when England imposed restrictions on their trade, and officials of Downing Street were practically the governing powers.

In the formation of their constitution the Canadians have naturally borrowed the best features of the federal system of their American neighbours, and of the governmental institutions of the parent state, though not without improvement. The following brief summary shows some of the advantages which Canada possesses over the institutions of the United States as far as an experience of many years goes to prove:

1. That the powers of the Provincial and Federal Governments are enumerated, while the residuum of power is left, in express words, to the central authority of the Dominion; the very reverse of the constitution of the United States, which gives to the National Government only certain express, or necessarily implied, powers, and leaves to the several states all those powers of local or state sovereignty not so expressly taken away.

2. In adhering strictly, in the Dominion and every province, to the principles of parliamentary government which makes the ministry, or advisers of the executive, responsible to the

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legislature for every act of administration; a flexible system which works admirably compared with the too rigid constitutional rules of the Federal and State Governments, which separate the executive from the legislative authority and do not permit the advisers of a president or a governor of a state to sit in the legislature and direct its legislation.

3. The latent powers of a dissolution of Parliament, which may be used at any time by the Crown, under the advice of responsible ministers, with the view of obtaining the opinion and judgment of the people at a political crisis—a safety valve wanting in the rigid system of the United States, which constantly and necessarily creates friction between the executive and legislative authorities.

4. A permanent Civil Service in the Dominion and Provincial Governments—a system which lies at the very foundation of all stable government, but only partially adopted of very recent years by the National Government of the United States, and now urged in almost all the old states of the Union.

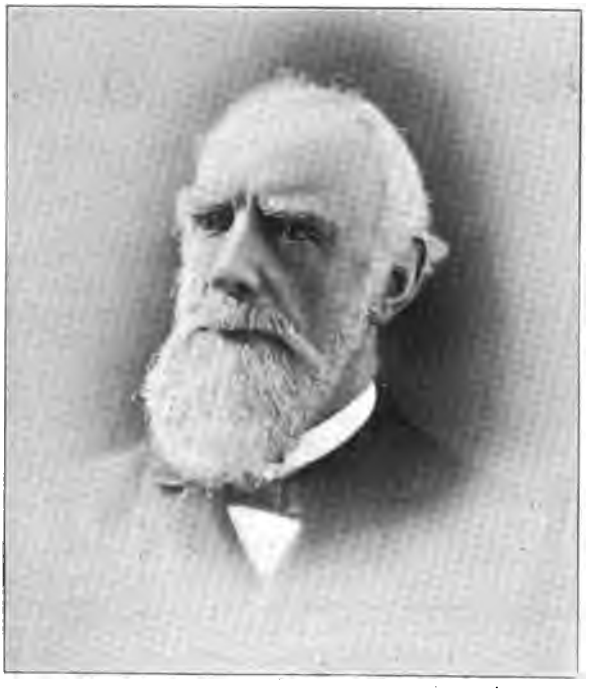
5. The appointment of all judges and public officials by the Crown, on the advice of ministers responsible to parliament for every such executive act, in contradistinction to the elective system of the United States of the federal republic, where judges are, in most cases, elected by the people—the federal judges being the exception.

6. The independence of the judiciary of all party and political pressure, when once appointed, since they can be removed only by the Crown, as a consequence of a successful impeachment by the Dominion Parliament, while in the several states their tenure is limited to a certain number of years—ten on the average.

7. The infrequency of political elections and the practical separation of national, provincial and municipal politics at such elections—a separation now advocated in many states, and adopted by the revised New York constitution, in the case of municipal elections, especially in the cities, where the running of municipal officers on a federal or state ticket has led to gross corruption and abuse by the political machine and its professional politicians.

8. The trial by judges of all cases of bribery and corruption in municipal as well as legislative elections, a system not yet adopted, to any extent, by the States, and necessarily of doubtful application in a country where so many judges are elective.

No doubt there are difficulties constantly occurring in the working of the Canadian federal constitution, arising from conflicts of jurisdiction between the Dominion and the Provinces, despite the careful enumeration of powers in the fundamental law, or British North America Act of 1867; but these doubts



LORD STRATHCONA AND MOUNT ROYAL.

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SIR JOHN SCHULTZ.

are gradually being removed by the wise practice which places the interpretation of all written legal instruments in the courts.

Here also the wisdom and learning of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council of England and of the Canadian judiciary are to a large extent nullifying the contentions of politicians, and bringing about a solution of difficulties which, in a country divided between distinct nationalities, might cause serious complications if not settled on sound principles of law which all can accept.

II.—THE FUTURE OF CANADA—HER RELATIONS WITH THE EMPIRE.

In this review it has been my object to refer only to those salient features of the development of Canada, and to point out how much reason Canadians have for congratulating themselves on the events of the last sixty years—a period contemporaneous with the reign of the present Queen—in which they have laid the foundations of their happiness and prosperity as one of the great communities which make up the British Empire. It is not within the scope of this paper to point out the shadows that obscure the panorama as it unfolds itself before us. It would be strange if, in the government of a country like Canada, many mistakes had not been made, or if there were not many difficulties in store for the youthful confederation. Dr. Goldwin Smith, from time to time, has been disposed to perform the part of the Greek Chorus to the gloomy predictions of the enemies and lukewarm friends of the Confederation, but Canadians will hardly allow themselves to be influenced by purely pessimistic utterances in the face of the difficulties that they have hitherto so successfully encountered, and of the courage and hopes that animate them for the future. For a century and a half the French Canadians fought and bled for their country; they had to face famine and savages, war with the British, and, what was worse, the neglect and indifference of the parent state at the most critical period of their history; but since the conquest they have built up a large community by the banks of the St. Lawrence and its tributaries, and even the superior energy and enterprise of the English Canadians have not prevented them from creating a province

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which is essentially French-Canadian, and affords many evidences of prosperity due to the hardihood of the race that inhabits it. A century and more has passed since the English-speaking people sought their fortunes in the West or on the shores of the Atlantic. For years many of these hardy pioneers led toilsome lives—lives of solitude among the great forests that overshadowed the whole country; but year by year the darkness of the woods was brightened by bursts of sunlight, as the axe opened up new centres of settlement, and echoed the progress of the advanced guards of civilization. Years of hardship and struggle ensued, and political difficulties followed to add to individual trials; but the people were courageous and industrious, and soon surmounted the obstacles of early times. The material development went hand in hand with the political progress of the country. The magnificent heritage which the people of Canada now own is the result of unremitting toil and never-failing patience, and, summing up the achievements of the past, they may well look forward with hopefulness to the future, for of them it may be truly said :—



SIR WILLIAM VANHORNE.

"Men the workers, ever reaping something new;
That which they have done but earnest of the things that they will do.'

What is to be the next great step in the political career of Canada is a question which frequently occurs to imperial as well as colonial statesmen. One thing is quite certain, that the movement is towards the placing of the relations between the parent state and its great dependency on a basis which will strengthen the Empire, and at the same time give Canada even a higher position in the councils of the Imperial State.

The federation of the Empire in the full sense of the term may be considered by some practical politicians as a mere political phantasm, never likely to come out in a tangible form from the clouds where it is now concealed; and yet who can doubt that out of the grand conception which first originated in the brain of Franklin, Otis and Galloway, statesmen may yet evolve some scheme that that will render the Empire secure from the dangers which arise from continual isolation, and from the growth of peculiar and distinct interests, that naturally result from the geographical situation of

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WINNIPEG IN 1870.

tariff policy of the present Canadian ministry, is not merely another step in that evolution of events which have placed Canada in the position of a semi-independent power in the course of thirty years; but, judged by the spirit that has animated both Canadian and English statesmen in bringing it about, it is a part of that movement which seems irresistibly forcing the parent state and her greatest dependency to a closer alliance, commercial and defensive, that will make the Empire impregnable. It is a forerunner, many Canadians hope, of a scheme of imperial federation of communities so widely separated from each other throughout the world? The Diamond Jubilee, which showed so powerful sentiment of attachment to the Crown and Empire, has already bought forth a practical result by the "denunciation" of the imperial treaties with Germany and Belgium, which for some years past have evoked the hostility of the Canadian government and parliament as entirely at variance with the commercial freedom of the Dominion and her rights, expressed or implied by the British North America Act of Union, and as interposing serious obstacles to more intimate commercial relations with the parent state. This action on the part of the imperial government, in response to the bold and decisive



WINNIPEG IN 1898.

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tion which not long since seemed chimerical to those who cannot look beyond the interests of mere sections of the Empire. Mr. Chamberlain has certainly not disappointed his friends, who have always believed that he would make his office of administrator of colonial affairs a position of value to the Empire at large.

Looking at the history of the Canadian dependency for sixty years, one can see in all the phases of its political development there has ever run "an increasing purpose." The statesmen of England and her colonies have, perhaps, builded better than they knew. The destiny that shapes our ends, "rough hew them how we will," has been carrying the empire in a direction beyond the ken and conception of probably the most sanguine and practical minds. When we consider that the union of the two Canadas was followed in about a quarter of a century by the federation of all the provinces, and that this great measure has been also supplemented, after a lapse of thirty years, by a conference of delegates at Ottawa from the most distant colonial possessions, we may well believe that the thoughts of men are in deed widened throughout England and her dependencies "by the process of the suns," and that powerful current of human thought and progress, which is everywhere making itself felt, is carrying forward the Empire, not into an unknown sea of doubt and peril, where it may split into many fragments, but into a haven where it may rest in the tranquil waters of peace and security.



LEGISLATIVE BUILDING AT FREDERICTON.



LEGISLATIVE BUILDING AT HALIFAX.

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LEGISLATIVE BUILDING AT TORONTO.

As long as the respective members of the Federation observe faithfully the principles upon which it necessarily rests, perfect equality among all its sections, a due consideration for local rights, a deep Imperial, as well as Canadian sentiment, whenever the interests of the whole Federation are at stake, the people of this Dominion need not fear failure in their efforts to accomplish the great work in which they have been so long engaged Full of that confidence which the history of the past should give them, and of that energy and courage which are their natural heritage, and which have already achieved the most satisfactory results in the face of difficulties which,



LEGISLATIVE BUILDING AT QUEBEC.

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sixty years ago, would have seemed insurmountable; stimulated by their close neighbourhood to a nation with whom they have always shown a desire to cultivate such relations as are compatible with their dignity, their security and their self-interest, as a separate and distinct community; adhering closely to those principles of government which are best calculated to give moral as well as political strength; determined to put down corruption in whatever form it may show itself, and to cultivate a sound public opinion, Canadians may tranquilly, patiently, and determinedly face the problem of the future.

12. A FINAL TRIBUTE TO THE MAKERS OF CANADA.

And here I may close these papers in which I have attempted — most imperfectly I know full well—to review the career of those men who have written their names in bold letters on the annals of the provinces of the Dominion, from the days Champlain laid the foundations of the ancient capital of Quebec until the Federation, the basis of which was laid in the same historic city in 1864, was practically completed from the Atlantic to the Pacific ocean, and all the provinces and territories were united by iron links, stretching across the continent. When we think of the Makers of Canada, of the men who discovered and founded provinces, who laid deep and secure the foundations of Canada's material prosperity, who assured the success of the principles of British institutions, who saved Canada to England at a national crisis, who extended the political rights of the people, who made of Canada a dominion of imperial proportions, we recall, above all others, the names of Cartier, Champlain, Frontenac, Wolfe, Cornwallis, Simcoe, Dorchester, Brock, Drummond, Durham, Howe, Baldwin, Lafontaine, Morin, Johnston, Wilmot, Elgin, J. A. Macdonald, Cartier, Brown, Galt, Mowat, Tilley, Coles, Tupper, and many others whose names I have mentioned in the previous papers, reviewing important epochs of our history, and whose decisive and prescient statesmanship brought about results of vital importance to the development, unity and security of the country. Each of these men must be recognized as *primus inter pares*, irrespective of all the political antagonisms and hostile criticisms which, under the unrelenting and unfair conditions of intense party strife in this country, have followed them too often in their earnest public careers. But let us not forget that the great majority of the Builders of our new nation have not found their names inscribed on the conspicuous pages of Canadian history. Their achievements must be sought in the remarkable industrial re-



LEGISLATIVE BUILDING AT REGINA.

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LEGISLATIVE BUILDING AT VICTORIA.

sults which illustrate the prosperity of the Dominion from Sydney to Victoria, in great, waving fields of grain, in orchards richly laden with golden fruit, in fleets of ships which sail or steam to every clime, in many mills and factories which work day and night, in the varied products of the sea, the forest and the mine, in the roomy warehouses filled with goods of many lands, in huge elevators holding the surplus harvest of Canadian farms, in the prosperous cities and towns which represent the comfort and wealth



LEGISLATIVE BUILDING AT WINNIPEG.

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of the people, in noble universities, colleges and schools, in the many illustrations we find in every province of the culture and intelligence of people who have made and own an imperial domain, still in the infancy of its national development.

Canada's position in the Empire is one of which her people may be justly proud; but as Canadians view the past with its many evidences of devotion to the Empire, of capacity for self-government, of statesmanlike conception and action in the administration of public affairs, they must not forget how much they owe to the men who laid firm and deep the foundations of their national structure. French Catholics, and Huguenots, Puritans and Cavaliers of the days of the Stuarts, Scots from the Highlands, the Hebrides and the Lowlands, Scotch-Irish Protestants from the north and Catholic Celts from the south of Ireland, Englishmen from the hop-gardens of Kent and the meadows of Devon, from all parts of that ancient kingdom where the Saxon and Norman have so aptly blended in the course of centuries—all these have contributed to form a Canadian people who have planted themselves successfully and firmly over the vast regions which stretch from east to west to the north of the federal republic.

As we stand on the picturesque heights of Quebec, and view the stately shaft which recalls the victory of Wolfe; as we come to the noble Parliament house in the city of Ottawa, and pause in front of the statues of Cartier and Macdonald, most famous representatives of the English and French peoples who have built up the Dominion; as we walk under the chestnuts and elms of Queen's Park in Toronto and look up at the bronze figure of the great journalist and earnest statesman, George Brown, whose patriotism at the most critical moment of federation rose superior to personal jealousy and party passion, we can see that Canadians are not always ungrateful of the services of the men whose names are intimately associated with the most momentous epochs of their history. Yet, while to some of the eminent Makers of Canada monuments have been raised,* the vast majority lie in quiet churchyards, where the finger of time has obliterated even their names from the moss-covered stones where once they were rudely chiselled. But, though they are no longer here, their spirit still survives in the confidence and energy with which the people of this Dominion are labouring to develop the great natural heritage which they possess on the American continent and in the loyalty which they feel for the British Crown and Empire.

* I should be doing an injustice to the memory of a great Canadian if I did not pause here for a moment to express the regret and amazement which I feel, in common with many of my fellow-countrymen, at the inexplicable apathy which has so far attended the efforts that have been in progress for some time to erect a suitable monument in the city of Halifax to Joseph Howe, poet, orator, and statesman.

[THE END.]

WE FORGET.

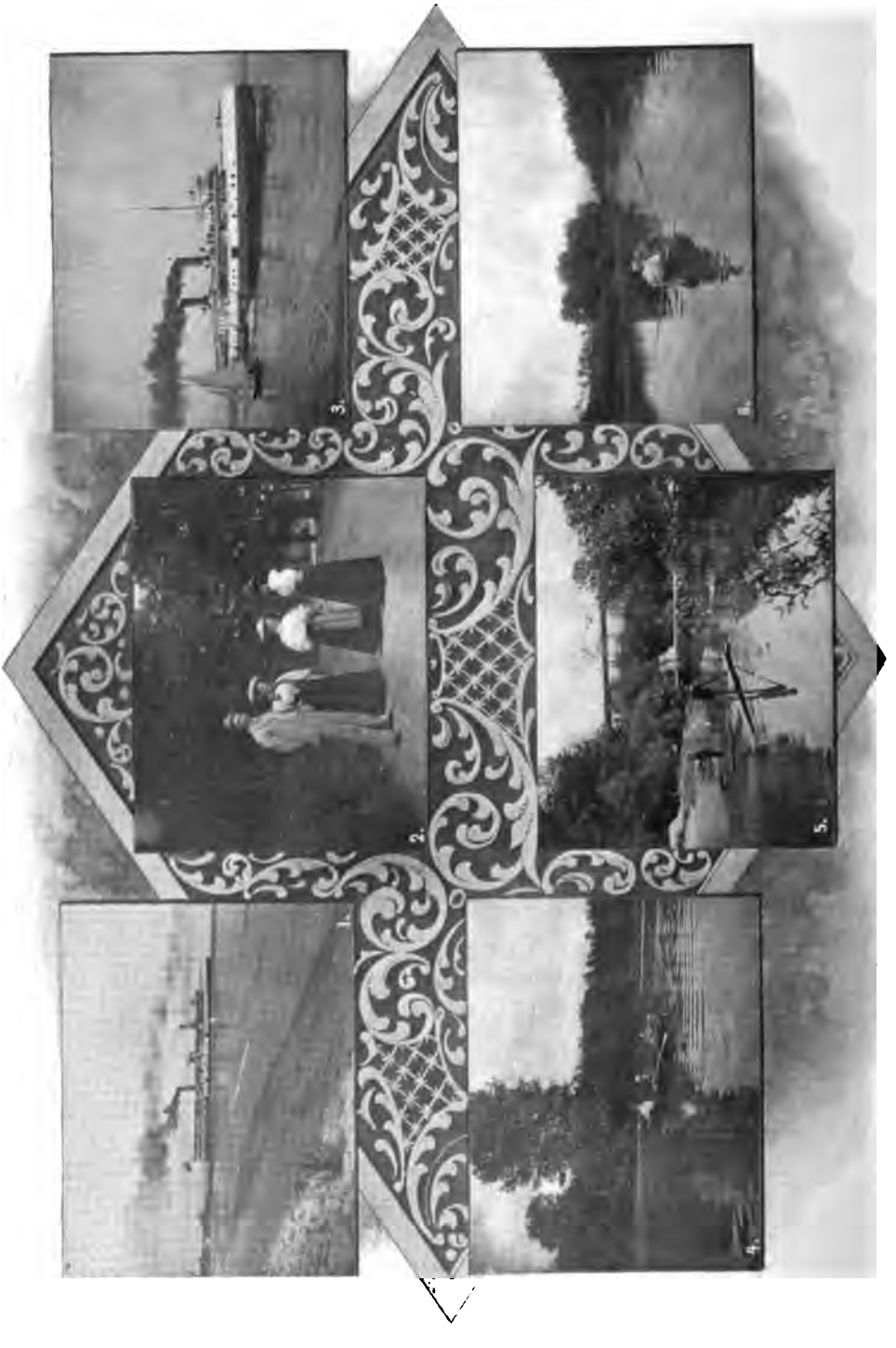
SHE clung to his breast in grief and tears;
"We part for a while"—said she,—
"But neither, force, nor fraud, nor fears,
Shall sever me from thee!"

Her daughter came with a tarnished book,
(Long years had passed away).
"There's a name writ here, my mother,—look!
"I've ne'er seen till to-day."

She took the volume of once-loved lays,
With a steady hand, and slow;
"'Tis the name of a friend of my girlhood's days,
"I cared for—long ago!"

Reginald Gourlay.

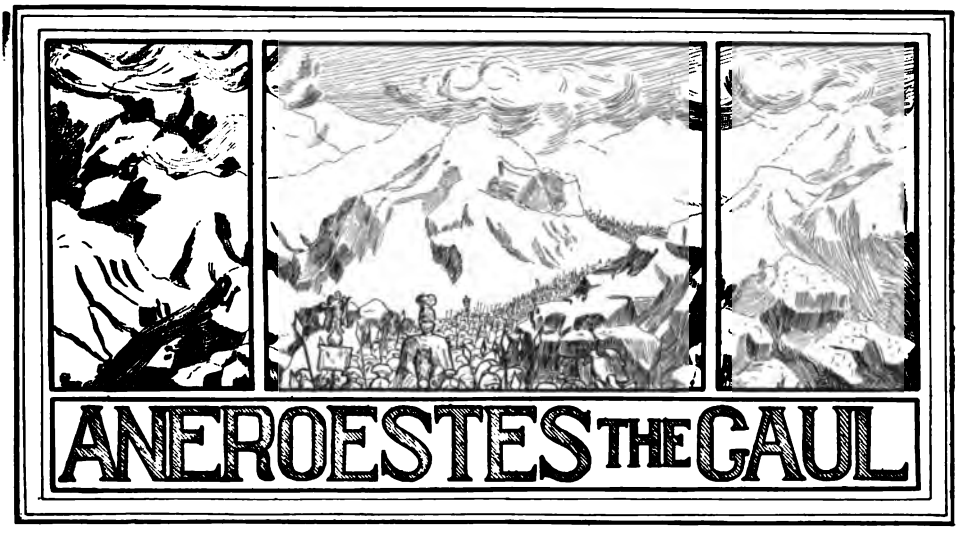
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AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHS BY MR. JAMES SMITH.

ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE CITY OF TORONTO.

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A Fragment of the Second Punic War.

BY EDGAR MAURICE SMITH.

DIGEST OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS: The story opens in the year B.C. 218, a day or two after Hannibal had crossed the Alps into Gallia Cisalpina (Northern Italy). To arouse his worn and weary soldiers, Hannibal chose two captured Gauls to engage in gladiatorial combat, the prize being freedom, a warhorse and the full equipment of a cavalryman. The winner is one Aneroestes, who, his home having been destroyed by Hannibal's troops, enlists in the Carthaginian cavalry for service in the war against Rome. The Army sets out on the march to Rome, but stops to lay seige to Taurasia. Hannibal sends Aneroestes on a difficult mission.

CHAPTER VI.—WITHIN THE CITY.

TOWARDS evening of the same day the people of Taurasia were thrown into great commotion. A deserter from Hannibal's camp had succeeded in making his way past the Carthaginian sentries, though they had almost immediately suspected him and given chase. To those watching from the walls he appeared to elude his pursuers with great difficulty. Once inside the city he was surrounded by a group of soldiers. They conducted him through the lines of excited people to Agates, who was examining the fortifications.

The escort described the circumstances of the man's escape from the Carthaginians, and the opening of one of the smaller gates to admit him in his flight.

All the while Agates gazed suspiciously at the newcomer.

"Who are you?" he asked suddenly. "You are a Gaul, but resemble not our enemies the Insubres."

"My name is Aneroestes," was the ready reply. "I am, as you say, not an Insubrian, but of the Centrones, who inhabit the mountains. You know us well, for we have traded much with the Taurini and the other Ligurians dwelling beyond the Padus. Many of my kinsmen have come to your city bringing with them excellent pine wood for torches, and strong elm for your javelins. I myself have seen the arms and fine cloaks they have carried back in exchange. But I come not to trade now. I am here to fight against the foreigner who invades your territory. The Taurini and Centrones have ever been allies against a common enemy."

He looked to the multitude for encouragement. Some nodded in assent, while the more enthusiastic even

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acclaimed their approval in words.

Agates checked these latter with a sign.

"The man may be a spy for all this," he said.

"I am no spy," retorted Aneroestes.

"It is strange," said Agates. "First you enter the service of the Carthaginian, and later seek the protection of a besieged city in order to make war upon him. Truly, the more I think of it the more positive am I of your deceit."

Those who at first had been the most eager to welcome the mountaineer now began to share the suspicion of their Chief, and slunk away.

"I am no spy," repeated Aneroestes doggedly. "I hate the Carthaginian and his soldiers. Was it not they who passed through our country by force? They destroyed our villages and drove away the cattle we herded for our sustenance. Men and children fell beneath the sword, while I, with many others of the young men, was led away into captivity. Even now my brothers lie in yonder camp and cry out in their misery, for they are borne down with the weight of the shackles and their bodies are torn from scourging. Is it, then, strange that I should seek service against one who has so oppressed my kinsmen?"

Aneroestes was by this time uncontrollably excited, and he spoke with a rude eloquence that carried conviction to his hearers. Furthermore, his general appearance added to the force of his words, for he was a goodly warrior to look upon.

"The man speaks the truth," shouted some one from among the crowd.

"The hope of revenge will make him fight well," cried another.

These and similar remarks assured Aneroestes. He saw that for the time being he had the people with him, though Agates was still doubtful.

"How comes it," the latter asked, "if the young men of your tribe were made prisoners that you were set free? For, indeed, no shackles bind your feet, and your garments are not such as those worn by slaves. More than this, you carry arms of excellent quality. I warn you to be careful what you answer. Liars share the same fate as spies," and he glanced significantly towards one of the towers, where, in the fading light, the forms of several bodies could be seen dangling in the air.

But Aneroestes only laughed at the unspoken threat.

"I have seen death before," he replied, "and in many forms. The men of the Centrones are bred to regard it without fear. If your over-cautiousness prompts you to treat me as an enemy you will be the greater loser. There are worse things than death, and defeat is one of them. You think it strange that I am not like my brethren—slaves of the conqueror—but I tell you I was one until ten days ago. Cords bound my wrists—see the marks," and he held out his hands for the Chief to inspect. "My back, too, bears many scars from the rods and scourge. If you still doubt me I will prove it to you."

No one spoke as with a swift movement he tore off his fur covering and stood stripped to the waist before the wondering Taurini, who were unaccustomed to such fiery earnestness.

During the conference torches had been lit and the bearers of these now crowded close to the man, thus revealing him to the others in the flickering lurid light. He had certainly spoken the truth. His back was almost completely disfigured with wounds, scarcely healed. Few could refrain from exclaiming at the sight, and even the face of Agates softened, for the scars imbedded so deeply in the white flesh signified tortures of unusual severity.

"You now see that I spoke truly," proceeded Aneroestes. "I was a captive, but I won my liberty by fighting an Allobrogian giant for the amusement of the soldiers. He thought to be victorious, for I was lame and unfitted for such a struggle. I bear the mark of his sword across my forehead, and he bit away part of my ear, but he could not overcome me. Still, he

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fought well. I wounded him in the side with my sword, but I killed him with my hands. It was a great struggle, and Hannibal gave me my liberty with costly presents and a horse of good blood."

"We want such warriors as this," remarked Britomar, a man of middle age, aside to Agates.

"He talks well."

"But see the muscles of his arms and body. He could wield a sword with the best of our young men, even with Concolitanus."

"The more reason why we should receive his advances with caution. One man can hardly win a battle, though he may lose one."

"And I would not advise you to hasty action, but this man has given a fair account of himself. His very presence here will encourage our soldiers, and he may further have much to tell us of the enemy's doings."

"What you say seems wise, good Britomar," said the Chief, slowly, "but be not over-confident of the man. Watch him closely and leave him not alone for a moment."

Meanwhile a number of the Taurini had entered into conversation with Aneroestes, and welcomed him with friendly protestations. They were impressed with the story of the combat, as they were themselves great warriors, and admired the victor's strongly knit figure. In appearance and habits they resembled the Insubres, though a closer contact with tribes inhabiting the country to the south of the Padus had made their natures less rough.

While many were content with the hide of a sheep or goat as a covering for the upper part of the body, the greater number were attired in tunics of coarse wool, reaching to the loins and gathered in at the waist by a belt. A few of the more savage favoured a peculiar form of cudo in which the face appeared between the upper and lower jaws of the animal, while the rest of the skin fell over the back and shoulders.

Aneroestes received their advances cordially, and when Agates again questioned him they ill restrained their impatience.

"Tell me," he said, "how you evaded the Carthaginian sentries, for they watch so closely that some of our spies have fallen into their hands."

"I feigned to be carrying a message to one of the captains. When I came up to where he was I dashed forward towards your gate. Your warriors will tell you that the Numidians almost overtook me. Indeed, they would have done so if the missiles thrown from the walls had not checked them," and the mountaineer looked to those near by to verify his story.

"Yes, yes; we saw that," assented several.

"He ran swiftly, but he had little time to spare," remarked one.

"I would have failed but for the help from the city," continued Aneroestes. "But it is well. I have information that will be of value to you. Some of the plans of the enemy are known to me. To-morrow the city will be attacked with battering-rams."

"We shall be prepared," shouted the crowd.

With one accord they waved their weapons aloft and redoubled their cries of assurance.

The smoking torches revealed massive clubs, studded with nails, short knives and ponderous swords, grasped by brawny hands that would loosen only in death. Some of the warriors were partially hidden by the far-reaching shadows, while more were altogether invisible in the background of darkness. But their voices were heard, and the wavering light illumined scores of set faces that would not quiver at sight of danger.

Agates seemed pleased at the enthusiasm, but he motioned Aneroestes to step near and said:

"Keep your secrets for the ears of those in command."

He then dismissed the people in an address, exhorting them to the greatest vigilance. "For," said he, "the enemy is ever watchful to obtain some advantage in ways we may little think of."

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When they had dispersed, he turned to Aneroestes and commanded him to speak freely.

"There are none here to listen to you," he said, "save those who should. Due thought will be given to what you say, but we are men of age and discretion who will not be blinded by fair sounding tales."

And, indeed, it seemed that in the ebbing of the multitude the chosen ones of the tribe had remained like rocks on the shores of the sea. These men formed the council that directed the affairs of the city, both in times of war and peace. Many were as yet young, but they had one and all become distinguished through acts of bravery and wisdom.

"I tell you what is true," said the mountaineer with some show of anger. "Early to-morrow Hannibal will attack the city on this side facing the west. If you do not believe me, make no preparations to repel the battering-ram."

"We have been prepared for this from the first, and will not now alter our plans."

Agates spoke more quietly, for he was beginning to be influenced by the apparent honesty of the deserter.

"Do you know how many rams will be used to storm the city?" asked Britomar.

"That I cannot say. I saw one being constructed, but there may be more."

"And will all the attack be made at the one place?"

"I heard it said that two points might be attacked; the main one directly in front of the camp and the other somewhat more to the south."

This gave rise to considerable discussion between Britomar and a younger warrior as to the best mode of repelling the double move, but the issue was trifling and interested the mountaineer little.

During the early part of the evening a number of the women brought food to the warriors sitting in council, for there was much to arrange before the morrow. Aneroestes watched them closely and there was admiration in his gaze, for these women of the Taurini were very beautiful. It was a novel sight to him to see such smooth skins, and figures so perfectly developed. Massive bracelets of gold encircled the white arms, making them seem the more dazzling, while necklaces and belts of the same precious metal were worn in profusion. Garments of coarse wool constituted the ordinary dress, but a few were attired in material of more delicate texture such as the mountaineer had never before seen. These were obtained from traders of other races who not infrequently visited Taurasia owing to its important location.

So enraptured was he that he failed to notice the curiosity he had awakened in those at whom he was so steadily staring.

"Our women are beautiful," remarked Agates by way of interruption.

Aneroestes nodded mechanically. His gaze had settled upon a young girl of exceptional grace, who had recently moved into the light. She was talking quietly to several companions, but presently she moved towards the Chief, who greeted her fondly.

"She is my daughter," he explained. "It is said she is the most beautiful of our women."

"It is so," murmured several.

Aneroestes answered nothing, but the admiration expressed on his face became intensified. The girl looked conscious. At her father's command she offered food to the stranger. He thanked her, but his voice sounded harsh in his own ears.

Ducaria, the daughter of Agates, was indeed beautiful and much sought after by the young warriors of the tribe. Her hair was slightly darker than was customary among the women of Liguria, and was tinged with a reddish hue that added to its attractiveness. While marvellously well cut, her features were somewhat large and bespoke a commendable determination. This was made more evident by the great eyes of deep blue for which she was justly celebrated. The years of her life hardly numbered a score, and she

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was the sole surviving child of the Chief.

The rude noises from the Carthaginian camp were at all times audible in the various quarters of the city, but in the quietude of evening they were even more distinct.

Aneroestes seemed suddenly disturbed by the ribald laughter so close at hand, and after staring at the blinking fires for a brief space he turned to Agates.

"Why do you keep your women with you?" he asked.

"Where else should they be? Would you have the wife live apart from her husband; the daughter from her father?"

"I would have them protected," said Aneroestes vehemently. "I would have them out of danger."

"Where would they find protection away from the men of the tribe, and where would be their safety?"

The chief's words were greeted with the approval of all present.

"Would you not have the women share danger with their mates?" asked one matron who sat between husband and son. "Think you that we want life when our dear ones are slaughtered?"

"If death was to be your lot, then would I counsel you to remain with your protectors. But defeat means more than death."

"The thought of that will but make us strike the harder," exclaimed Britomar.

"We will annihilate the enemy," shouted a younger man.

"But what if you should meet with defeat? In battle there is no certainty. Even with everything in your favour victory might, through some unseen way, be snatched from you. The Carthaginian is a general of many resources. I would advise you to remove the women to some place of safety."

"Our women are safer in our city than elsewhere. If we fall in their defence, then must they prepare themselves for death."

The speaker was an old warrior who had seen much fighting, and he understood the horrors of defeat.

"And none will be afraid," added Ducaria solemnly.

All looked at her in surprise, as it was not customary for the younger women to participate in a discussion of that nature. But none reprimanded. She stood by her father with parted lips and dark glowing eyes that stirred up the patriotism of the most timid. Aneroestes met her look for a moment only. Then his head fell. His task was becoming hard—even painful.

On the one hand the success of his mission would free the two score captives—the scourged and emaciated slaves, once gallant warriors—his kinsmen and brothers. But the downfall of the city would mean the despoiling of all these noble women, and among them Ducaria.

He trembled violently.

"What great danger can there be?" said Agates. We know the plan of the enemy and will be prepared for the fiercest attack; and," he added more pointedly to the mountaineer, "you felt assured of our success but a short time since. Surely naught could have happened to alter your opinion. Are our warriors less muscular or valiant than you would wish?"

"Not so. My fears were roused without a proper cause. I have seen your women—more beautiful than any I have ever met—and I trembled for their fate."

Aneroestes paused and looked about him, but he sought not to see Ducaria.

"What would you advise?" asked the Chief.

"I would counsel you to be cautious."

"We will not chide you for such anxiety. But here is Concolitanus. What news may he have for us?"

"None of importance," answered the warrior." "All is quiet in the quarter I have been watching."

He surveyed Aneroestes, not having seen him before.

"This is the deserter from the camp of the Carthaginian," explained the Chief.

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"I heard of his coming."

"He has brought us information of value."

While several told the news, Aneroestes secretly admired the new-comer, for he was possessed of much beauty and strength. Though scarcely more than a young man his deeds of prowess were many, while he combined with unusual bravery a skill and discretion rarely found in one of his temperament. He was very tall and strongly made. At a glance, it could be seen that he could wield a sword with wonderful power, and he was furthermore dexterous in the use of all weapons. His dress differed little from that of his companions save that the fur he wore as a mantle over his shoulders was exceptionally fine. The ornaments that adorned his person were likewise very valuable, and the sword hanging across his back was well-tempered and of Roman make. The long yellow hair was coiled on the top of his head. He was admired by the women as he was respected by the men, though his fiery council was at times apt to try the cautious feelings of the more aged.

"How know you," he asked after listening to the story of Aneroestes' entry into the city, "that this man is not sent by the Carthaginian to watch our movements and betray us? He has no interest in joining us and we do not need his services."

"You may be glad of my services before the siege ends," growled the mountaineer.

"You have no mean opinion of your own prowess," and Concolitanus laughed sneeringly.

"I have proved myself to be the equal of most men."

"And yet you were taken a prisoner."

Some of the men smiled at this cut, while a few of the women laughed outright.

"I lost my liberty," retorted Aneroestes, "but not before I killed three men of the number who fell on me. But what is more, I won back my freedom by slaying a man full as large and strong as you, Concolitanus, though I was weak from wounds inflicted by the scourge. And I killed him with my hands—I choked him."

The speaker had risen to his feet, and with eyes afire approached threateningly towards the Taurinian warrior.

Agates intervened, fearing a more serious dispute.

"It is wise to exercise the greatest caution," he remarked to Concolitanus, "and until we are assured of this stranger we must not trust him overmuch. But it is unjust to repel his advances and impute treacherous motives to his every action. He offers himself as a friend. If he is such, we must not make him our enemy."

"Captive enemies can do little harm," persisted Concolitanus.

"Still, a friend can be of more service."

The young warrior made no reply, but, turning to Ducaria, muttered: "It would be safer to get rid of the man."

"I would not counsel such action," rejoined the girl, "for he seems brave and good."

"He is but an uncouth mountaineer, unworthy of your consideration."

Concolitanus spoke with some heat, for he desired to make Ducaria his wife. His suit had not proceeded as he would have wished, and he was jealous of any man she might chance to notice.

"Still, he is brave, a great warrior, and he has risked much in joining our forces."

She shot a glance at the mountaineer while she spoke, and met his eyes fixed searchingly upon her. There was adoration in the stare. She turned away in confusion, but not before her companion had noted the cause.

"It would seem," said he, "that this spy would cast envious eyes upon our women, even to the chief's daughter."

He addressed himself loudly to the assemblage, and his words were followed by a dead silence. But only for a moment. Aneroestes made a rush at his tormentor, but before he could reach him he was seized by three men, one of whom was Agates.

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"Desist," he cried, angrily.

The mountaineer ceased struggling at the command of the chief, but he did not remove his eyes from Concolitanus, who, standing with drawn sword, cried out:

"Let him come!"

"Your conduct, Concolitanus, is unseemly," said Agates, with indignation. "Say nothing further to the stranger, I command you."

Concolitanus again turned to speak to Ducaria, but she moved away from him and went near to her father. And she did not look unkindly at Aneroestes.

(To be Continued.)

AN INTERESTING BOAT RIDE.

An Adventure.

IN the spring of the year 1882, Jack Mason, an old school chum of mine, invited me to spend the summer with him on the shores of the Lake of the Woods. He was a clerk in the employ of the Government at Keewatin, but, as his duties only compelled his attention for a short portion of each day, he was his own master for the rest of the time. Every afternoon from about four o'clock we spent in his sailing skiff on the lake, making voyages of exploration among the hundreds of islands in the vicinity, or bounding along on a high wind in a manner only appreciated by the enthusiastic yachtsman.

One day we had gone about six or seven miles out to a place where supplies were brought in from the outside world for the use of contractors engaged in the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway, which was at that time going on. Just as we were leaving a man hailed us, and wanted to know if we could take him over to Keewatin, as he was in a great hurry to catch a construction train going west. We took him in and started. On the way he informed us that he was a gold prospector, and had been exploring the country for a month or so. He certainly carried some of the tools of that calling, though we thought it rather strange that he should lug around the unusually large valise he had with him. He volunteered the information that the valise contained what was left of his "grub," and some specimens of rock he had gathered. He showed us a few pieces of ore which he took from his pocket, and we in our wisdom pronounced them to be very good specimens indeed.

When about a third of the way home, and just as we were about to cross a rather large open stretch of water, the wind began to come up strongly from the west, which seemed to give our passenger some concern, as we could see by his anxious look, and by the way he squeezed himself up towards the windward side of the boat. This position, while helping materially to balance the boat, was yet about the best he could have obtained to ensure his getting a full share of the spray dashed up from the bow when she struck a large wave. My friend was now in his element, lots of wind, and the boat running almost gunwale under.

We had nearly crossed the open stretch, and about three miles more remained, when the stranger gave a startled exclamation, and involuntarily pointed to a small tug which was approaching us from the east. We could not see anything remarkable about her except that she was the tug generally employed by the Canadian Government Inland Revenue Department in enforcing the laws in regard to the sale of liquor in the district. In explanation, I may say that during the construction of the railway, no liquor of any kind was allowed to be sold to the men employed. Numerous peddlers were, however, engaged in the business of bringing in the stuff from the outside, and, after diluting it with a sufficiency

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of Lake of the Woods water, were in the habit of selling it at enormous profit. To prevent these peddlers smuggling in their wares by way of the lake, the officers of the Government frequently used the small tug referred to.

As we were going north and the tug was going west, we should in all probability have met in a few minutes had not an island, which we passed on our right, made it necessary for her to make a great deviation from her course. Having passed the island, she turned and came on right after us. This proceeding rather surprised us, and the only reason we could give for her behaviour was that she was not engaged on any particular business and was looking for a race.

As the tug seemed to gain on us the stranger entered into the spirit of the thing and enquired if we could not go faster. My friend replied that we could but that we would wait until the tug overhauled us and then we would walk away from her completely. Our passenger, though, seemed to think that we ought to keep any advantage we had, and besought us to remember that it was of vital importance to him that he catch that train. It seemed to me that he was much more anxious to avoid the boat behind than to catch any train ahead and I remarked this to Jack, and then it dawned upon us both at once what the man really was—a whiskey smuggler. This explained why the tug was following and Jack began to put the boat into the wind, intending to wait for her to come up, which movement caused our passenger to show himself in a new light. He reached a revolver from his pocket, and pointing it at my friend, commanded him to "Go right on young man; I may as well tell you that I am a whiskey peddler, that that valise is full of whiskey, and that if I am caught it means a big fine and two or three years in the jug, and I don't propose to be caught if I can help it. See?" Jack evidently saw, for he headed the boat once more to the northward and away we went faster than ever. It may occur to some people that the hero of a story always looks unflinchingly down the cold steel muzzle, and, entirely indifferent to self, he adheres to his determination to do his duty if it costs him his life. From personal experience I can state that other considerations besides those of duty force themselves on one's mind on such occasions.

It is needless to say that our conversation for the rest of the way was not of that sociable nature that one might expect from three persons riding in the same boat. My friend and I whispered to each other occasionally, and our guest grunted something about "the blank tug not being in it this time." He was slightly out, though, in his surmise, for as we approached the shore the wind began perceptibly to fall, so much so that the tug gained on us greatly. There was still time, though, for us to reach the shore, and I was wondering if the peddler would be successful in catching his train when I noticed that the boat was not headed for the shore, but straight for a long boom of logs, which, for the purpose of stopping timber from going down, was stretched across the mouth of the river, which here left the lake and flowed northward towards Hudson Bay. About a hundred yards beyond this boom was a low waggon bridge and beneath it the river ran in a boiling rapid.

The stranger heard the rapids and saw the boom and he angrily demanded what the unmentionable Jack was going to do, anyhow. My friend's answer surprised me. "Look here," he said, "a little while ago you were boss of this concern, but from now on I intend to run it myself." Here the revolver reappeared; Jack noticed this and continued: "It's no use your holding that thing up any more; even if you do shoot you will be caught anyway. Now, I am going to run this boat over that boom and down those rapids, and if you don't like the idea you can get out." This was all very well, but for the life of me I could not understand how he was going to do it. I would have liked to have got out myself, but that being impossible, I was reassured by remembering that if Jack wanted to

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throw his life away he had had a splendid chance some time before, when the stranger's revolver was in evidence, but as he had not availed himself of that opportunity I reasoned that he had no suicidal intention now. His blood was up and evidently he was going to give the man an experience such as he would not forget soon, and it was not his fault if I was unfortunate enough to be included in the programme.

When we had almost reached the boom Jack told the stranger to lift the centre-board. He had scarcely done so when she struck. The log was fortunately low in the water; at the speed at which we were going we soon scraped over it, and shortly after found ourselves in the current of the rapid. It suddenly struck me that the mast was too tall to pass under the bridge, and unless it snapped at the first contact we were done for sure. Just then Jack reached for the halliards, and with a hurried command to keep the sail out of the water, he let everything go. Down came the sail with a rush, completely covering our passenger, and, from his scared look as he extricated himself, I could imagine that he was sure something awful had happened. I then crawled up and unshipped the mast. We were almost at the bridge, just on the crest of the rapid, and going at a rate I never want to go again. In lifting the mast I struck the bottom of the bridge, and the concussion hurled me off my feet, but luckily into the boat. "Back here to the stern," yelled Jack, and back both of us started. "Not you," to the peddler, "you stay there." The terrified man obeyed, and fell in a heap where he was.

Two more jumps of the rapid remained, the second the worst of all. We managed the first one without getting more than a third full of water and raced on for the second. Below this, two long lines of waves seemed to converge in a sort of V-shape, and towards the centre of this we went. I do not distinctly remember just what happened after we entered that V, for the river seemed to stand up on edge on each side of us, and the atmosphere became very moist. I heard a voice yell, "Look out, she's going over!" and then my eyes grew watery, though I must have looked out to some purpose, for when we reached calmer water I found myself clinging to the keel of the upturned boat. Jack and the peddler had also managed to accomplish the rather difficult feat of exchanging the inside of the boat for the outside at short notice.

We managed somehow to get the boat ashore and began putting her to rights. Our some time passenger, whose "specimens," and therewith the chance of making some two or three hundred per cent. profit had been lost, was inclined to look upon Jack as the prime cause of all his misfortunes, and reviled him accordingly. Jack told him that he could not consistently find fault with our particular methods of navigation, as we had not pressed him to accompany us; and added further, that as it was he was more than likely to get into no end of a row with the authorities for aiding in his (the peddler's) escape. The mention of the revenue men reminded the peddler that it was quite probable that they would land and follow down the bank of the river, and that, therefore, it behooved him to get away while yet there was time. Accordingly, he started to move off, but Jack seemed to think that it would be a pity to give the revenue men their chase for nothing, and so proceeded to prevail upon him to stay. At first I thought he was not quite strong enough to carry his point, but ultimately he proved to be, and when all was over, we sat down beside our fallen friend and waited for the future to shape his destiny. As we expected they would, the men of the tug soon appeared and took charge of our captive, who was, we learned, an old offender in his particular line.

It had been made known to the officer in charge that some peddler was in the vicinity of the place where we had picked up our passenger, and he had arranged for the tug to be in readiness to intercept him whenever he attempted to cross the lake.

Frank C. L. Carpenter.

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DODGING A MOOSE.

A Boy's Adventure in a Canadian Bush.

HE was an ordinary, every-day sort of boy, probably the best kind after all; but he is looked on differently now. His companions in the little northern Canadian village look on him with mingled envy and respect, his elders point him out to the occasional stranger that ventures so far north, and the pretty young schoolmistress whose right arm was kept busy during the summer switching Tosh Dunham's hands, forgives him the unlearned lesson and the occasional trick, which even his newly-acquired dignity cannot prevent him indulging in. Tosh was glad. His toughened hands didn't feel to any extent the hickory switch, but he didn't like to tire the teacher and see that look of pain in her eyes.

He was a hardy little specimen of Canadian boyhood, and for a lad of fourteen tall and well set up. One day his teacher was dreamily looking at his frank, boyish face as he was awaiting punishment for hiding a hen and twelve chickens in her desk, and she asked: "Tosh, what are you going to be?" And he answered in a tone of confidence, as if that was a matter settled long ago: "A hunter, Miss." "Don't you wish to be a doctor, or a lawyer, or—or—" She hesitated "—or a clergyman?" Tosh's big brown eyes laughed. He a doctor, a lawyer, or a clergyman? Well, he would just like to see himself! "If you studied hard, you could," continued the little schoolmistress. "Why don't you?" Tosh stammered for a minute, but bracing himself up as if to resist the half-pleading voice said: "I'm going to be a hunter; Michel, and I have fixed it." She knew that almost every healthy-minded Canadian boy in the backwoods spent nearly all his spare time in the bush after rabbits and squirrels, and that the time at which he was supposed to have arrived at manhood was the time he went on his first deer-hunt; but that Tosh had gone so far as to arrange his future with Michel, the half-breed hunter on the other side of the lake, amused her. It was with a half-sigh she gave him his whipping. "One clip for every chicken and two for the old hen," whispered Tosh as he took his seat and rubbed his hands on his trouser-legs. "Lucky I put that resin on my hands this morning; I knew I'd catch it. It's not fair asking a fellow if he did it. She should find out for herself." And Tosh then proceeded in defiance of all rules to tell his desk-mate that his father, Michel and three other men were going on a deer-hunt next Monday, when the season opened. His father said he might go, if he got his mother's consent, "to tend things in camp," and Tosh looked as if he was running a chance of being made a Knight of the Garter, or of obtaining his cross of the Legion of Honour. And his comrade looked upon Tosh with something approaching awe.

Tosh spent four days pleading with his mother, and—he went. The two days' trip through the depths of the northern forest to the hunting-ground impressed him, but to sit by the blazing camp-fire in the old deserted lumber-shanty and hear Michel tell of the hunts of other days before "de railway was in de north" and "the settler had not come," when the moose and the red-deer were as plentiful as "de cow in de pasture," and the skins of "de beaver and de mink" brought lots of flour and bacon to "de wigwams" of Indians, whites and half-breeds; this was unspeakable happiness to Tosh. And he would curl himself up in his blankets on his bed of fragrant balsam branches at night, and dream that he had lived in those days when deer were running around these woods like rabbits. He

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didn't altogether like leaving bed and dreams an hour before daylight; but if he were to be a hunter he must. All hunters he remembered got up at that time, and he helped Michel to get breakfast ready so willingly that he earned what he considered the greatest praise that could be given—Michel's statement "dat he make de good hunter when beeg." At daylight the men went out to the different runways, or courses invariably taken by deer to the various lakes when pursued by dogs or wolves. Michel was to go out with the dogs until a scent was struck and the deer "started"; Tosh remained "to tend camp."

In half-an-hour he had the tin dishes washed, the beds made up and everything put to rights, and then he began to feel lonesome. He could hear the baying of the dogs in the distance, and he knew that Michael was in luck, and that a deer was bounding through the bush for its haven of refuge, the lake. He thought he could tell the roar of old Barney, the king of the pack, and it found an echo in his sportsman's heart. He would have some sport anyway, he thought. He took his double-barrelled breech-loader from his case and slipped a dozen cartridges into his pocket. Then carefully closing the door of the shanty for fear of the depredations of the artful, omnipresent wolverine, he tied on his snowshoes, for the snow was over a foot in depth, and with a muttered remark that "he would have a crack at the partridge anyway," walked in the direction of a young poplar bush, which he thought a likely place for "the North American Grouse." It wasn't a good day for partridge, for a slight storm had arisen, and the feathered game had probably sought the shelter of the balsam and spruce. But Tosh walked on. He must have gone a couple of miles from the camp, and was resting in the shelter of an immense pine tree, that had been uprooted in some of the fearful storms that sweep over that northern land. He had gone far enough, he thought. He untied his snowshoes to rest his feet and ankles before starting on the return trip. He was wondering who it was that had fired the shot he had faintly heard a short time before, and was wishing with all the pent-up longing of a Canadian boy in the backwoods for a shot at a deer, when he saw the small poplars a few hundred yards to the right moving as if disturbed by some animal. It was easy to conceal himself behind the fallen tree, which lay as high as his shoulders, for, supported by the upturned roots at the bottom, it was two or three feet from the ground at the part where he stood. Tosh eagerly watched the waving poplars. He couldn't understand what animal could cause the trees to wave in that mysterious way. He carefully peeped over the tree. He could hear it now. At first he thought it was a horse, but remembered that there wasn't a horse within thirty miles. He felt nervous. But he almost gasped for breath, his heart seemed to be in his mouth, and his body trembled as if from an electric shock, for there—seventy-five yards away, almost in the open—was a huge bull moose. Tosh knew what it was in a second, for the head and antlers of one hung over the fire-place at home. It was the last moose shot in the district five years ago. This one had probably been driven south by some of the parties in the far north. Tosh didn't do anything, didn't stir, didn't think for a couple of minutes. His brain was in a whirl. And the moose, slowly browsing on the branches of the tender young poplars, was approaching the place where he stood concealed by the fallen tree. No wonder it made the bushes move, Tosh thought, as he looked at its enormous size, larger than any horse he had ever seen, and considered its wide-spreading antlers. "My, if I could only get him," he thought, when the huge beast stopped about twenty yards away and sniffed the air suspiciously. The wind was blowing from the moose to Tosh, or its delicate sense of smell would have detected the boy long before. As it was the wary animal suspected something. "Geewhilikins!"

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thought Tosh, "he'll be off in a minute," and he cautiously raised his shotgun.

Now, if Tosh had known anything more about the disposition of a bull moose than what knowledge he had obtained from looking at a stuffed head and hearing a few stories, he would have hesitated before tackling one with bird-shot, but he didn't. Carefully sighting his gun on the breast of the leviathan of North American game which was facing him, he fired. The moose gave one tremendous bound and then stood still. Tosh stood up with head and shoulders fully exposed, and saw blood already staining the snow. "He's a goner," he exultingly said. But Tosh didn't know that he had tackled not only the wild animal of America that is the hardest to kill, but also the fiercest and most revengeful when wounded. There was a roar from the bleeding moose like that of thunder, when he saw whence his wound had come, and Tosh's hair seemed to stiffen on his head "like the quills of the fretful porcupine." He needn't be ashamed of the fact; older men than he have quivered at that awful roar of rage and revenge. This story would have been written only in the obituary columns of some local paper if it had not been for the two or three feet of space between that pine tree and the ground.

With a mad rush the infuriated animal made straight for Tosh. The boy seemed to be turned into stone until the moose rose on its hind legs a few yards away to strike him with his forefeet. As Tosh almost looked up at the terrible looking brute, he fell in a half-faint to the ground and he could hear its hoofs beating on the top of the tree like the blows of a sledge hammer. He still had sense enough to know that the fierce beast would soon be on the other side of the log and he just managed to crawl under as it jumped the tree. It stood where he had been a moment before, and stamped and pawed the ground in its frantic efforts to get at him. Tosh could feel its hot breath as it placed its quivering nostrils under the tree and gave vent to its fearful roars. It tried the other side and again Tosh had to roll back. Again it jumped the tree, and Tosh, securing his gun which lay underneath beyond the reach of the moose, repeated his tactics. He was gradually getting cooler and was beginning to wonder when the beast was going away. But there was no such intention evident on the part of the moose. The more futile his efforts the more enraged he became. Tosh slipped another cartridge into his gun. His hand still trembled, but he managed to plant one charge low down in the moose's shoulder. This, if possible, seemed merely to add to its rage. He rushed at the immense tree and battered at it with his forefeet as if to batter it to pieces. He tore at it with his antlers. He threw his whole weight and strength against it until it quivered. As he pressed his head underneath it, Tosh gave him another charge high up on the nose. He recoiled for a minute, but, with the blood rushing from his nostrils in streams, he returned frantically to the attack. Tosh, however, had had time to remove the shells and reload his double-barrel, and taking as cool an aim as he could while lying on his breast, he fired at a distance of six feet point blank at the breast of the infuriated bull. It made a gigantic leap and was on the same side as Tosh, but it seemed dazed for a moment and the boy had time to scramble under the tree. It renewed its efforts, however, but the blood was pouring from its wounds and its struggles were weaker. "That's the medicine," said Tosh, who recognized by this time that he could play that game of hide-and-seek as well as the moose, and he reloaded both barrels. The huge beast gathered himself together for a final rush, and with lowered head charged furiously at the tree. He couldn't have been more than four feet from the muzzle of the gun, for the hair was burnt from his forehead, when Tosh let him have both barrels. The moose tottered for a few yards to one

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side and then, with lowered head and glazing eyes, stood for fully five minutes. Then he wavered and with a dull crash fell dead. Tosh stayed underneath that tree for another five minutes. He had a feeling that he would like to be sure that moose was dead before he ventured further.

Tosh got back to camp first, and the rest of the party dropped in one by one and told of the hard luck of the day, and how the deer that Michel started was missed. At length, Tosh said, with a ring of exultation in his voice that he couldn't restrain, "I shot a bull-moose." They would hardly believe him till they stood by its huge body, and then the usually undemonstrative Michel hugged Tosh, and then placing a hand on either shoulder of the lad, said, "You hunter now, not wait till beeg," and then he showed his white teeth.

But Tosh, when he receives compliments on his powers, never tells that often at night he sees the blood-shot eyes, feels the fetid breath, and hears the fierce batterings of hoofs and the thunderous roars of a bull-moose, as he lies asleep in his little room at home.

Charles Lewis Shaw.

A NOTABLE CANADIAN NOVEL.*

A Review.

THE enquiry as to who shall write *the* great American novel is still being eagerly prosecuted by those who seemingly are not content with Nathaniel Hawthorne's marvellous "Scarlet Letter," or the best of Cooper's Leather-stocking series, and each new production of William Dean Howells, Harold Frederick, Dr. Weir Mitchell, and others of the modern band of novelists is critically studied in the hope of discovering an answer to the question.

In view of her admitted youth in literary matters as compared with her sister republic, there would not yet seem to be any special onus resting upon the Dominion to be in haste to provide a response to the query: Who shall write *the* great Canadian novel? And during the continuance of this period of grace the field is surely wide open unto all who may with due modesty enter upon it, and make what showing they can of their gifts and genius.

We read some little time ago a clever article pointing out how the leading authors of the day, following the fashion of certain European powers, had annexed with their pen—in this case at least proving mightier than the sword—large tracts of territory which they had made their own. Thus Kipling had appropriated India, Rider Haggard South Africa, and Gilbert Parker Canada.

The writer, of course, was not entirely in earnest. He did not really mean that these countries, with all their wealth of romance, were to be given over to the authors named until they saw fit to abandon them to others. But there was this much truth to his humourous argument that any writer who ventures into the fields in which the Kiplings and Parkers have won their fame, inevitably invites comparisons, and thereby accentuates the difficulty of his position.

In no wise daunted by his understanding of this fact, however, Mr. William Douw Lighthall has gallantly offered the public an historic romance that quietly, yet firmly, demands much consideration side by side with so strong and popular a piece of work as "The Seats of the Mighty."

The genesis of the book is some-

* "The False Chevalier, or the Lifeguard of Marie Antoinette." F. E. Grafton & Sons, Montreal, 1898.

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what of a romance of itself. Some years ago there was discovered in a well-hidden recess in an ancient manor house in French Canada, a bundle of papers in remarkably good condition, an examination of which revealed an extraordinary story. These papers came into Mr. Lighthall's hands, as seemed but fitting in view of his ardent interest in all that relates to the ancient regime, and from them he has constructed the story before us.

Mr. Lighthall came to the task singularly well-prepared. No novice in literature, for he had already published one novel, "The Young Seigneur," and edited that admirable anthology, "Songs of the Great Dominion," he was also deeply learned in the lore of the Canada that is long past. It was not difficult for him, therefore, to surround himself with the atmosphere of a vanished period, and in imagination to re-live the bye-gone days. This he has accomplished with quite satisfying success as regards the Canadian portion of his work. The whole thing appears so very natural and life-like that it perchance may seem to savour of hypercritcism if one hesitates to characterize in the same way that part of the story where the action shifts to old France, and we exchange the sturdy habitant for the elegant courtier. Mr. Lighthall manifestly knows his Canadians better than he does his courtiers.

The unfolding of the plot is both skilful and consistent, and we cannot withhold our sympathy—nay, our admiration—from Germain Lecour, even when our sense of truth and honour most roundly condemns him. He was far from being a villain born. He might without cavil claim to be in large measure the victim of circumstances—and, we may add, of the blind god of love, and he pays so terrible a price for his deceit almost from the day he begins to practice it that one cannot help feeling he adequately expiates his wrong-doing, and merits absolution at the reader's hands. As for Cyrene, she is quite the conventional heroine, just as the Abbé Jude is the conventional villain, and there are other characters of less prominence in the story who are far more convincingly handled. The French Revolution—that most appalling episode in the history of humanity—which has fascinated so many pens of such varying strength, from Carlyle and Dickens to the perpetrators of the "Shilling Shocker," is treated with much care and considerable brilliancy by Mr. Lighthall; but we think he would have been wiser had he, in his concluding chapter, avoided all possibility of comparison with what is incomparably Dickens' greatest achievement, to wit, the last chapter of "A Tale of Two Cities."

Another comparison into which Mr. Lighthall ventures is with the masterpiece of that man of one book, Mr. William Kirby, and it is to be noted that his reading of the story of the Golden Dog differs in some material points from that of his predecessor. Not being sufficiently versed in the authentic history underlying the legend to pass judgment upon the respective romancers we must leave that duty to more competent hands, simply contenting ourselves with the remark that Mr. Lighthall makes very effective use of the legend, and that its introduction contributes substantially to the strength of his work.

Passing from the major to the minor characters of the story we find ourselves deeply touched by the fine old Chevalier de Bailleux, who takes Germain Lecour to his heart and home that he may in some measure serve to fill the place of the beloved son the Chevalier had lost, and we cannot help rejoicing that he passes away in serene ignorance of his protege's deceit, and loving him warmly to the last.

Germain's father, the worthy, prosperous merchant of St. Elphege, and the affectionate ambitious mother are also well-drawn, and carry conviction with them.

As for the Marquis de Lotbinière, the genuine Repentigny, and the host of more or less brilliant figures that crowd Mr. Lighthall's pages, they are

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somewhat of the stock company sort, and make no very deep impression upon the reader.

We have characterized this work of fiction as being a notable one. It certainly is such in many respects, and one that gives good promise of still better work from the same pen in the future. Mr. Gilbert Parker does not monopolize the Canadian field. He himself would be the very first to disclaim any such pretention, and however admirably he may have availed himself of the abundant materials for romance our country affords, there are surely ample room and verge enough for others who possess the gifts of understanding and interpretation. Mr. Lighthall has thoroughly asserted his right to a place in Canadian literature, and we trust will not fail of due reward for his excellent work.

J. Macdonald Oxley.

CURRENT EVENTS ABROAD.

THE most remarkable feature of a month stuffed with remarkable events was the Czar's "peace encyclical," as an English paper styled it. It cannot be said that the proposal for a disarmament has been well received. Even in England, where every commercial instinct cries for peace, the Czar's proposal is looked at askance. There is a disposition to regard the Russian autocrat as the foxes regarded their tailless brother while he held forth on the advantages of his misfortune. "We fear the Greeks bringing gifts" is the attitude of some of the powers. Since the present Czar ascended the throne there has been no pause in the efforts to push Russian conquests across Asia. At the very moment that the olive branch was extended, Russian movements appeared so ominous that the British Foreign Office was engaged in a serious effort to discover what they meant and to what they pointed. The British Chancellor of the Exchequer had a short time before specifically mentioned Russia as a power whose actions were a justification for great additions to the navy.

From this to proposals for disarmament is a long step, and it is natural that the tempting morsel is eyed with suspicion, as if a hook were concealed somewhere among its folds. This is to be regretted. Europe, indeed it might be said the world, has looked forward to some means of escape from the burden of militarism under which the nations stagger. "If some influential ruler would but set the example" has been the thought of thousands. Here is everything required. The most powerful human being on the earth makes the suggestion. The one man who at a word could disarm a million men—the commander of a host which has for years been a menace to east and west. The proposal may be prompted by his needs; it can scarcely be by his fears. Yet the nations that were supposed to be looking for someone to speak the word receive this epochal document with marked coolness and suspicion.

In France's case we can hardly wonder at this. Her alliance with the northern power was not an alliance of peace. It had no meaning for "all Gaul," unless a disturbing meaning. Whatever the views of public men may be, Chauvinist France has one thought uppermost—the recovery of the lost Provinces, with the incidental repayment of the humiliations of 1871. The nation has been hugging itself that by the Russian alliance it had secured a vastly powerful friend in its programme for compelling restitution and the administration of poetic justice. The Czar's document was a notice that he at least was not disposed to be an actor in this drama. The feelings of

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the duped nation may be imagined, and would perhaps be more freely expressed were it not for the internal scandal that has taken the place of the Panama cancer as an indication of the moral health of France. The Czar may well doubt of the belligerent usefulness of an ally whose army officers go about mouthing of their honour when their whole care recently has been to protect self-confessed forgers and perjurers.

In England the Czar's proposal is so strongly contrasted with the daily actions of his servants in Asia that it almost struck the nation as a joke. Nevertheless, it there met with an encouraging recognition that was nowhere else accorded it. The *Times*, while saying that great nations did not readily commit themselves to a mere academical debate devoid of practical issues, nevertheless recognized that the Czar's invitation to discuss disarmament was in itself "a great international fact, which, even if it leads to no immediate result, will confer lasting honour on his name and reign." The German Emperor is reported to have said that a powerful and efficient army was Germany's best guarantee of peace. The question is, however: Will a conference such as the Czar suggests be held? No nation can refuse and at the same time maintain the excuse that excessive armaments are imposed on it because of the menace of its neighbours. If a conference is got together, some of us are optimistic enough to believe that considerable good will flow from it. That it will be begun in a spirit of dubiety is, perhaps, all the better. If the difficulties are foreseen, all the more likely that they will be earnestly considered, and if a way out escapes the ingenuity of the negotiators, there will at least be no danger of a sudden collapse of the conference as the result of disappointment. We can all sincerely hope that the "Czar's encyclical" will bear fruit.

It is but a few short weeks since the English papers and the London correspondents of American journals were recording and bewailing the numerous diplomatic defeats Lord Salisbury had sustained. His following was declared to be mutinous because of the weakness he had shown. The Southport election was interpreted as an electoral rebuke of his foreign policy. Now the whole scene changes. The big marquis is found scoring all over the world. On his representation Li Hung Chang has been dismissed from office as the tool of the Russian Government. An understanding has been come to with Germany on all African questions, and Oom Paul's imperial friend has turned his back on him. Russia has been compelled to recognize that Britain has at least an equal interest in the far East. On the top of it all comes Gen. Kitchener's great achievement in the Soudan, which is a triumph of arms and not of diplomacy. In presence of these events the voice of criticism is for the moment hushed.

The taking of Khartoum is a point in historic time. It is all the more acceptable to the British people because it assures them of the services of a great soldier for any hour of stress that may be ahead of them. Sir Herbert Kitchener's foe had not the advantage of the modern arms that a more civilized opponent would be able to employ. He had, however, a vast advantage in the impregnability of the position he occupied. Entrenched behind endless leagues of burning desert he appeared to be safe from assault. But the Sirdar collected an army, much of which he had to create out of unpromising Egyptian and Soudanese material; he gathered stores and gun-boats, built railways, and proceeding with machine-like regularity and calculation appeared before the walls of Khartoum, on what, without resort to colloquialism, may truly be described as schedule time. It was a great achievement, and it is remarkable how calm and unwavering was the confidence expressed in England that the matter would be done just as it has been done. We may look for a renewal of youth in that

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ancient land lying along what, from the dawn of time, has been regarded as the greatest and most mysterious river of the earth. Herodotus reverenced Egypt as the source from which Grecian civilization had sprung. It has sounded many depths since then, but it is still young in its capabilities, and men who are no longer in their prime will undoubtedly witness in their day a vast stir in the land of the Pharaohs. The sight of the hunted husbandmen creeping timidly back to the abandoned plough will, of itself, be sufficient justification for the efforts and expenditures required for the overthrow of the Khalifa.



DRAWN BY W. GOODE.

SIR H. H. KITCHENER—SIRDAR OF THE EGYPTIAN ARMY.

There is something epic in the thought of what Egypt may become under the influence of peace, order and justice. A land which emerges from its yearly baptism recreated and fresh as when the Noachian flood retreated to the great deeps! Here there can be no progressive sterility, but the soil rich this year as it was a thousand years ago, or as it will be a thousand years hence. Surely the rescuing of such a land from the clutches of ignorance, rapine and murder was a knightly deed—the freezing of the beautiful princess from the Ogre's chains. The rumour that the Marchand Expedition had taken possession of Fashoda introduces a new element in the matter, and is ominous of misunderstandings with France. It is stated that an enemy at Fashoda could turn the whole Nile valley into a desert by diverting the stream at that point. If this be true, the objection to the French or the representatives of any other nation at Fashoda is legitimate. No man acquires a house at great expense and then allows a stranger, who may be a foe, to take possession of the key. That is the position in Egypt, if it is true that the Nile could be diverted at Fashoda with comparatively little effort, and it need scarcely be said, therefore, that Major Marchand and his band of Frenchmen and Abyssinians will be dispossessed at Fashoda, be the consequences what they may.

The wise man may well say "Heaven save us from jingoism," but the calmest pulse can scarcely fail to be quickened at the growth of that red cross on the map of Africa—the approaching arms of steel rails stretching towards each other from North and South—Cecil Rhodes driving up by the shores of Lake Tanganyika, on the one hand, and Herbert Kitchener hurrying to Fashoda on the other, while from east and west the other arms of the cross approach to meet in mid-Africa. Let it be hoped that it is a signal of a happy civilization and light for that dark continent that has been the mystery of the ages.

The aftermath of the war is somewhat unpleasant for both countries. Spain's sad condition has driven the

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Premier to say from his place in the Cortes that the race is anæmic. If he had said that the ruling classes are anæmic, or something worse, he would have been nearer the mark. The Spanish soldier and sailor showed that they are still ready to die for the flag, but the rottenness in high places withers the roots. Spain needs very much a Man. In the United States the conduct of the war is the uppermost topic. The Democrats are, of course, using the evidences of bad management as a stick to beat their opponents with at the fall elections. There can be no doubt, however, that many lives were needlessly sacrificed, both by bad generalship and bad organization. As to the generalship, it is probably true that the spirit of the people acting on a weak commander is responsible for the ill-prepared attack on Santiago, which led to an unnecessary slaughter and the subsequent cruel inroads of disease on the weakened troops. Had Gen. Shafter adopted siege methods in capturing the city, there would undoubtedly have been a derisive burst from the jingo press. He was not strong enough to hold this in contempt, and the consequence was a continuous bungling that only the weakness of the foe did not convert into disaster.

John A. Ewan.

FAITH.

THEY tell me that the earth is round,
And not the plain it seems to be;
The sky rests not upon the ground,
But spreads in grand immensity.
I only know yon woods and hills,
And this old orchard by our home,
The village road, the meadow rills,
And over these a vaulted dome.

They say the ocean, vast and deep,
Is surging round earth's farthest shore,
And that the rills and rivers creep
Forever on to meet its roar.
I only know the sea is His,
Who the creation's objects planned;
And there can nothing be amiss
That's held in an Almighty hand.

Enough to contemplate the worth,
The height, the depth, of that great love
That stretches ever o'er the earth,
Unto the utmost parts thereof;
Enough to know He guides yon rill
To meet, it may be, the wide sea,
Who gave the magic "Peace, be still,"
That calmed the waves of Gallilee.

They tell me that the future veils
Grave mysteries from you and me,
And that the sin of Eve entails
God's vengeance through eternity.
I only know conflicting creeds
Contending men have striven to prove;
God knows our nature and our needs,
And I believe that God is love.

Frank Lawson.

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EDITORIAL COMMENT

THERE has never existed in this country a magazine which paid for all its contributions. The Canadian Magazine in its early days paid for a few of its articles, but many were given without expectation of remuneration. During 1897, the percentage of unpaid contributions was about twenty-five per cent. During 1898, out of the two hundred contributions which have appeared in these pages, more than ninety-five per cent. have been paid for, the price varying from five to twenty-five dollars.

This statement is made in self-defence, not as a boast. Some unkind persons have been insinuating that this magazine is a charitable, not a business institution. There still exist a few carping critics who are determined that any Canadian publication with "pretensions" shall be well snubbed.

Sometimes men who accomplish much for their country receive little praise. Mr. Mulock's efforts in behalf of cheaper postal rates have, however, been much appreciated and profusely lauded. Too much, however, must not be expected. What the Postmaster-General has done is to force the British post-office authorities to agree to a two-cent rate between Great Britain and Canada. He has not yet decided to give us a two-cent rate within the Dominion or to the United States. In order to make up part of the annual deficiency in his department, he will, after January 1st, collect revenue from all publications (with local exceptions) using the mails. To many this seems to be a reform, but to others—perhaps more far-seeing—it appears to be a retrograde step. It certainly is opposed to the idea of confederation, which was to facilitate intercommunication between the provinces. Mr. Mulock's newspaper postage Act bears most heavily on those publications which have a Dominion circulation.

The exodus from the summer resorts has been the usual feature of September, and Canada is settling down to its season of earnest work. The universities and colleges in the cities are throwing open their doors to old and new pupils. The high schools and collegiate institutes have welcomed back their bright-faced inhabitants to somewhat unwelcome tasks. The languid air of society is being displaced by one of growing intensity. The man who has been gathering the summer harvest forms the only exception. He has stored his golden sands and is now free to attend the fall fairs, and to prepare schemes for whiling away the long winter evenings.

Speaking of schools and colleges, the growing interest among Canadians in musical education must be noticed. The number of colleges which give special attention to music has grown rapidly in recent years. Some of these have become real universities in scope and attendance. Enquiry at the Toronto Conservatory of Music elicited the information that last year nine hundred and twenty-two pupils attended for instruction. This is somewhat startling. Of course, this is the oldest and most successful college of its kind in Canada, and it has been fortunate in possessing a brilliant staff and modern management. Nevertheless, the fact that nearly one thousand persons from all parts of Canada, as well

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as several from the United States and the Bahama Islands attended this one college shows the increasing interest in musical education. While Mr. Edward Fisher, the projector and musical director of this institution, may be congratulated on the success which has come to him, the country must also be congratulated upon having so many excellent musical colleges and so many parents anxious that the youth of the country should be taught something of a branch of learning which may justly be classed among the high arts.

For once I am going to dare to give a personal opinion in this column—not the opinion of The Canadian Magazine, but of the obscure individual who is sometimes known as editor. This particular outbreak of mine deals with the Prohibition Question and my opinion upon that interesting subject. I am quite positive that the Prohibition people are endeavouring to do what the small boy in the fable did when he put his hand into the neck of the pitcher to draw out some nuts. They are grasping after too much. If they would ask for the closing of saloons and barrooms they might succeed; and most of the evils of which they complain would be eradicated. It is the treating system which ruins the young man, and the weak adult. Do away with treating and these will be saved from temptation. But when the Prohibition people endeavour to do away with the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors they are asking too much. Reforms must be gradual, and if Prohibitionists are not willing to reform gradually, then they are revolutionists, and must be classed with the socialists and anarchists. It is absolutely impossible to make Canada a Prohibition country, because the best and brainiest men in this country are opposed to it. They are all willing to close the saloons, but they are not willing to stop private drinking. A man's house is his castle, and his personal freedom is the brightest jewel in his crown. No thinking man would dare to invade or encroach upon either of these blood-bought privileges.

As for parliament granting Prohibition even if the people ask for it—it makes me smile! Parliament granting Prohibition! The man who preaches or practices in the back-woods may, in his innocence, believe it. But if he would go to the House on the Hill at Ottawa, and hear the clink of glasses in the basement, on the ground floor and in the private attic rooms, he would change his opinion. You cannot buy contracts and positions and constituencies without wine, and all these things are being bought every day in that haunt of the politician. Parliament grant Prohibition! I am so sure it will not, that I am willing to vote for the plebiscite if my one ballot would mean changing an adverse vote into a favourable one.

A London, England, newspaper has quoted Professor Goldwin Smith as having stated that Canada has no literature. It is hard to discover whence this journal derives its authority. In Johnson's Universal Cyclopedia, Volume II., there is an article on Canadian Literature by the Professor, the opening sentences of which are as follows:

"British Canada has literary men, perhaps in full proportion to her circumstances and opportunities; but she cannot be said to have a national literature, as she has no distinct nationality. Her leading writers commonly publish in London, Edinburgh, or New York. Of her native authors some have gone to reside in other parts of the British Empire or in the United States. Some of her authors are not native. The late Sir Daniel Wilson was a conspicuous member of a group resident in Canada, but fully as much British as Canadian. French Canada, on the other hand, has a nationality distinct both from that of the British, with whom her people, though politically united, do not amalgamate, and from that of the French from whom she has not only been severed by conquest, but estranged by the French Revolution, the effects of which she did not share. Her literature, therefore, may be said to be national, and forms a subject for separate notice."

It will be seen from this quotation that the Professor admits that both British Canada and French Canada have a literature, and so far as this is true that

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there is a Canadian literature. He, however, seems to doubt that this literature can be justly dignified with the title "national literature," because he maintains that Canada has no distinct nationality.

This latter reason is open to two interpretations. In the first place, because Canada may be divided into two parts, one with British leanings and one with French leanings, she cannot be said to be a nation in the sense of being a unity. If this is the Professor's meaning, then Canada will never have a national literature until the British and French races and languages are so merged into one that they will be undistinguishable.

The second interpretation of the Professor's statement is, that Canada has no national literature because she is not a nation. Sir Wilfrid Laurier has stated in recent speeches that Canada is a nation. Sir Hibbert Tupper, in his article in our last month's issue, shows that he holds the opposite view, that Canada is not a nation and has no national status. Most people who have studied constitutional history will agree with Sir Hibbert rather than with Sir Wilfrid. If this view is correct, then the Professor is justified in saying that we have no national literature.

Whichever interpretation of the Professor's reason be accepted, he would appear to be technically correct in saying that we have no national literature. At the same time, he has perhaps overlooked the fact that the literature of French Canada and the literature of British Canada, the existence of both of which he admits, possess a common element, viz: a patriotism which cannot have had its birth in either Great Britain or France, a patriotism which is native of the soil, and which is to a great extent the mainspring of Canadian progress.

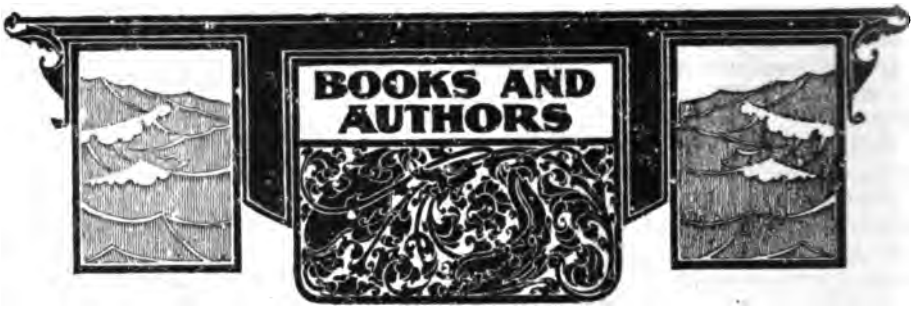
If, however, the Professor has not gone as far as some enthusiastic Canadians would desire, his whole life and conduct has shown that he appreciates the literary work which has been done in Canada. Struggling Canadian litterateurs have always had a friend in the learned and scholarly occupant of "The Grange," and it would be very unfair for any person to maintain that the Professor does not admit that there is such a thing as literature in Canada.

Canada's literature may not be a unity and may not be national, but it certainly is growing both in quality and quantity. Many important books written by Canadians have been published during the present year, and several others are announced for the remaining months. Some of these books are being published in this country, some in the United States, some in England, and some in all three. But they are none the less Canadian. The same may be said of short stories and descriptive and review articles. Canadian pens are finding more employment both at home and abroad, and as a consequence are becoming more skilful. One result of this growth of skill is the improved quality of our newspaper and magazine work. Our newspapers are better than they ever were; our weeklies and monthlies are steadily improving.

To turn from the general to the particular, it may not be amiss to announce that in the next issue of this publication there will be commenced a new serial story by a Canadian writer. Canadian serials are not numerous, and, therefore, this one should attract some attention. The author is Joanna E. Wood, whose two books, "The Untempered Wind" and "Judith Moore," are already widely known. As a descriptive writer and as an analyst of human nature, Miss Wood is undoubtedly in the front rank of Canadian writers. Her work will bear comparison with that of Sara Jeanette Duncan or Gilbert Parker, the two leaders in the field of fiction so far as native-born Canadians are concerned.

John A. Cooper.

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PROFESSOR ALEXANDER is one of the few men on the staff of the University of Toronto, who has, since the death of President Wilson, and the departure of Professor Baldwin, Ashley and Chapman, shown that a University teacher may also be a scholar of some width and depth. His book on Browning was well received, and his new volume on Shelley* will no doubt be as much appreciated. His introduction opens with these sentences:

"The impress of Shelley's character is stamped everywhere upon his work. In his case, to an even greater degree than usual, some knowledge of the man is necessary for the understanding of his writings. To furnish this knowledge, in as far as our narrow limits will permit, is the aim of the following sketch."

In the sketch of Shelley's life the Professor relates the following:

"There is a story told by Shelley that once during the holidays he had an attack of fever, and during convalescence heard remarks of the servants which showed that his father designed to send him to a private madhouse; in great terror the boy despatched a messenger to Dr. Lind, who responded to the appeal, saw Mr. Timothy Shelley, and induced him to abandon the design. Whatever the basis for this story, the idea of a malevolent plot against himself must have arisen from that tendency to illusions, and that deep-rooted suspicion of his father, which haunted the poet throughout his life."

This visionary poet was born in Sussex, on August 4, 1792, and was drowned off the coast of Italy in 1822. In his introduction, which occupies some seventy pages of this four hundred page volume, Professor Alexander outlines the leading events of this life and the nature of the work. Then follow selected poems, including: Alastor, Prometheus Unbound, Song and Choruses from Hellas, Lines Written Among the Euganean Hills, Adonais, and Ode to Liberty. About eighty pages of notes complete this most interesting, scholarly and valuable volume.

TWO NOVELS.

It is hardly to be expected that every piece of fiction issued by any particular publisher shall be a masterpiece. Yet it is only reasonable that a publisher should have a certain standard of quality, and that he should make some attempt to maintain it. The imprint of a house should be some recommendation.

These remarks are inspired by a reading of two novels just issued by T. Fisher Unwin, of London, England. One, entitled "A Harvest Festival," by J. Kent, is as mediocre a bit of work, and as uninteresting and as insipid a tale, as one could imagine finding expression in print. The other, "The Queen's Serf," by

* Select Poems of Shelley; Edited with Introduction and Notes by W. J. Alexander, Professor of English in University College, Toronto. Boston and London: Ginn & Co.

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Elsa D'Esterre-Keeling, is a charming story, brightly told, humorous and pathetic, and containing enough historical fact to make it instructive and thought-producing. "The Queen's Serf" was the significant appellation given in the days of Queen Anne to a man who had been condemned to death, and whose sentence had been commuted. Ambrose Gwinett was a young man, who, staying over night in a crowded inn on his way to visit his married sister, is put to sleep with the landlord. Next morning the landlord has disappeared and blood marks are found on the bed linen. Ambrose is arrested, tried and hanged. Owing to the fact that he went into a trance just before the hanging, he is still alive when gibbeted. His friends discover this and release him. He leaves the country, goes to America, is captured by the Spaniards and thrown into a Louisiana prison. He afterwards meets with the bed-fellow for whose death he had been hanged. The mystery is explained, and Ambrose returns to England to prove his innocence. The book may be highly recommended, both for matter and style, and for the excellence of character delineation displayed by the author.

AN ANNUAL.

"Yule Logs" is the name of Longman's Xmas Annual for 1898.* The editor is Mr. G. A. Henty, the famous writer of boys' stories. In the volume are eleven tales, the matter and illustrations of which prove that they are intended to please imaginative boys. Most of the stories are highly improbable, full of lurid description and vivid incident. While not models of literary style, or constructed with a view to inculcate wholesome or religious precepts, they are such as will hold the interest of any boy who may be favoured with a presentation copy of the volume. "A Fighting Mermaid," by Kirk Munroe, is a tale of naval warfare, eccentric in plot and incident, but semi-scientific in its subject-matter—naval struggles. Mr. Henty's story, "On a Mexican Ranch," is full of local colouring, such as might be given by a writer who had seen Texas life at a distance of several thousand miles. It reminds one of the fact that our own J. Macdonald Oxley made his mark as a writer of North-West stories of adventure several years before he ever saw the North-West.

NOTES.

The "Dulce Domum Supplement" of *The Independent Forester* (Toronto: The Hunter, Rose Co., 25 cents), contains stories by Robert Barr, Quiller Couch, P. Y. Black and Bret Harte. There is also an illustrated article on Toronto. Brigden, Simonski and Goode illustrate the stories.

Mrs. Sheard's story "Trevelyan's Little Daughters," now in the press of Wm. Briggs, will have a number of illustrations made specially for it by the eminent American artist, Reginald B. Birch, whose work is so well known to readers of *St. Nicholas*, *The Ladies' Journal* and other periodicals.

"A Woman of Fortune," by S. R. Crockett, author of "The Lilac Sun-bonnet," "The Raiders," etc., will shortly be published by the Copp, Clark Co., Limited. In it Mr. Crockett has broken new ground, the heroine being an American girl, highly educated, refined and beautiful, but of independent spirit. The scene is laid in Switzerland and in England, and the story is told in Mr. Crockett's well-known vivacious and forcible style. The same firm will also bring out "The Minister of State," by another Scot, J. A. Stewart, author of "In the Day of Battle," etc., of whom W. E. Henley writes: "Mr. Stewart writes

* Toronto: Copp, Clark Co.

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the English tongue with real distinction. He has temperament, brains, style, an ideal, a strong sense of his duty to the public and to art. You read him eagerly, right to the last page."

Robert Barr's new novel, "Tekla," will be issued shortly. There will be a special Canadian edition.

Dr. T. W. Mills, Professor of Physiology in McGill, has issued a work on "The Nature and Development of Animal Intelligence."

The Hon. J. W. Longley, of Nova Scotia, has written a book on "Love," which will be published this month. Mr. Longley has a readiness of language, a breadth of thought, and a brightness of style which should enable him to add something of permanent value to Canadian literature.

Those interested in French Canadian books may be glad to learn that Pierre Georges Roy, of Lévis, Que., has recently published the following: Le Dernier Recollet Canadien, Un Chanoine de L'Ancien Chapitre de Quebec, Un Historien Canadien Oublié, Voltaire et Madame de Pompadour, Les Catacombes de Rome, Annibal, Les Deux Abbes de Fenelon. The latter is the newest, and its author is the Abbé Verreau.

The fourth volume of "Canada: An Encyclopœdia" will contain a historical sketch of Presbyterianism, and shorter sketches of the minor religious denominations. Some of the other subjects to be treated are: the universities, art, music, sculpture, military matters of the last sixty years, timber and forest wealth. As this publication advances, the matter seems to be increasing in value; and when one glances over the list of contributors, one is surprised at the number of prominent men there is in Canada, when all the various branches of activity and culture are considered as a whole.

Dr. Moritz Busch, during twenty-five years' official and private intercourse with Bismarck, kept a private diary. He now gives to the world two volumes of matter on the great chancellor, (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co., $7.50) which throw much light on that statesman's character. The work bears the stamp of authenticity, but a cursory glance through it will convince anyone that Bismarck would not have approved of it, and Emperor William will be sorry to have it handed out to the British public. It shows Bismarck's hatred of England, and his unscrupulous methods in prosecuting both his domestic and his foreign policy. In other words, it reveals a new Bismarck, a much less noble one than we have been wont to admire.

Wm. Briggs has in the press a volume of "Upper Canada Sketches," by Mr. Thos. Conant, of Oshawa, to be issued in October, with a large number of coloured illustrations in lithograph, made for the work by Mr. F. Shrapnel, a cousin, we believe, of the inventor of the deadly Shrapnel shell. The author is descended from Pilgrim stock, one of his forbears being Roger Conant, first governor of Massachusetts. The branch of the family to which Mr. Conant belongs came to Canada with the U. E. Loyalist migration, and settled on the site of the present town of Oshawa. Of the early history of the family Mr. Conant has much to tell, and gives racey sketches of life in the settlement, and incidents connected with the war of 1812, the rebellion of 1887, and later events.

The admirers of Gilbert Parker will undoubtedly welcome a new story by this Canadian author, "The Battle of the Strong," which will be published by the Copp, Clark Co., by October 15th. The scene is laid in the island of Jersey, at the time of the French Revolution. There is an inexhaustible mine of romance in the Channel Islands. The very nationality of the people makes them unique, for there they live nearer to France than to England, speaking the French language, and yet unswerving in their loyalty to England. But to these

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Norman descendants of William's followers it is the most natural thing in the world, "because," they tell you, with a simplicity unconscious of mirth, "we are the conquering race; we conquered England, England did not conquer us." Then, too, the author has been wise in choosing his time, for many strange histories, pathetic, thrilling, belong to these poor remnants of the French nobility, who had fled for refuge from the tyranny of the mob, while the naval warfare being waged at that time between England and France prevents any possibility of tameness in the narrative.

In "The House of Hidden Treasure," by Maxwell Gray, (George N. Morang, Toronto) the author of "The Silence of Dean Maitland" has presented the public with a book which has about it the unmistakable marks of greatness. There are bits of description in this book that for vividness and power equal anything that we can call to mind in modern fiction; and there is a variety of scene that is as charming as it is well-painted. But these are but accessories. The great interest of the work lies in the unfolding and development of the character of Grace Dorrien—"Jack" Dorrien, as she is called by her familiars at one phase of her history—a personage who, it may be predicted, will live in the minds of men when many of the characters depicted in the evanescent fiction of the day have faded into nothingness and been forgotten. It is by its moral strength that "The House of Hidden Treasure" will live. It touches the deepest springs of human nature, its women palpitate with life, its men are no mere marionettes. As the story element is strong also, it will be gathered that "The House of Hidden Treasure" is a book in a thousand. It is a love story and a sad story. It is also one that leaves the reader with a profound feeling of gratitude to its author; she makes life rise to higher levels.

"The Wonderful Century," by Alfred Russel Wallace, (George N. Morang, Toronto) is a notable book, by reason not only of its intrinsic character, but from the distinguished position held by the author in the world of science. His "Travels on the Amazon and Rio Negro, with remarks on the Vocabularies of the Amazonian Languages," was published in 1853, but his more celebrated paper "On the Tendency of Varieties to Depart Indefinitely from the Original Type," was read before the Linnæan Society in 1858. This has been called the first public announcement of the evolution theory which subsequently became associated with the name of Darwin. As a matter of fact, Darwin's first utterance and Wallace's were contemporary, if not simultaneous. Wallace is further known as a past President of the Biological Branch of the British Association, and as a profound naturalist. He is also a very independent thinker, witness the fact that among the headings in this last book, "The Wonderful Century," we find "The Neglect of Phrenology," and "The Opposition to Hypnotism and Psychical Research." Also "Vaccination a Delusion." Generally speaking, the volume is one that presents the triumphs of the century in various departments, and that also makes a critical and judicial examination of its failures. It is a valuable and suggestive book.

A HOLIDAY GIFT.—"The Untempered Wind" and "Judith Moore," by Joanna E. Wood. Handsomely Bound. Per Sett, $2.00. Toronto: The Ontario Publishing Co.

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COMPENSATIONS.

"THERE'S always compensations," said Uncle Redbarn, when I told him how I had come out in my law examination with just two marks too little.

"P'raps if you'd studied hard enough to pass, getting them two marks might ha' been the last straw to break the camel's back, and you might have broke down entirely, and had to lay off for six months. Ever hear of Jim Gregson?"

"No."

"Well, Jim Gregson was a pretty middlin' sort of a cove as had got to the age of thirty or thereabouts, without doin' anything very remarkable. Sort of a drummer he was. Well, he went to the depot—he was livin' in Chicago at the time—to take the train to Detroit, and just as he got there the blamed train was steaming out of the other end."

"Bad luck for him."

"Ah! but wait a bit. There was a widow there as had missed the train, too. And Jimmy comforted her, and blowed if they didn't make a match of it. She had a good bit o' money coming in regular, and the sweetest little house you'd see in a day's tramp.

"Ah, that was better!"

"But she died, and the income died with her."

"Bad luck again for him."

"Yes, it cut him up a good deal, and he happened to take up a big Bible to read a suitable verse of Scripter. And what's he find in it but an envelope addressed "For my dear Jim." And when he opened the envelope there was ten $50 bills in it."

"You don't say!"

"Yes, and, you bet, he felt a deal comforted to think how she'd remembered him. He made up his mind to sell off the furniture and things and go to New York. Well, the first time he tried to pass one of them there $50 bills he got arrested. Turned out they was bad."

"That was a set-back for him."

"Yes, but when he told the full story out in Court, and how he'd met the widow, and married her, and found them bills in the Bible, there was an editor of one of them fiction papers that fixed the affair, and bailed him out, and engaged him to write stories for his paper at $100 a week."

"Well, if ever."

"The paper busted in about a month, though; you can't carry the law of compensation too far," said Uncle reflectively.

Hiram Gates.

THE MODERN LECTURER.

There's one great advantage about the modern lecture platform: it enables you to tell when a man becomes famous. When a man becomes famous is, as a rule, just twenty-four hours before you find him on the lecture platform.

There is another advantage about the lecture platform, but to appreciate this fully it is necessary to be famous and pay a visit to America. "Pay a visit," by the by, is the phrase usually adopted; though as a matter of fact it is generally the visit that pays you. A mere matter of idiom, you see.

Another point to be noticed in connection with fame and lecturing is that to succeed in either you need to have a good deal of nerve. Possibly this is the reason why so many men that succeed in the one take to the other. Their supply of nerve is generally ample for both.

Some people, it is true, object to famous men lecturing. It is to be noticed, however, that all such objectors are obscure individuals. No famous man has yet objected. Should he ever do so he will probably make millions lecturing on the subject.

The moral of all which seems to be: Don't go on the lecture platform unless you're famous, and don't keep off it if you are.

H. C. Boultbee.

THE SUPERNUMERARY WATCH.

On the day after that on which Mr. Algernon Horace D'Ardine ceased to be an infant, in the sight of the law, and had taken formal possession of a very comfortable property, he astonished the maiden aunt who had hitherto been his guardian, instructress and guide, by announcing his intention of taking a trip to America, in order, as he said, to see something of the world.

The good old lady begged and implored of him to do nothing so rash. She pointed out the snares and dangers that would, inevitably, beset the path of one so young and inexperienced; and, what was of more importance in the eyes of the aristocratic dame, the fact that he would have to meet and associate with persons of low birth and vulgar habits. But Algernon Horace was inflexible in his resolution.

He met his aunt's arguments with the counter one, that, if he was young and inexperienced, the sooner he saw something of life, and gained experience, the better it would

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be for him. As to his associates, he would be at liberty to choose them; and he felt sure that he could trust to his hereditary instincts to protect him in his choice. Finally, he put an end to all arguments by purchasing his ticket, and making his somewhat elaborate preparations for the journey.

The poor old lady, realizing that her control over him was forever gone, solaced herself by writing a letter to the company on whose ship her nephew was about to sail, begging of them to instruct the captain to keep his eye on the youth; not to allow him to climb up the rigging; and, above all things, to see that his sheets were properly aired.

The day of sailing saw Algernon Horace on the deck of the steamer, faultlessly arrayed, as he fondly imagined, in a yachting costume.

At first he held himself aloof from his fellow-passengers, fearing lest he should be drawn into companionship with one of the numerous commercial travellers, who, he had been told, crossed the ocean in great numbers, and of whom he had an ignorant, but truly aristocratic, horror.

It is true he had never met one of these gentlemen in his life, but he had read and heard about them.

For the first day at sea, as we have said, he kept studiously aloof from his fellow-passengers. But on the second day out he drifted into the ship's smoking-room, and was particularly struck by the jolly, devil-may-care manner and appearance of a group of men who were playing, what was to him, an unknown game of cards, and solacing themselves with unlimited drinks and innumerable cigars. There was something about them so new, so fresh, to the homestaying youth, that he began to weave all sorts of fancies concerning them in his brain.

For the most part they wore peaked, blue cloth, yachting caps, stuck on anyhow, except hind part in front. They seemed to know all about the ship; the probable distance of the day's run; what the weather was likely to be; and they spoke with easy familiarity of the "rolling forties," the "devil's hole," the gulf stream, icebergs, and other nautical phenomena; and, above all, he noticed that the smoking-room steward treated them with marked deference and attention. They were not exactly gentlemen, according to his standard; but, in his opinion, they were certainly not that much to be dreaded and avoided class, commercial travellers. The commercial traveller that Algernon Horace had pictured to himself was an over-dressed, oily haired, loud tongued individual, who could talk of nothing but trade and money, and things that he had been taught to look down upon and despise. These men did neither. There was nothing remarkable about their dress, except their sailor caps, which caused him to imagine that they were, in some way, a part of the ship's company, and their conversation at cards was almost monosyllabic, consisting, for the most part, in such expressions as "raise you," "see you," "full hand," all of which was far more unintelligible than Greek to the callow youth. But not a word about that obnoxious "trade" did he ever hear.

This company, then, Mr. Algernon Horace D'Ardine decided, after mature deliberation, to favour with his august presence. A question as to what game they were playing, and an expressed desire to learn it was quite sufficient introduction; and Algernon Horace was duly initiated into the mystery of poker,



THE YOUNG IDEA.

WILLIE SAINTLY.—Aunt Susan doesn't go to our church, and when I was visiting her I didn't say my prayers.

THE REV. DR. SAINTLY.—What difference does that make, my son? Don't you know that God is everywhere?

WILLIE SAINTLY.—I thought by the way you talked that we had a monopoly of Him.

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and learned to lose his money, drink Scotch whiskey, and smoke cigars like, as his newly-found friends called it, "a little man."

Now, it happened on a certain day that Algernon Horace, having, perhaps, imbibed more Scotch whiskey than had been his custom while under his aunt's tender care, confided to one of his newly-found friends his horror of commercial travellers and low people generally, and expressed his satisfaction at having fallen into the company of men who had evidently nothing to do with trade; but who were, as he understood, in some way connected with the ship.

"Quite right," answered his companion. "Does credit to your powers of observation. We are what is called the 'Supernumerary Watch.' See? Anything goes wrong with the captain, one of us steps in. First officer falls overboard, and is drowned, another takes his place, and so on. These big ships are all compelled to carry us—Board of Trade regulation, you know. As to commercial travellers, there are plenty of them aboard, but they know their place and keep it. There is one of them," he continued, pointing to a clean shaven, quietly dressed, but rather pompous individual, who chanced to be a baronet travelling incog.; "And there's another," indicating a well-known author and journalist.

Algernon Horace was perfectly satisfied.

It is needless to say that the other members of the "Supernumerary Watch" were duly informed of this conversation, and they grasped the situation and took their cue with remarkable aptness.

"Awful nuisance," remarked one of them, some time after, in Algernon's hearing, "first officer thinks he is ill, and wants me to take his watch to-night."

The others sympathized, and Algernon felt that quiet elation which comes to those who find that their judgment is not at fault.

Things went very smoothly until, on the eighth day, Sandy Hook appeared in sight.

Algernon had learned to play poker, to drink whiskey, to smoke cigars, and even to listen to questionable stories without blushing, and imagined that he was becoming a true man of the world, and that he was gaining experience, as indeed he was.

And then came the end.

As they were steaming up New York harbour, some one suggested a parting drink; and when all the party were assembled, and the drinks had gone round several times, one of them, acting on a preconcerted plan, proposed the health of the gentleman who had honoured such plain "sea-dogs" as themselves with his company. The toast was drunk; and Algernon, slightly fuddled, found himself shaking hands with them, one after another, and bidding good-bye.

And as each shook his hand he presented a card, which Algernon pocketed, for they took care not to give him an opportunity of examining them at the time.

When they had all taken their departure, he sat down in his favourite corner and commenced to read the cards. He could scarcely believe his eyes, for here is what he read:

JOHN TABBS,
Representing
J. T. Cowarth & Co., Hardware.

L. SMITH,
Representing
F. Wallener & Co., Boots and Shoes.

And so on. Some were dry-goods, some cigars and tobacco, and one wag had written at the bottom of his card, "Dealers in Rags and Bones."

Just then the smoke-room steward came in.

"Steward," gasped Algernon Horace, "*who* are those gentlemen with whom I have been associating all the way across?"

"Them, sir;" answered the steward, cheerfully, "commercial gents, sir. Very pleasant company indeed, sir. Halways haffable and friendly, sir," thinking of recent tips he had received.

"Steward," groaned Algernon, "when does the next ship leave New York for England?"

"Cunard ship, to-morrow morning, sir."

And that ship took Algernon Horace back to the arms of his loving aunt, a sadder but a wiser youth.

S. Sheldrake.

A NEW SERIAL.

In the November number of the CANADIAN MAGAZINE there will be commenced a powerful Serial Story by Joanna E. Wood, the brilliant Canadian novelist. Nothing cleverer than this tale has ever been penned by a Canadian writer of fiction.

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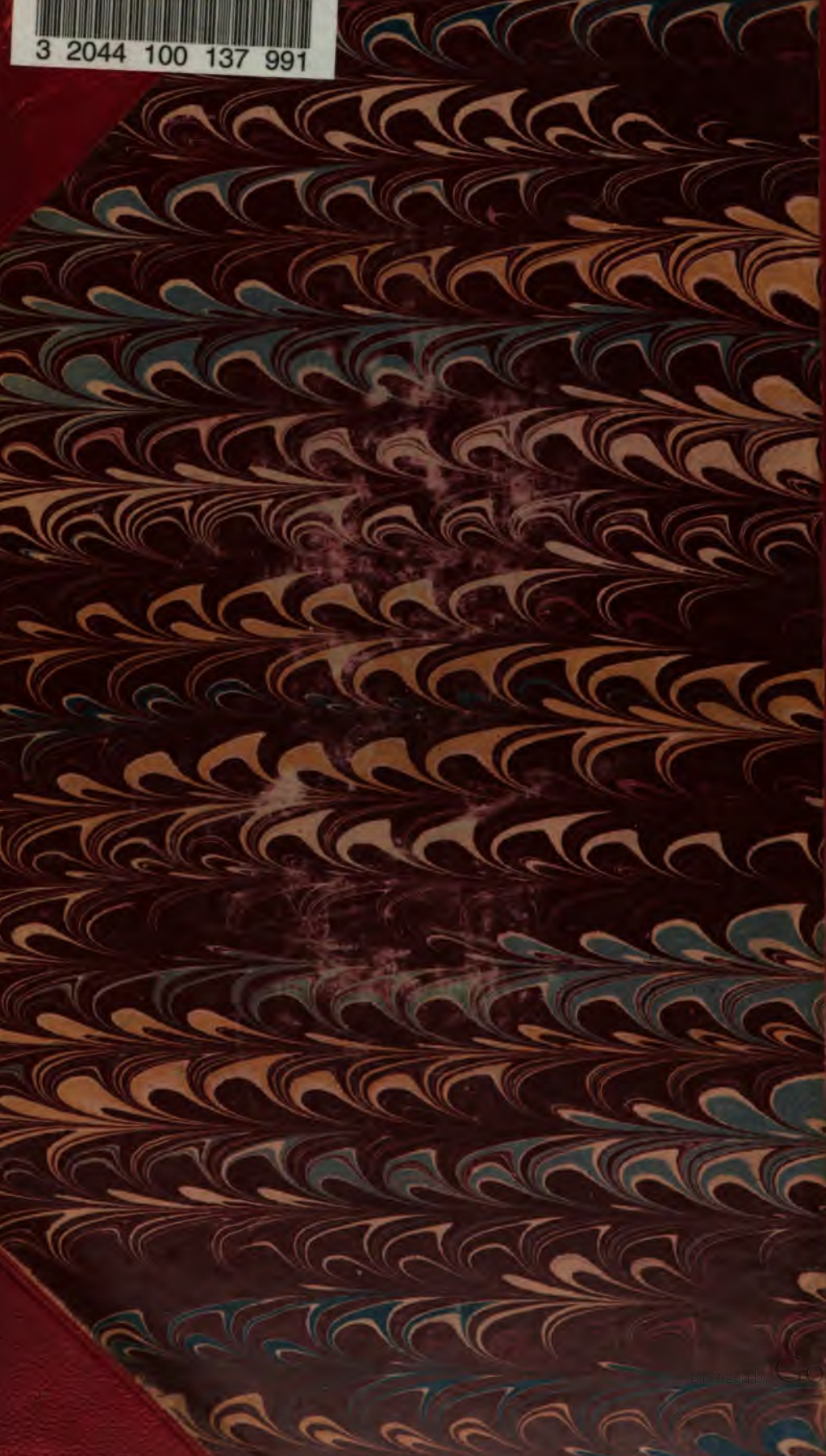
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